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Shakespeare

THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

MACBETH,
KING JOHN.

PHILADELPHIA:

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MACBETH.

MACBETH.

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Supplement to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's *Extracts*, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised *χώρις ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν*, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας διάέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσης γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men*

transported through the air, and every power and form of magic. Whether St Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity cooperated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii, That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3, or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment; 4, or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5, wherby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6, That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places,

that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,* where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. *Johnson.*

In the concluding paragraph of Dr Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. *Steevens.*

Malcolm II, King of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter† of Siward, earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose *History of Scotland* was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for yᵉ tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time king Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

* In Nashe's Lenten Stuff, 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "— it is evident, by the confession of the six hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were all together in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region." Reed.

† —— the daughter —] More probably the sister. See note on The Cronykil of Andrew Wyntown, Vol. II, p. 475. Steevens.

MACBETH.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisons of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia* theatris *aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end. *Malone.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *king of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *his Sons.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the king's army.*
Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Menteth, Angus, Cathness, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *Forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.[1]
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches.*[2]

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, *and several other apparitions.*

SCENE,

In the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; *through the rest of the Play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Castle.*

[1] *Lady Macbeth.*] Her name was *Gruach*, filia *Bodbe.* See Lord Haile's *Annals of Scotland*, II, 332. *Ritson.*

Andrew of Wyntown, in his *Cronykll*, informs us that this personage was the widow of Duncan; a circumstance with which

MACBETH.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly 's done,[3]
When the battle 's lost and won:[4]
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.[5]

Shakspeare must have been wholly unacquainted:

" —— Dame *Grwok*. hys Emys wyf,
" Tuk, and led wyth hyr his lyf,
" And held hyr bathe hys Wyf and Qweyne,
" As befor than scho had beyne
" Til hys Eme Qwene, lyvand
" Quhen he was Kyng wyth Crowne rygnand:
" For lytyl in honowre than had he
" They greys of affynyte." B. VI, 35.

From the incidents, however, with which Hector Boece has diversified the legend of Macbeth, our poet derived greater advantages than he could have found in the original story, as related by Wyntown.

The 18th chapter of his *Cronykil*, Book VI, together with observations by its accurate and learned editor, will be subjoined to this tragedy, for the satisfaction of inquisitive readers.

Steevens.

[2] —— *three Witches*] As the play now stands, in Act IV, sc. i, three *other* witches make their appearance. See note thereon. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *hurlyburly 's* —] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who, in the year 1577, published a book professing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called *The G rden of Eloquence*, and has this passage: " Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sownd of that it signifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." *Henderson.*

So, in a translation of *Herodian*, 12mo. 1635, p. 26:

" —— there was a mighty *hul,burly* in the campe," &c.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.[6]

Again, p. 324:

"—— great *hurliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," &c. *Reed.*

4 *When the battle 's lost and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. *Warburton.*

So, in *King Richard III:*

" —— while we reason here,
" A royal battle might be *won and lost.*"

So also Speed, speaking of the battle of Towton: " —by which only stratagem, as it was constantly averred, the battle and day was *lost and won.*" *Chronicle*, 1611. *Malone.*

5 —— *ere set of sun.*] The old copy unnecessarily and harshly reads—

—— ere *the* set of sun. *Steevens.*

6 *There to meet with Macbeth.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:

There I go *to meet Macbeth.*

The insertion, however seems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth* was the final drift of all the Witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third Witch, would most certainly imply.

Somewhat, however, (as the verse is evidently imperfect) must have been left out by the transcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore proposed to remedy this defect, by reading—

There to meet with brave *Macbeth.*

But surely, to beings intent only on mischief, a soldier's bravery, in an honest cause, would have been no subject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this passage) assures us, that—" *There* is here used as a dissyllable." I wish he had supported his assertion by some example. Those however, who can speak the line thus regulated, and suppose, they are reciting a verse, may profit by the direction they have received.

The pronoun " th*ei*r," having two vowels together, may be split into two syllables; but the adverb " *there*" can only be used as a monosyllable, unless pronounced as if it were written " the-re," a license in which even Chaucer has not indulged himself.

It was convenient for Shakspeare's introductory scene, that his first Witch should appear uninstructed in her mission. Had she not required information, the audience must have remained ignorant of what it was necessary for them to know. Her

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![7]
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—[8]

speeches therefore, proceed in the form of interrogatories; but all on a sudden, an answer is given to a question which had not been asked. Here seems to be a chasm, which I shall attempt to supply by the introduction of a single pronoun, and by distributing the hitherto mutilated line among the three speakers:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with —
1 *Witch.* *Whom?*
2 *Witch.* Macbeth.

Distinct replies have now been afforded to the three necessary inquiries—*When*—*Where*—and *Whom* the Witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my insertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and consistent, as each of the hags will now have spoken *thrice*, (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words, which relate only to themselves.—I should add, that, in the two prior instances, it is also the second Witch who furnishes decisive and material answers; and that I would give the words—"I come, Graymalkin!" to the third. By assistance from such of our author's plays as had been published in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, supplies the most ancient copy of *Macbeth*.

Steevens.

[7] —— *Graymalkin!*] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a catte's body nine times*. Mr. Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee beeing accompanied with the parties before specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefest parte of a dead man, and several joyntes of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was convayed into the middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not bene seene," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Paddock calls:* — &c.] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some preceding editors have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following instance, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1607:

"—— *Paddockes*, todes, and watersnakes."

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:[9]
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish*.

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,[1]
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought

Again, in *Wyntonwn is Cronykil*, B. I, c. xiii, 55:
" As ask, or eddyre, tade, or *pade*."
In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Heilish Breugel*, 1566,) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat*, and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. *Steevens.*
"—— Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584] Book I, c. iv. *Tollet.*

[9] *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:
So foul and fair a day I have not seen. Warburton.
The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them, in the fourth Act:
Though you untie the winds, &c. *Steevens*
I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair. Johnson.*
This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th Book of the *Faery Queen:*
" Then *fair grew foul*, and *foul grew fair* in sight." *Farmer.*

[1] *This is the* sergeant,] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, a king sent a *sergeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the

'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it stood;[2]
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald[3]
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,[4]

chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches; and finally slew him.* This *sergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding sergeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage-direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet.

Sergeant, however, (as the ingenious compiler of the Glossary to *A. of Wyntown's Cronykil* observes) is "a degree in military service now unknown."

"Of *sergeandys* thare and knychtis kene
"He gat a gret cumpany." B. VIII, ch. xxvi, v. 396.

The same word occurs again in the fourth Poem of Lawrence Minot, p. 19:

"He hasted him to the swin, with *sergantes* snell,
"To mete with the Normandes that fals war and fell."

According to M. le Grand, (says Mr. Ritson) *sergeants* were a sort of *gens d'armes*. *Steevens*.

[2] *Doubtfully it stood;*] Mr. Pope, who introduced the epithet *long*, to assist the metre, and reads—

Doubtful long *it stood*, ——

has thereby injured the sense. If the comparison was meant to coincide in all circumstances, the struggle could not be *long*. I read—

Doubtfully it stood;

The old copy has—*Doubtfull*—so that my addition consists of but a single letter. *Steevens*.

[3] —— *Macdonwald* —] Thus the old copy. According to Holinshed we should read—*Macdowald*. *Steevens*.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duff, by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence, or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald*. *Malone*.

[4] —— to *that*, &c.] i. e. *in addition* to that. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I, sc. i:

"The Greeks are strong, and skilful *to* their strength,
"Fierce *to* their skill, and *to* their fierceness valiant."

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;[5]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,[6]

The soldier who describes Macdonwald, seems to mean, that, *in addition to his assumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural state, is liable.* *Steevens.*

[5] ——*from the western isles*
Of *Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;*] Whether *supplied of*, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakspeare's expression; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. "Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos *Kernos* vocant, nec non secures et loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos *Galloglassios* appellant." *Wareei Antiq. Hiber.* cap. vi. *Warburton.*

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"Perform'd *of* pleasure by your son the prince."

Again, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi: "Sypontus in the mean time is prepared *of* two wicked gondaliers," &c. Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, bl. l. no date: "— he was well garnished *of* spear, sword, and armoure," &c. These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose.

Kernes and *Gallowglasses* are characterized in *The Legend of Roger Mortimer.* See *The Mirror for Magistrates:*

"—— the *Gallowglas*, the *Kerne*,
"Yield or not yield, whom so they take, they slay."

See also Stanyhurst's *Description of Ireland*, ch. viii, fol. 28, *Holinshed*, edit. 1577. *Steevens.*

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[6] *And fortune, on his damned* quarrel *smiling,*] The old copy has—*quarry;* but I am inclined to read *quarrel.* *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. *Johnson.*

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel.*" Besides, Macdowald's

Show'd like a rebel's whore:[7] But all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;[8]

quarry (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain

The word—*quarrel*, in the same sense, occurs also in MS Harl. 4690: "Thanne sir Edward of Bailoll towke his leve off king Edwarde, and went ayenne into Scottelonde, and was so grete a lorde, and so moche had his wille, that he touke no hede to hem that halpe him in his *quarelle*;" &c. *Steevens.*

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King John*.

"—— And put his *cause* and *quarrel*
"To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"—— and the chance, of goodness,
"Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.

Lord Bacon, in his *Essays*, uses the word in the same sense: "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." *Malone.*

[7] *Show'd like a rebel's whore:*] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. *Malone.*

[8] *Like valour's minion,*
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;] The old copy reads—

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave.

As an hemistich must be admitted, it seems more favourable to the metre that it should be found where it is now left.—*Till he fac'd the slave*, could never be designed as the beginning of a verse, if harmony were at all attended to in its construction. *Steevens.*

Like valour's minion,] So, in *King John*:

"—— fortune shall cull forth,
"Out of one side, her happy *minion*." *Malone.*

And ne'er shook hands,[9] nor bade farewel to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,[1]

[9] And ne'er *shook hands*, &c.] The old copy reads—*Which nev'r.*

—— *shook hands* —] So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" Till our king Henry had *shook hands* with death."

Steevens.

Mr. Pope, instead of *which*, here, and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—the old shepherd, *which* stands by," &c. *Malone.*

The old reading—*Which never*, appears to indicate that some antecedent words, now irretrievable, were omitted in the play-house manuscript; unless the compositor's eye had caught *which* from a foregoing line, and printed it instead of *And*. *Which*, in the present instance, cannot well have been substituted for *who*, because it will refer to the *slave* Macdonel, instead of his conqueror Macbeth. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *he unseam'd him from the* nave *to the chops*,] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides, it must be a strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chops*. But Shakspeare certainly wrote:

—— *he unseam'd him from the* nape *to the chops.*

i. e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed, on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the skull. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" O! that you could turn your eyes towards the *napes*
of your necks."

The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper; and alludes to the suture which goes across the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis*; and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his *Comus*, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus:

" Or drag him by the curls, *and cleave his scalpe*
" *Down to the hippes.*"

An evident imitation of this corrupted passage. But he altered it with better judgment to—

" —— to a foul death
" Curs'd as his life." *Warburton.*

The old reading is certainly the true one, being justified by a passage in *Dido Queene of Carthage*, by Thomas Nash, 1594:

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion[2]
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;[3]

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
"He *ript* old Priam."

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game:* Cap. V, "Som men haue sey hym slitte a man *fro the kne up to the brest*, and slee hym all starke dede at o strok." *Steevens.*

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed:

"Draw it, or I 'll rip thee down from *neck* to NAVEL,
"Though there 's small glory in 't." *Malone.*

2 *As whence the sun* 'gins *his reflexion*—] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion.* The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakspeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms *generally* come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. *Steevens.*

The natural history of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William D'Avenant's reading of this passage, in an alteartion of this play, published in quarto, in 1674, affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
"That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."
Malone.

3 —— *thunders* break;] The word *break* is wanting in the eldest copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. *Steevens.*

Break, which was suggested by the reading of the second folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders;—but who ever talked of the *breaking* of a *storm*? *Malone.*

The phrase, I believe, is sufficiently common. Thus Dryden, in *All for Love*, &c. Act I:

"—— the Roman camp
"Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a *storm*
"Just *breaking* o'er our heads."

Again, in Ogilby's version of the 17th *Iliad*:

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells.[4] Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;[5]
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;[6]
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes[7] upon the foe:

"Hector o'er all an iron tempest spreads,
"Th' impending *storm* will *break* upon our heads."
Steevens.

[4] Discomfort *swells.*] *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort.* *Johnson.*

[5] *Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?*
Sold. *Yes;*] The reader cannot fail to observe, that some word, necessary to complete the verse, has been omitted in the old copy. Sir T. Hanmer reads—
Our captains, brave *Macbeth,* &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;* &c.] That is, with double charges, a metonymy of the effect for the cause. *Heath.*

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage, by altering the punctuation thus:

——— *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled strokes ———

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks;* but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he *redoubles strokes with double cracks,* an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour.

That a *cannon is charged with thunder, or with double thunders,* may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance, and nothing else is here meant by *cracks,* which, in the time of this writer, was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom.*
Johnson.

Crack is used on a similar occasion by Barnaby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered,* 1563:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,[8]
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Sold. *attended.*

Enter Rosse.[9]

Who comes here?[1]

" The cannon's *cracke* begins to roore
" And darts full thycke they flye,
" And cover'd thycke the armyes both,
" And framde a counter-skye."

Barbour, the old Scotch Poet, calls fire-arms—"*crakys of war.*" *Steevens.*

Again, in the old play of *King John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

" ——as harmless and without effect,
" As is the echo of a cannon's *crack.*" *Malone.*

7 *Doubly redoubled strokes* &c.] So, in *King Richard II:*

" And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled,*
" Fall," &c.

The irregularity of the metre, however, induces me to believe our author wrote—

——— *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
Doubly redoubling strokes upon the foe.

For this thought, however, Shakspeare might have been indebted to Caxton's *Recuyel*, &c. " The batayll was sharp, than the grekes *dowblid and redowblid their strokes,*" &c. *Steevens.*

8 *Or* memorize *another Golgotha,*] That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. *Heath.*

The word *memorize*, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakspeare, is used by Spenser, in a sonnet to Lord Buckhurst, prefixed to his *Pastorals*, 1579:

" In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,
" By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name." *T. Warton.*

The word is likewise used by Drayton; and by Chapman, in his translation of the second Book of Homer, 1598:

" —— and Clymene, whom fame
" Hath, for her fair eyes, *memoriz'd.*"

And again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorge's translation of Lucan, 1614:

" Of them whose acts they mean to *memorize.*" *Steevens.*

9 *Enter* Rosse.] The old copy—Enter Rosse and *Angus:* but as only the thane of Rosse is spoken to, or speaks any thing in

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.[2]

the remaining part of this scene, and as Duncan expresses himself in the singular number,—

"Whence cam'st *thou*, worthy thane?"

Angus may be considered as a superfluous character. Had his present appearance been designed, the king would naturally have taken some notice of him. *Steevens.*

It is clear, from a subsequent passage, that the entry of Angus was here designed; for in scene iii, he again enters with Rosse, and says,—

"—— *We* are sent
"To give thee from our royal master thanks." *Malone.*

Because *Rosse* and *Angus* accompany each other in a subsequent scene, does it follow that they make their entrance together on the present occasion? *Steevens.*

[1] *Who comes* here?] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone has already directed us to read—*There*—as a dissyllable, but without supporting his direction by one example of such a practice.

I suspect that the poet wrote—

Who *is* 't comes here? or—*But* who comes here?
Steevens.

[2] —— *So should he look,*
That seems *to speak things strange.*] The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange.* But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems *to speak things strange.*

He looks like one that is *big with* something of importance; a metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse. *Johnson.*

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the meaning of Lenox is "So should he look, who seems as if he had strange things to speak."

The following passage in *The Tempest* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"—— pr'ythee, say on:
"The setting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim
"A matter from thee —."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.
"So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
"My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say." *Steevens.*

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,[3]
And fan our people cold.[4]
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,[5]

That seems *to speak things strange.*] i. e. that seems *about to* speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with nearly the same idea:

"The business of this man *looks out of him.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— flout *the sky,*] The banners may be poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. So, in *King Edward III,* 1599:

"And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,
"And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness
"Struggles to kiss them."

The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this: *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan standards ventil'ates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.* *Steevens.*

Again, in *King John:*

"*Mocking* the air, with *colours* idly spread."

This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in *King John,* therefore, is the most perfect comment on this. *Malone.*

[4] *And fan our people cold.*] In all probability, some words that rendered this a complete verse have been omitted; a loss more frequently to be deplored in the present tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakspeare. *Steevens.*

[5] *Till that Bellona's* bridegroom, *lapt* in proof,] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. *Henley.*

Our author might have been misled by Holinshed, who, p 567, speaking of *King Henry V,* says: "He declared that the goddesse of battell, called *Bellona,*" &c. &c. Shakspeare, therefore, hastily concluded that the Goddess of War was wife to the God of it; or might have been misled by Chapman's version of a line in the 5th *Iliad* of Homer:

"—— *Mars* himself, match'd with his *female mate.*"

Lapt in proof, is, defended by armour of proof. *Steevens.*

Confronted him with self-comparisons,[6]
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; ——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king,[7] craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[8]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

[6] *Confronted* him *with self-comparisons,*] By *him*, in this verse, is meant Norway; as the plain construction of the English requires. And the assistance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway, was underhand; (which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with* hidden *help and 'vantage.*

—— *with* self-comparisons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. *Warburton.*

[7] *That now*

Sweno, *the Norway's king,*] The present irregularity of metre induces me to believe, that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference, injudiciously thrust into the text; and that the line originally stood thus:

That now the Norway's king craves composition.

Could it have been necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway? *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Saint* Colmes' inch,] *Colmes* is to be considered as a dissyllable.

Colmes-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Cambden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*. Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

Saint Colmes'-kill Isle:

but very erroneously; for *Colmes' Inch*, and *Colm-kill*, are two different islands; the former lying on the eastern coast, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the western seas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

Holinshed thus relates the whole circumstance: "*The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obteined* of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that *such of their* friends as were slaine, might be *buried in* Saint *Colmes' Inch*. In memorie whereof *many old* sepultures are yet in the said *Inch*, there to be seene *graven* with the armes of the Danes." *Inch*, or *Insbe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia*. *Steevens.*

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his death,[9]
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I 'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. *Enter the three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.[1]
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?[2]
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch![3] the rump-fed ronyon[4] cries.[5]

[9] —— *pronounce his death,*] The old copy, injuriously to metre, reads—
—— *pronounce his* present *death.* *Steevens.*

[1] *Killing swine.*] So, in a *Detection of damnable Driftes practized by three Witches*, &c. *arraigned at Chelmisforde in Essex*, &c. 1579, bl. l. 12mo. "— Item, also she came on a tyme to the house of one Robart Lathburie &c. who disliyking her dealyng, *sent her home emptie;* but presently after her departure, his *hogges fell sicke and died*, to the number of twentie." *Steevens.*

[2] 1 Witch. *Where hast* thou *been, sister?*
2 Witch. *Killing swine.*
3 Witch. Sister, *where thou?*] Thus the old copy; yet I cannot help supposing that these three speeches, collectively taken, were meant to form one verse, as follows:
1 *Witch.* Where hast been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Where thou?
If my supposition be well founded, there is as little reason for preserving the useless *thou* in the first line, as the repetition of *sister*, in the third. *Steevens.*

[3] Aroint *thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. *Pope.*
In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Anoint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts, by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, *anoint thee, witch*, will mean, *away, witch, to your infernal assembly.* This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with

Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's *Collections*, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published,* in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT AROUGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's memory, on the present occasion, appears to have deceived him in more than a single instance. The subject of the above-mentioned drawing is ascertained by a label affixed to it in Gothic letters. *Iesus Christus, resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum.* My predecessor, indeed, might have been misled by an uncouth abbreviation in the Sacred Name.

The words—*Out out arongt*, are addressed to our Redeemer by Satan, who, the better to enforce them, accompanies them with a blast of the horn he holds in his right hand. *Tartareum intendit cornu.* If the instrument he grasps in his left hand was meant for a *prong*, it is of singular make.

Satan is not "driving the damned before him;" nor is any other dæmon present to undertake that office. Redemption, not punishment, is the subject of the piece.

This story of Christ's exploit, in his *descensus ad inferos* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on Chaucer, 3512,) is taken from the Gospel of Nicodemus, and was called by our ancestors *the harrowinge of helle*, under which title it was represented among the Chester Whitsun Playes, MS. Harl. 2013.

Rynt you witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother, is a North Country proverb. The word is used again in *King Lear:*

"And *aroint* thee, witch, *aroint* thee."

Anoint is the reading of the folio 1664, a book of no authority. *Steevens.*

4 —— *the* rump-fed *ronyon* —] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. *Colepeper.*

So, in *The Ordinance for the Government of Prince Edward*, 1474, the following fees are allowed:—"mutton's heades, the *rumpes* of every beefe," &c. Again, in *The Ordinances of the Household of George Duke of Clarence:* "— the hinder shankes of the mutton, with the *rumpe*, to be feable."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, old Penny-boy says to the cook:

* See Ectypa Varia &c. Studio et cura Thomæ Hearne, &c. 1737. Steevens.

But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,[6]
And, like a rat without a tail,[7]

" And then remember meat for my two dogs;
" Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, *rumps*," &c.

Again, in *Wit at several Weapons*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" A niggard to your commons, that you 're fain
" To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
" With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In *The Book of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called *The Book of St. Albans*) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in kepyng of haukes*, it is said: " The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *ronyon cries.*] i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551:

" —— her necke
" Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or *roine*."

Shakspeare uses the substantive again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the adjective—*roynish*, in *As you Like it*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *in a sieve I'll thither sail,*] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches " could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again, says Sir W. D'Avenant, in his *Albovine*, 1629:

" He sits like a witch *sailing in a sieve*."

Again, in *Newes from Scotland: Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian a notable Sorcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie last*, 1591; *which Doctor was Register to the Devill, that sundrie Times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a Number of notorious Witches. With the true Examination of the said Doctor and Witches, as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottish King. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Majestie in the Sea comming from Denmarke, with other such wonderful Matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie Time. Published according to the Scottish Copie. Printed for William Wright:* " — and that all they together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunsell's Catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsenet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. *Steevens.*

[7] *And, like a rat without a tail,*] It should be remembered, (as it was the belief of the times,) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change,

I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.[8]
2 *Witch.* I 'll give thee a wind.[9]
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,[1]
All the quarters that they know

might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures. *Steevens.*

[8] *I'll do, I'll do, and I 'll do.——*
I' the shipman's card.——
Look what I have.——
Shew me, shew me.——
Thus do go about, about;——] As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations or mutilated by omissions.

Want of corresponding rhymes to the foregoing lines induce me to hint at vacuities which cannot be supplied, and intrusions which (on the bare authority of conjecture) must not be expelled.

Were even the condition of modern transcripts for the stage understood by the public, the frequent accidents by which a poet's meaning is depraved, and his measure vitiated, would need no illustration. *Steevens.*

[9] *I 'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"——— in Ireland and Denmark both,
" *Witches* for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
" Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
" Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, says the same. It may be hoped, however, that the conduct of our witches did not resemble that of one of their relations, as described in an Appendix to the old translation of *Marco Paolo*, 1579: " — they demanded that he should *give them a winde;* and he shewed, setting his handes *behinde*, from *whence the wind should come*," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *And the* very ports *they blow,*] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. *Johnson.*

The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points;* but erroneously. In ancient language, to *blow* sometimes means to *blow upon*. So, in Dumain's Ode in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

I' the shipman's card.[2]
I will drain him dry as hay:[3]
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;[4]
He shall live a man forbid:[5]

" Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; —"
i. e. *blow* upon them. We still say it blows East or West, without a preposition. *Steevens.*

The substituted word was first given by Sir W. D'Avenant, who, in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

" I myself have all the other.
" And then from every *port* they blow,
" From all the *points* that seamen know." *Malone.*

[2] —— *the shipman's card.*] So, in *The Microcosmos* of John Davies, of Hereford, 4to. 1605:

" Beside the chiefe windes and collaterall
" (Which are the windes indeed of chiefe regard)
" Seamen observe more, thirtie two in all,
" All which are pointed out upon the *carde.*"

The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age. Thus, in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" The *card* of goodness in your minds, that shews you
" When you sail false."

Again, in Churchyard's *Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. 12mo. bl. l. 1578: " There the generall gaue a speciall *card* and order to his captaines for the passing of the straites," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *dry as hay:*] So, Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III, c. ix:

" But he is old and *withered as hay.*" *Steevens.*

[4] *Sleep shall, neither night nor day,*
Hang upon his pent-house lid;] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Michael Drayton:

" His brows, like two steep *pent-houses*, hung down
" Over his eye-lids."

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether these lines are found in it. Drayton made additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impression. *Malone.*

[5] *He shall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction.* So, afterwards in this play:

" By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd.*"

So, among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *Aquæ et Ignis* interdictio; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the *necessity of banishment. Theobald.*

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle,[6] peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.[7]
Look what I have.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He is pis ꝑ bit ꝛ bote, &c.
He is wise that prays *and makes amends.*

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. *Johnson.*

To *bid*, in the sense of to *pray*, occurs in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 78:

"Kinge Charles kneled adown
"To kisse the relikes so goode,
"And *badde* there an oryson
"To that lorde that deyde on rode."

A *forbodin* fellow, Scot. signifies an *unhappy* one." *Steevens.*

It may be added that "*bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, signify to pray and to interdict." *S. W.*

[6] *Shall he* dwindle, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"—— it *wastes* me more
"Than were 't my picture fashion'd out of wax,
"Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried
"In some foul dunghill."

So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king Duffe:

"—— found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, &c.

"—— for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe*," &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
"Hang upon his pent-house lid." *Steevens.*

[7] *Though his bark cannot be lost,*
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.] So, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,[8]
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe, at his coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain. *Steevens.*

[8] *The* weird *sisters, hand in hand,*] These weird *sisters*, were the Fates of the northern nations; the three handmaids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three;* and calls them

Posters of the sea and land;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But, as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. *Warburton.*

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon ᵹᵹᵹᵹ, *fatum*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy*, by the translator of *Hector*

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Fores?[9]—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught

Boethius, in the year 1541, as well as for the *Destinies*, by Chaucer and Holinshed. *Of the weirdis gevyn to Makbeth and Banbquo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parcæ* the *weird sisters*; and in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, *quhairin we may persave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Marriage betweene Age and Zouth*, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again:

"How dois the quheill of fortune go,
"Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo."

Again:

"Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
"Or zit his *wierd* to warie?"

The other method of spelling [*weyward*] was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, *et Skullda*, but also, *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cup-bearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms*; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*. *Steevens*.

The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in consequence of the transcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following passage in Bellenden's translation of *Hector Boethius*, fully supports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquho were passand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for ye tyme, and met be ye gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be *weird* sisters." So also Holinshed. *Malone*.

[9] *How far is 't call'd to Fores?*] The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met them three women in straunge and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c. *Steevens*.

The old copy reads—*Soris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone*.

That man may question?[1] You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,[2]
And yet your beards[3] forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth![4] hail to thee, thane of Glamis![5]

[1] *That man may question?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to *ask questions*. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *You should be women,*] In *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration of spirits and their offices; and of certain watry spirits it is said: "—by the help of Alynach a spirit of the West, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, rayne, haile or snow, in the clearest day that is; and if ever they appear to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell." *Henderson.*

[3] —— *your* beards —] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—— Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*." *Steevens.*

[4] *All hail, Macbeth!*] It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signifyed nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole that Buchanan says of the *Lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan,] but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of langtary (*as all wemen ar*) specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to persew the third weird, that sche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honourie, sen he durst no assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit, sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor![6]

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[7] or that indeed

jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem."—Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *King of Scotland*." p. 243.

1 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*

2 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*

3 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:—and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff, in the fourth Act, is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle*. *Farmer.*

All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Saxon, i. e. *ave, salve*. *Malone.*

[5] —— *thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Castle*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *thane of* Cawdor!] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. In one of his Letters, Vol. I, p. 122, he takes notice of the same object: "There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding stairs—the rest of the house is, though not modern, of later erection. *Steevens.*

[7] *Are ye* fantastical,] By *fantastical* is not meant, according to the common signification, creatures of his own brain; for he

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having,[8] and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal;[9] to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

could not be so extravagant as to ask such a question: but it is used for *supernatural, spiritual.* *Warburton.*

By *fantastical,* he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? *Johnson.*

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft,* 1584:—"He affirmeth these transubstantiations to be but *fantastical,* not according to the veritie, but according to the appearance." The same expression occurs in *All's lost by Lust,* 1633, by Rowley:

"———— or is that thing,
"Which would supply the place of soul in thee,
"Merely *phantastical?*"

Shakspeare, however, took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says: "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo."

Steevens.

[8] *Of noble having,*] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"—— my *having* is not much;
"I'll make division of my present store:
"Hold; there is half my coffer."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton,* bl. l. no date:

"And when he heareth this tydinge,
"He will go theder with great *having.*"

See also note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act III, sc. ii.

Steevens.

[9] *That he seems* rapt *withal;*] *Rapt* is rapturously affected *extra se raptus.* So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen,* IV, ix. 6:

"That, with the sweetness of her rare delight,
"The prince half *rapt,* began on her to dote."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"What, dear sir, thus *rapt* you?" *Steevens.*

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death,[1] I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath[2] you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,[3]

[1] *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth. *Pope.*

His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synele* in Hector Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottish translator, it came to the knowledge of Holinshed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common surnames in Scotland at this moment. *Ritson.*

[2] —— *blasted heath* —] Thus, after Shakspeare, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. I, 615:

" —— their stately growth though bare
" Stands on the *blasted heath.*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *eaten of the insane* root,] The *insane* root is the root which makes insane. *Theobald.*

The old copies read—" *on* the same root." *Reed.*

Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes *conceit unseen objects.*" Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

" —— they *lay that hold upon thy senses*,
" As thou hadst snuft up *hemlock.*" *Steevens.*

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the *name* of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakspeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress for want of

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,[4]
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[5]

provisions. "In the ende (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and *rootes*, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was *one* that killed them, and *made them out of their wits*; for he that had once eaten of it, his *memorye was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing*, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great waight, and to be done with all possible speede. *Malone.*

[4] *His wonders and his praises do contend,*
Which should be thine, or his: &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them public justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

Mr. M. Mason would read *wonder*, not *wonders*; for, says he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the sense of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help thinking that, in the present instance, plural was opposed to plural by Shakspeare. *Steevens.*

Silenc'd *with that*,] i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. *Malone.*

[5] —— *As thick as* tale,] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*. Or we may read, perhaps, yet better:

—— *As thick as tale,*
Came *post with post*; ——

Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee[6] into his sight, not pay thee.
Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me

That is, posts arrived as fast as could be counted. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act II, sc. i:
"Tidings, *as swiftly as the post could run*,
"Were brought," &c.
Mr. Rowe reads—as thick as *hail*. *Steevens.*
The old copy reads—*Can* post. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnson's explanation would be less exceptionable, if the old copy had—As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and seems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation.
"As thick as hail," as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, is an expression in the old play of *King John*, 1591:
"—— breathe out damned orisons,
"*As thick as hail*-stones fore the spring's approach."
The emendation of the word *can* is supported by a passage in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"And there are twenty weak and wearied *posts*
"*Come* from the north." *Malone.*
Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, signified as *fast*. To *speak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indistinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. ii:
"—— say, and *speak thick*,
"(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
"To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
"To this same blessed Milford."
Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act II, sc iii:
"And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,
"Became the accents of the valiant;
"For those that could speak *low and tardily*,
"Would turn &c.—To seem like him."
Thick therefore is not less applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

[6] *To herald thee* &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*Only* to herald thee &c. *Steevens.*

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway;[7] or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,[8]

[7] —— *with Norway;*] The old copy reads:
—— *with* those of *Norway*.
The players not understanding that by "*Norway*" our author meant *the king of Norway*, as in *Hamlet*—
"Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy," &c.
foisted in the words at present omitted. *Steevens.*
There is, I think, no need of change. The word *combin'd* belongs to the preceding line:
"Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd
"With those of Norway, or did line the rebel," &c.
Whether was in our author's time sometimes pronounced and written as one syllable,—*whe'r*.
So, in *King John*:
"Now shame upon you, *whe'r* she does or no." *Malone.*

[8] —— *trusted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:
"—— hack'd the sense to know
"Her estimation *home*." *Steevens.*
The added word *home* shows clearly, in my apprehension, that our author wrote—That *thrusted* home. So, in a subsequent scene:
"That every minute of his being *thrusts*
"Against my nearest of life."
Thrusted is the regular participle from the verb to *thrust*, and though now not often used, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry V*:
"With *casted* slough and fresh legerity."
Home means *to the uttermost*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"—— all my sorrows
"You have paid *home*."
It may be observed, that "*thrusted* home" is an expression used at this day; but "*trusted* home," I believe, was never used.

Might yet enkindle you[9] unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,[1]

at any period whatsoever. I have had frequent occasion to remark that many of the errors in the old copies of our author's plays arose from the transcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland, where much of the pronunciation of the age of queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar constantly pronounce the word *thrust* as if it were written *trust;* and hence probably the error in the text.

The change is so very slight, and I am so thoroughly persuaded that the reading proposed is the true one, that had it been suggested by any former editor, I should without hesitation have given it a place in the text. *Malone.*

[9] *Might yet* enkindle *you* ——] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. *Warburton.*

A similar expression occurs in *As you Like it*, Act I, sc. i:

"—— nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither."

Steevens.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown. *Henley.*

[1] Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. *Steevens.*

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird sisters. "Makbeth (says the historian) revolvyng all thingis, as they wer said be the weird sisteris, began to covat ye croun. And zit he concludit to abide, quhil he saw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie belevyng yt ye thrid weird suld cum *as the first two did afore*." This indeed is inconsistent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the history of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters: we may therefore be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only says, "The first of thaim said to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The secound said," &c. But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis.

As happy prologues to the swelling act[2]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting[3]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion[4]
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,[5]
And make my seated[6] heart knock at my ribs,

(*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The second of them said," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetic?* Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c.? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed: "The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now Mackbeth, thou hast obteined *those things which the* TWO *former sisters* PROPHESIED: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." *Malone.*

[2] —— swelling *act* —] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *King Henry V:*

"—— princes to act,
"And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene." *Steevens.*

[3] *This supernatural* soliciting —] *Soliciting* for information. *Warburton.*

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. *Johnson*

[4] —— *suggestion* —] i. e. temptation. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:* "A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the young earl." *Steevens.*

[5] *Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,*] So Macbeth says, in the latter part of this play:

"—— And my fell of hair
"Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse and stir,
"As life were in it." *M. Mason.*

[6] —— *seated* ——] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. So, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. VI, 643:

Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:[7]
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,[8] that function

" From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
" They pluck'd the *seated* hills." *Steevens.*

[7] ——— *Present* fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:] *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:
" For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,
" Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,
" So *th' apprehension of approaching ill*
" *Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying.*"
Steevens.

By *present fears* is meant, the *actual presence of any objects of terror.* So, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*, the king says:
" ——— All these bold *fears*
" Thou see'st with peril I have answered."
To *fear* is frequently used by Shakspeare in the sense of *fright.* In this very play, lady Macbeth says,
" To alter favour ever is to *fear.*"
So, in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Curio says to Alphonso,
" Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *feared* thus?"
Meaning, thus *affrighted.* *M. Mason.*

[8] ——— *single state of man,*] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body.* *Johnson.*

By *single* state of man, Shakspeare might possibly mean somewhat more than *individuality.* He who, in the peculiar situation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and consequently derives neither spirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or sagacity, of others. This state of man may properly be styled *single*, solitary, or defenceless, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no resources but in itself.

It should be observed, however, that *double* and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this sense the former word may be employed by Brabantio—
" ——— a voice potential
" As *double* as the duke's;"
and the latter, by the Chief Justice, speaking to Falstaff:
" Is not your wit *single?*"
The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind. *Steevens.*

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.[9]

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.[1]

[9] ——— *function*
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. *Johnson.*

Surmise, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future. *Malone.*

Shakspeare has somewhat like this sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Where, every something being blent together,
"Turns to a wild of nothing" ——.

Again, in *K. Richard II:*

"——— is nought but shadows
"Of what it is not." *Steevens.*

[1] Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*] "By this, I confess I do not, with his two last commentators, imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will."

This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare.* &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

So, in the *Life of Saynt Radegunda*, printed by Pynson, 4to. no date:

"How they dispend the *tyme*, the *day*, the *houre*."

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. *Steevens.*

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakspeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hower* and *time*,

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.[2]
Macb. Give me your favour:[3]—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.[4] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.[5]—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it,[6] let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not[7]

if they were as certayne," &c. Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time's* young *bowres* attend her still."

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
"Dost hold *Time's* fickle glass, his sickle, *hour*—."
Malone.

[2] —— *we stay upon your leisure.*] The same phraseology occurs in the *Paston Letters*, vol. iii, p. 80: "— sent late to me a man ye which wuld *abydin uppon my leysir*," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *my dull brain was* wrought
With things forgotten.] My head was *worked, agitated*, put into commotion. *Johnson.*

So, in *Othello:*

"Of one not easily jealous, but being *wrought*,
"Perplex'd in the extreme." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *where every day I turn*
The leaf to read them.] He means, as Mr Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his *memory*. *Malone.*

[6] *The* interim *having weigh'd it,*] This *intervening portion of time* is also personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason*. Or, perhaps, we should read—*I'* th' interim. *Steevens.*

Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die:[8] who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been studied in his death,[9]
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:[1]
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

I believe *the interim* is used adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim." *Malone.*

[7] —— Are *not* —] The old copy reads—*Or* not. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] *With one that saw him die:*] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds, in almost every circumstance, with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *studied in his death,*] Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. *Johnson.*

His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have *studied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. *Malone.*

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* "Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of *study*."

The same phrase occurs in *Hamlet.* *Steevens.*

[1] *To find the mind's construction in the face:*] The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare: it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.[2]

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing[3]
Safe toward your love and honour.[4]

Dun. Welcome hither:

We cannot construe *or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face*: So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"*Construe* the times to their necessities."

In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phrase:

"—— These profound heaves
"You must *translate*; 'tis fit we understand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I 'll *decline* the whole question."

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary sentiment asserted:

"In many's *looks* the *false heart's history*
"Is writ." *Malone.*

2 *More is thy due than* more than all *can pay.*] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompense, can pay. Thus in Plautus: *Nihilo minus.*

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally, (more than all persons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII.*:

"*More* than *my all* is nothing."

This line appeared obscure to Sir William D'Avenant, for he altered it thus:

"I have only left to say
"That thou deservest *more than I have to pay. Malone.*

3 —— *servants;*
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing —] From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." *Henley.*

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour

4 *Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*
Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially. *Steevens.*

Read—

"*Safe* (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the sense will be—"Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says, [in *Julius Cæsar*:]

"When love begins to sicken and decay,
"It useth an enforced ceremony." *Blackstone.*

A similar expression occurs also in the *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II, p. 245: "—ye shalle fynde me to yow as kynde as I maye be, *my conscience and worshyp savyd*." *Steevens.*

A passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone's emendation:

"I'll speak it freely, always my *obedience*
"*And love preserved unto the prince*"

So also the following words, spoken by Henry duke of Lancaster to king Richard II, at their interview in the castle of Flint (a passage that Shakspeare had certainly read and perhaps remembered): "My sovereign lorde and kyng, the cause of my coming, at this present, is, [*your honour saved*] to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable license." Holinshed's *Chron.* Vol. II.

Our author himself also furnishes us with a passage that likewise may serve to confirm this emendation. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV, sc. iii:

"Save him from danger; do HIM *love and honour*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
"That *honour saved* may upon asking give?"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
"(Always *reserv'd my holy duty*) what
"His rage can do on me."

To make thee full of growing.[5]—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.[6]—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,[7]

Our poet has used the verb to *safe* in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —— best you *saf'd* the bringer
" Out of the host." *Malone.*

[5] —— full *of growing.*—] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in *Othello*:
" What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" *Malone.*

[6] *My plenteous joys,*
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.]
" —— lachrymas non sponte cadentes
" Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto;
" Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis
" Gaudia, quam lachrymis." *Lucan*, Lib. IX.
There was no English translation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the same sentiment again in *The Winter's Tale*: " It seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears." It is likewise employed in the first scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*. *Malone.*
It is thus also that Statius describes the appearance of Argia and Antigone, *Theb.* III, 426:
Flebile gaviæ, —— *Steevens.*

[7] —— *hence to* Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at *Inverness*, are yet standing. *Steevens.*
The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicles, it appears that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. " Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* Lib. IV, c. xliv.

And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland![8]—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*

" Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." *Buchan.* Lib. VII. *Malone.*

[8] *The prince of* Cumberland!—] So, Holinshed, *History of Scotland*, p. 171: " Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it was thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the lifetime of a king, (as was often the case) the title of *prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. *Steevens.*

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is supported by Bellenden's translation of *Hector Boethius:* " In the mene tyme kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme *prince of Cumbir, to signify y he suld regne eftir hym*, quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird sisteris. Nochtheles he thoct gif Duncane were slane, he had maist rycht to the croun, because he wes nerest of blud yairto, be tenour of ye auld lavis maid eftir the deith of king Fergus, quhen young children wer unable to govern the croun, the nerrest of yair blude sal regne." So also Buchanan, *Rerum Scoticarum Hist* Lib. VII:

" Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, vixdum puberem, Cumbriæ præfecit. Id factum ejus Macbethus molestius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram sibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magistratus (juxta visum nocturnum) adeptus, aut

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;[9]

omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriæ velut aditus ad supremum magistratum* SEMPER *esset habitus.*" It has been asserted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the *first* who had the title of *prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III, the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son of Kenneth, to be lord of Cumbir, "*ȝt be mycht be ȝt way the better cum to ȝe crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles said, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleased lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, *abrogat ȝe auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand decessit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat sumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, sal succede ȝe croun," &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succeed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth, reigned Constantine, the son of king Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of king Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter.

These breaches, however, in the succession, appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldest son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws *the next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said to have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations. *Malone.*

[9] *True, worthy Banquo;* he is full so valiant;] i. e. *he is to the full as valiant as you have described him.* We must imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject; and to some encomium sup-

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report,*[1] *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,*[2] *who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king, that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis,[3]

posed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *by the perfectest report,*] By the best intelligence. *Johnson.*

[2] —— missives *from the king,*] i. e. messengers. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Did gibe my *missive* out of audience." *Steevens.*

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,[4]
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;[5]
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.[6]——What is your tidings?

[3] —— *thou'd'st have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have *it;*
And that &c.] As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read:
—— *thou'd'st have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have *me.*
Johnson.

[4] *And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*] The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou must do thus, if thou wouldst have it, and* thou must do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer, without necessity, reads—And that 's what rather —. The difficulty of this line and the succeeding hemistich seems to have arisen from their not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such they appear to me, and I have therefore distinguished them by Italicks.
Malone.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it.
Steevens.

[5] *That I may* pour my spirits *in thine ear;*] I meet with the same expression in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar,* 1607:
"Thou in my bosom us'd *to pour thy spright.*" *Malone.*

[6] —— *the* golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.] For *seem,* the sense evidently directs us to read *seek.* The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem. Johnson.*
So, in Act IV:
"And wears upon his baby brow the *round*
"And top of sovereignty. *Steevens.*
Metaphysical for supernatural. But *doth seem to have thee crown'd withal,* is not sense. To make it so, it should be supplied thus: *doth seem desirous to have.* But no poetic license would excuse this. An easy alteration will restore the poet's true reading:
—— *doth seem*
To have crown'd thee withal.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. 'Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wert 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,[7]
[*Exit* Attend.

i. e. they seem already to have crowned thee, and yet thy disposition at present hinders it from taking effect. *Warburton.*

The words, as they now stand, have exactly the same meaning. Such arrangement is sufficiently common among our ancient writers. *Steevens.*

I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem *to have* crowned Macbeth. Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of "the golden round," with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend *to have him crowned*, on a *future* day. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:

"—— Our dearest friend
"Prejudicates the business, and would *seem*
"*To have* us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—"To have thee crown'd," and "To have crown'd thee;" of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." *Malone.*

[7] —— *The raven himself is hoarse,*] Dr. Warburton reads:
—— *The raven himself 's* not *hoarse*,
Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath *to make up his message*; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness *Johnson.*

The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage: *Give him tending*; the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Atten.*] 'Tis certain.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits[8]
That tend on mortal thoughts,[9] unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;[1]

now—*the raven himself is* spent, is *hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. *Fuseli.*

Mr. Fuseli's idea, that the raven has croaked till he is *hoarse* with croaking, may receive support from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— make her airy tongue more *hoarse* than mine
" With *repetition* of my Romeo's name."

Again, from one of the Parts of *King Henry VI:*

" Warwick is hoarse with daring thee to arms." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*Come,* come, *you spirits* —] For the sake of the metre I have ventured to repeat the word—*come,* which occurs only once in the old copy.

All had been added by Sir William D'Avenant, to supply the same deficiency. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *mortal thoughts,*] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals,* but *murderous, deadly,* or *destructive designs.* So, in Act V:

" Hold fast the *mortal* sword."

And in another place:

" With twenty *mortal* murders." *Johnson.*

In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil,* by T. Nashe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office.

" The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern Martii, called the *spirits of revenge,* and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge.*" *Malone.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it![2] Come to my woman's breasts,

[1] —— *remorse;*] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity. So, in *King Lear:*

"Thrill'd with *remorse*, oppos'd against the act."

Again, in *Othello:*

"And to obey shall be in me *remorse* —."

See notes on that passage, Act III, sc. iii. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *nor keep* peace *between*
The effect, and it!] The intent of lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace *between*
The effect and it. ——

To *keep* pace *between*, may signify *to pass between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is, on many occasions, a favourite of Shakspeare's. This phrase is, indeed, not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? *Johnson*

—— *and it!*] The folio reads—*and hit*. *It*, in many of our ancient books, is thus spelt. In the first stanza of Churchyard's *Discourse of Rebellion*, &c. 1570, we have, *Hit* is a plague—*Hit* venom castes—*Hit* poysoneth all—*Hit* is of kinde—*Hit* staynes the ayre. *Steevens.*

The correction was made by the editor of the third folio.

Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpose*, means, to delay the execution of her purpose; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could not be carried into execution. So, in the following passage in *King John*, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
"*Hostility* and civil tumult *reigns*
"*Between my conscience* and my cousin's *death*."

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, *The Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
"*Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er so fayne she would."

And take my milk for gall,[3] you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief![4] Come, thick night,[5]
And pall thee[6] in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife[7] see not the wound it makes;

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the present instance:

" —— make thick
" My blood, stop all passage to remorse;
" That no relapses into mercy may
" *Shake my design, nor make it fall before*
" *'Tis ripen'd to effect.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *take my milk for gall,*] *Take* away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. *Johnson.*

[4] *You wait on* nature's mischief!] *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *Come, thick night,* &c.] A similar invocation is found in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth*:

" O sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,
" That it discern not this black deed of darkness!
" My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,
" Must wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:
" Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly *night!*
" The light hates me, and I do hate the light." *Malone.*

[6] *And* pall *thee* —] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. *Warburton.*

A *pall* is a robe of state. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*."

Again, in Milton's *Penseroso*:

" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
" In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead.

To *pall*, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean—to *wrap*, to *invest*. *Steevens.*

[7] *That my keen* knife —] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword or dagger*. So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Through Goddes myght, and his *knyfe*,
" There the gyaunte lost his lyfe."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. vi:

" —— the red-cross knight was slain with paynim *knife*."

Steevens.

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[8]
To cry, *Hold, hold!*[9]——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor![11]

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the present instance do not seem wanted, I shall only observe that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. *Reed.*

[8] —— *the* blanket *of the dark,*] Drayton, in the 26th Song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression resembling this:

"Thick vapours, that, like *ruggs*, still hang the troubled air." *Steevens.*

Polyolbion was not published till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the same expression:

"The sullen *night* in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd." *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596.

Blanket was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.—In *King Henry VI*, P. III, we have—"night's *coverture*."

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Were Tarquin's night, (as he is but night's child,)
"The silver-shining queen he would distain;
"Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the stars] by him defil'd,
"Through *night's black bosom* should not *peep* again." *Malone.*

[9] *To cry,* Hold, hold!] On this passage there is a long criticism in *The Rambler*, Number 168. *Johnson.*

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying

"—— in the *dun* air sublime,"

And had already told us, in the character of *Comus*,

"'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
"Which these *dun* shades will ne'er report."

Gawin Douglas employs *dun* as a synonyme to *fulvus*. *Steevens.*

To cry, Hold, hold!] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *bold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *bold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. *Tollet.*

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant p:esent,[2] and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech:

"And damn'd be him who first cries, *hold, enough!*"

Steevens.

[1] *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person. nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. *Steevens.*

[2] *This* ignorant present,] *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— his shipping,
"Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"—— *ignorant* fumes that mantle
"Their clearer reason." *Steevens.*

This ignorant present,] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read: "— present *time*:" but the phraseology in the text is frequent in our author, as well as other ancient writers. So, in the first scene of *The Tempest*: "If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of *the present*, we will not hand a rope more." The sense does not require the word *time*, and it is too much for the measure. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"And that you not delay *the present*; but" &c.

Again, in *Corinthians* I, ch. xv, v. 6: "— of whom the greater part remain unto *this present*."

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:[3]—To beguile the time,
Look like the time;[4] bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.[5] He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Be pleased to tell us
" (For this is from *the present*) how you take
" The offer I have sent you." *Steevens.*

[3] *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*
May read &c.] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. *Heath.*

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" *Her face the book* of praises, *where is read*
" Nothing but curious pleasures." *Steevens.*

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Poor woman's *faces* are their own faults' *books*." *Malone.*

[4] —— *To beguile the time,*
Look like the time;] The same expression occurs in the 8th Book of Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

" He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances;
" *Looks like the time*: his eye made not report
" Of what he felt within; nor was he less
" Than usually he was in every part;
" Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." *Steevens.*

The seventh and eighth Books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not published till the year 1609; [see the Epistle Dedicatorie to that edition:] so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakspeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year.
Malone.

[5] —— *look like the innocent* flower,
But be the serpent *under it.*] Thus, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, 10,827:

" So depe in greyne he died his coloures,
" Right as a *serpent* hideth him *under floures*,
" Til he may see his time for to bite." *Steevens.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:[6]
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat;[7] the air

[6] *To.* alter favour *ever is to* fear:] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
"And *fears* by *pale white* shown."

Favour is—look, countenance. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"I know your *favour*, lord Ulysses, well." *Steevens.*

[7] *This castle hath a pleasant* seat;] *Seat* here means *situation.* Lord Bacon says, "He that builds a faire house upon an *ill seat*, committeth himself to prison. Neither doe I reckon it an *ill seat*, only where the aire is unwholsome, but likewise where the aire is unequal; as you shall see many fine *seats* set upon a knap of ground invironed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sunne is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversitie of heat and cold, as if you dwelt in several places." *Essays*, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 257. *Reed.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat;] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose.* Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.[8]
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[9] does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,[1] buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,[2] but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they[3]

men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

[8] *Unto our* gentle senses.] *Senses* are nothing more *than each man's sense. Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed,* and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *martlet,*] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet.* *Johnson.*

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

It is supported by the following passage in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— like the *martlet*
" Builds in the weather on the outward wall." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *no* jutty, *frieze,*] A comma should be placed after *jutty.* A jutty, or *jetty,* (for so it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze,* but a substantive; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. See Florio's *Italian Dictionary,* 1598: " *Barbacane.* An out-nooke or corner standing out of a house; a *jettie.*"—" *Sporto.* A porch, a portal, a bay-window, or outbutting, or *jettie,* of a house, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the house."—See also *Surpendue,* in Cotgrave's *French Dict.* 1611: " A *jettie;* an out-jetting room." *Malone.*

Shakspeare uses the verb to *jutty,* in *King Henry V:*

" —— as fearfully as doth a galled rock
" O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded base."

The substantive also occurs in an agreement between Philip Henslowe, &c. &c. for building a new theatre, in the year 1599. See Vol. II: " — besides a *juttey* forwards in eyther of the saide two upper stories &c." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *coigne of vantage,*] Convenient corner. *Johnson.*

So, in *Pericles:*

" By the four opposing *coignes,*
" Which the world together joins." *Steevens.*

[3] *His pendent bed, and procreant* cradle: *Where they* —] Lest

Most breed[4] and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[5]

the reader should think this verse defective in harmony, he ought to be told, that as *needle* was once written and pronounced *neele* and *neeld*, so *cradle* was contracted into *crale*, and consequently uttered as a monosyllable

Thus, in the fragment of an ancient Christmas carol now before me:

" —— on that day
" Did aungels round him minister
" As in his *crale* he lay."

In some parts of Warwickshire, (as I am informed) the word is drawlingly pronounced as if it had been written—*craale*. *Steevens.*

[4] *Most breed* —] The folio—*must breed*. *Steevens.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[5] *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,*
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] *The attention that is paid us*, (says Duncan on seeing lady Macbeth come to meet him) *sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confess, I have no very distinct conception, and suspect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—*By being the occasion of so much trouble, I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you*, inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of showing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you*, because by showing me such attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which, finally, may bring you both profit and honour. *Malone.*

This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer:

Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[6]

trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense—to *pray*. *Steevens.*

How you shall bid God-yield us —] To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. *Warburton.*

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward*, but *protection*. *Johnson.*

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with it at length:

" And the *gods yield* you for 't."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" *God yelde you*, Esau, with all my stomach."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Syr, quoth Guy, *God yield it you*,
" Of this great gift you give me now."

Again, in Chaucer's *Sompnoure's Tale*, v. 7759; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.

" God *yelde you* adoun in your village."

Again, one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV, p. 335, begins thus:

" To begin, *God yeld you* for my hats."

God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So in Chaucer's *Milleres Tale*:

" *God shilde* that he died sodenly."
V. 3427; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. *Steevens.*

[6] *We rest your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for beadsmen. *Warburton.*

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. Thus, in *A. of Wyntown's Cronykil*, B IX, c. xxvii, v. 99:

" His *bedmen* thai suld be for-thi,
" And pray for hym rycht hartfully."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

" I am your *beademan*, bound to pray for you."

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur,[7] hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever[8]
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[9] *and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done,[1] when 'tis done, then 'twere well

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

"——— worshipful sir,
"I shall be still your *beadsman*."

This phrase occurs frequently in *The Paston Letters*. *Steevens.*

[7] ——— *his great love, sharp as his spur,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. iii:

"——— my desire,
"*More sharp than filed steel*, did spur me forth." *Steevens.*

[8] *Your servants ever* &c.] The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting-house or audit-room. *In compt*, means, *subject to account*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"And have the dates *in compt*."

The sense of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.* *Steevens.*

[9] *Enter* ——— *a* Sewer,] I have restored this stage-direction from the old copy.

It were done quickly: If the assassination[2]

A *sewer* was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place. Thus, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad:*

" —— Automedon as fit
" Was for the reverend *sewer's* place; and all the browne
joints serv'd
" On wicker vessell to the board."

Barclay, *Ecl. II*, has the following remark on the conduct of these domestics:

" Slowe be the *sewers* in serving in alway,
" But swift be they after, taking the meate away."

Another part of the *sewer's* office was, to bring water for the guests to wash their hands with. Thus Chapman, in his version of the *Odyssey:*

" —— and then the *sewre*
" *Pour'd water* from a great and golden ewre."

The *sewer's* chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman:* " — clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *sewer*." Again: " See, sir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *sewer*."]

It may be worth while to observe, for the sake of preserving an ancient word that the dishes served in by *sewers* were called *sewes*. So, in the old MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 66:

" Lest that lurdeynes come sculkynge out,
" For ever they have bene shrewes,
" Loke ech of them have such a cloute
" That thay never ete moo *sewes*." *Steevens.*

[1] *If it were* done, &c.] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet* in the Powder Plot. " It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." *Farmer.*

[2] —— *If the assassination* &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear: I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

" If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and inquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases*

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success;[3] that but this blow

in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. *Johnson.*

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson, in reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be understood*, used to say that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendant beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown into "strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high-wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some *bombast* speeches in it, *which are not to be understood*," as Dryden asserts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion, however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant, in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II, were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. *Malone.*

[3] *Could* trammel *up the consequence, and catch,*
With his surcease, success;] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:
With its success surcease. —— *Johnson.*

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633:

"Each tree and shrub wears *trammels* of thy hair."

Surcease is cessation, stop. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"*Surcease* brave brother. Fortune hath crown'd our brows."

His is used instead of *its*, in many places. *Steevens.*

The personal pronouns are so frequently used by Shakspeare, instead of the impersonal, that no amendment would be necessary in this passage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *assassination*, which seems to be the opinion of Johnson and Steevens; but I think it more probable that it refers to *Duncan;* and that by *his surcease* Macbeth means *Duncan's death*, which was the object of his contemplation *M. Mason.*

His certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson, by his proposed alteration, seems to have thought it did) for Shakspeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,[4]—
We 'd jump the life to come.[5]—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:[6] This even-handed justice[7]

assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease* often signifies in these plays, to *die*. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

" Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*."

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, and that it relates to *assassination*. *Malone*.

[4] —— *shoal of time*,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*. *Johnson*.

By the *shoal of time*, our author means the shallow ford of life, between us and the abyss of eternity. *Steevens*.

[5] *We 'd jump the life to come*.] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iv:

" —— *or jump the after-inquiry* on your own peril. *Steevens*.

" We 'd *jump* the life to come," certainly means, We 'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— Our fortune lies
" Upon this *jump*."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— and wish
" To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic,
" That 's sure of death without it."

See note on this passage, Act III, sc. i. *Malone*.

[6] —— *we but teach*
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:] So, in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius: " He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conquessis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevy thocht and dredour, and *traisting ilk man to do siclik cruelties to hym, as he did afore to othir*." *Malone*.

[7] —— This *even-handed justice* —] Mr. M. Mason observes, that we might more advantageously read—

Thus *even-handed justice*, &c. *Steevens*.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. So, a little lower: " Besides, *this* Duncan," &c. Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

Commends the ingredients[8] of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.[9] He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek,[1] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation[2] of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,[3]

"That *this* same child of honour and renown,
"*This* gallant Hotspur, *this* all-praised knight—."
Malone.

[8] Commends *the ingredients*—] Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:

"I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
"And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

This verb has many shades of meaning. It seems here to signify—*offers*, or *recommends*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *our poison'd* chalice
To our own lips.] Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.

"The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever to feare, lest he should be served of the same *cup* as he had ministered to his predecessor." *Steevens.*

[1] *Hath borne his* faculties *so meek*,] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. *Warburton.*

"Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature." And again: "Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders." *Steevens.*

[2] *The* deep damnation—] So, in *A dolfull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"—— in state
"Of *deepe damnation* stood."

I should not have thought this little coincidence worth noting, had I not found it in a poem which it should seem, from other passages, that Shakspeare had read and remembered. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *or heaven's cherubin, hors'd*
Upon the sightless couriers *of the air*,] *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*. *Johnson.*

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.[4]—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition,[5] which o'er-leaps itself,

Again, in this play:
"Wherever in your *sightless* substances," &c.
Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"The flames of hell and Pluto's *sightless* fires."
Again:
"Hath any *sightless* and infernal fire
"Laid hold upon my flesh?"
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II, c. xi:
"The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly." *Steevens.*
So, in *King Henry V:*
"*Borne* with the *invisible* and creeping wind."
Again, in our author's 51st Sonnet:
"Then should I spur, though *mounted on the wind.*"
Again, in the Prologue to *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"I, from the orient to the drooping west,
"Making the *wind* my post-*horse*—."
The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm: "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" Again, in the book of *Job*, ch. xxx, v. 22: "Thou causest me to *ride upon the wind.*" *Malone.*

[4] *That tears shall drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:
"For raging wind blows up incessant showers;
"And, when the rage allays, the *rain* begins."
Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
"Even as the *wind* is hush'd before it *raineth.*" *Steevens.*
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
"This *windy* tempest, till it blow up rain
"Held back his *sorrow's tide*, to make it more;
"At last it *rains* and busy winds give o'er."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"Where are my *tears?*—rain, *rain* to lay this *wind.*" *Malone.*

[5] ——— *I have no* spur
To prick *the sides of my intent, but only*
Vaulting ambition,] The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by lord Bacon. *Steevens.*
So, in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's spur*,
"That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?" *Malone.*

And falls on the other.[6]—How now! what news?

Enter Lady[7] MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Again, in *The First Part of the tragicall Raigne of Selimus*, &c. 4to. 1594:

" My sonnes whom now *ambition* ginnes to *pricke*. *Todd.*

[6]. *And falls on the other.*] Sir T. Hanmer has on this occasion added a word, and would read—

And falls on the other side.

Yet they who plead for the admission of this supplement, should consider, that the plural of it, but two lines before had occurred.

I, also, who once attempted to justify the omission of this word, ought to have understood that Shakspeare could never mean to describe the agitation of Macbeth's mind, by the assistance of a halting verse.

The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a horse, who, overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him. To complete the line we may therefore read—

" And falls *upon* the other."

Thus, in *The Taming of a Shrew:* " How he left her with the horse *upon* her."

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horse, and his *ambition* for his *spur;* but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *spur* is said to *over-leap* itself. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless writers. *Steevens.*

[7] *Enter Lady* —] The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has forever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their conscience, and persuaded themselves

Macb. Hath he asked for me?
Lady M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,[8]
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;[9]
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[1]

that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. *Johnson.*

Part of lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the translation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p 33. *Malone.*

[8] *Was the hope drunk,* &c.] The same expression is found in *King John:*

"O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk,*
"Where hath it *slept?*" *Malone.*

[9] —— *Would'st thou* have *that*
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And *live a coward in thine own esteem;*] In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read:

Or *live a coward in thine own esteem;*

Unless we choose rather:

—— *Would'st thou* leave *that.* *Johnson.*

Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "I dare not," *to controul your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" *Steevens.*

[1] *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"Cupit amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." *Johnson.*

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.[2]
Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere,[3] and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,[4]
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,[5] as you

[2] *Pr'ythee, peace:* &c.] A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. ii:

"—— be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you 're more, you 're none."

The old copy, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*; but the present reading is undoubtedly right.

The correction (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

The same sentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo:*

"My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
"Is tender of his yet untainted valour;
"So noble, that he dares do nothing basely." *Henley.*

[3] *Did then* adhere,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Warburton would read—*cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together, than" &c. Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"—— a shepherd's daughter,
"And what to her *adheres*" *Steevens.*

So, in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

"——— Neither time
"Nor place consorted to my mind." *Malone.*

[4] *I would, while it was smiling in my face,*] Polyxo, in the fifth Book of Statius's *Thebais*, has a similar sentiment of ferocity:

"In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymisque moretur)
"Transadigam ferro ——." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *had I so* sworn,] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, from his ignorance

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, ——

Lady M. We fail![6]

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,[7]

of our author's phraseology and metre, supposed the line defective, and reads—had I *but* so sworn; which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

My regulation of the metre renders it unnecessary to read *sworn* as a dissyllable, a pronunciation, of which I believe there is no example. *Steevens.*

[6] *We fail!*] I am by no means sure that this punctuation is the true one.—"If we fail, we fail,"—is a colloquial phrase still in frequent use. Macbeth having casually employed the former part of this sentence, his wife designedly completes it. *We fail*, and thereby know the extent of our misfortune. Yet *our success is certain, if you are resolute.*

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to state any reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which his own words had offered an apt, though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristic of the speaker:—according to the old punctuation, she is represented as rejecting with contempt, (of which she had already manifested enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now suggested, she admits a possibility of miscarriage, but at the same instant shows herself not afraid of the result. Her answer, therefore, communicates no discouragement to her husband.—*We fail!* is the hasty interruption of scornful impatience. *We fail.*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumstances, is prepared, without loss of confidence in itself, for the worst that can happen. So Hotspur:

"If we fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim." *Steevens.*

[7] *But screw your courage to the* sticking-place,] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"—— There is an engine made,
"Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;
"For they, once *screwed up*, in their return
"Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. viii:

"*Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,[8]

Again, in Chapman's version of the ninth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

" —— my wits which to their height
" I striv'd to *screw up*,—"

Again, in the fifteenth Book:

" Come, join we hands, and *screw up* all their spite."

Perhaps, indeed, Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. Thus, perhaps, in *Twelfth Night*:

" And that I partly know the *instrument*
" That *screws* me from my true *place*," &c. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking-place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the* stabbing *place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

" Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
" And we 'll not fail." *Malone.*

[8] —— *his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel *so convince*, &c.] The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's *Chamberlains*, (as I observed so long ago, as in our edition 1773,) is copied from Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald.

Mr. Malone has since transcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle; but being too long to stand here as a note, it is given, with other bulky extracts, at the conclusion of the play. *Steevens.*

To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

" —— Their malady *convinces*
" The great assay of art." *Johnson.*

So, in the old tragedy of *Cambyses*:

" If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*."

Again:

" By this his grace, by conquest great the Egyptians did
convince."

Again, in Holinshed: " — thus mortally fought, intending to vanquish and *convince* the other." Again, in Chapman's version of the sixth *Iliad*:

" Chymera the invincible he sent him to *convince*." *Steevens.*

—— *and wassel* —] What was anciently called *was-haile*

That memory, the warder of the brain,[9]
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason[1]
A limbeck only:[2] When in swinish sleep

(as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*,) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil*; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Robert of Gloucester says,

" Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire *heil*;
" And that was tho in this land the verst *was-hail*,
" As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,
" And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from Thomas de la Moore in the *Life of Edward II*, and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

" Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *was-heil*,
" Ingeminant *was-heil* ——"

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs'-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See *Beggars Bush*, Act IV, sc. iv:

" What think you of a *wassel?*
" —— thou, and Ferret,
" And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
" Which is the bowl."

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus:—*Enter* Wassel *like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribands and rosemary, before her*.

Wassel is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*. *Steevens*.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— Antony,
" Leave thy lascivious *wassels*." *Malone*.

[9] —— *the* warder *of the brain*,] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

" Where be these *warders*, that they wait not here?" *Steevens*.

[1] —— *the* receipt *of reason*,] i. e. the *receptacle*. *Malone*.

[2] *A limbeck only:*] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. *Johnson*

Their drenched natures[3] lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[4]

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,[5]
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,[6]
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up[7]

The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. *A. C.*

[3] *Their* drenched natures —] i. e. as we should say at present—*soaked*, saturated with liquor. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *who shall bear the guilt*
Of our great quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murderers* is now used. *Johnson.*

So, in Chaucer's *Tale of the Nonnes Priest*, v. 15,396, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"The dokes cryeden as men wold hem *quelle*."

The word is used in this sense by Holinshed, p. 567: "—the poor people ran about the streets, calling the capteins and governors *murtherers* and *manquellers*." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Will it not be* receiv'd,] i. e. *understood*, *apprehended*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— To one of your *receiving*
"Enough is shown." *Steevens.*

[6] *Who dares receive it other,*] So, in Holinshed: "—he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that most detestable murther." *Malone.*

[7] —— *and* bend up —] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *King Henry V.*:

"—— *bend* up every spirit
"To his full height."

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.[8]

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a* Servant, *with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

The same phrase occurs in Melvil's *Memoirs:* "but that rather she should *bend up her spirit* by a princely, &c. behaviour." Edit. 1735, p. 148.

Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestion, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

" —— when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not——."

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. *Steevens.*

[8] *Scene I.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. *Johnson.*

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There 's husbandry in heaven,[9]
Their candles are all out.[1]—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose![2]—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:[3]

[9] *There 's* husbandry *in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.* So, in *Hamlet:*
" And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry.*" *Malone.*

[1] *Their* candles *are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Night's *candles* are *burnt out.*"
Again, in our author's 21st Sonnet:
" As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air." *Malone.*

[2] —— *Merciful powers!*
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.
The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline:*
" From fairies, and the *tempters of the night,*
" Guard me!" *Steevens.*

[3] *Sent forth great largess to your* offices:] Thus the old copy, and rightly. *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Thus, in *Timon:*

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up[4]
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.[5]
Ban. All 's well.[6]
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

"When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
"By riotous feeders."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Unpeopled *offices*, untrodden stones."

Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*shut up* —] To *shut up*, is to conclude. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, c. ix:

"And for to *shut up* all in friendly love."

Again, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: "— though the parents have already *shut up* the contract." Again, in Stowe's Account of the Earl of Essex's Speech on the scaffold: "he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer." *Steevens.*

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833: "— the kings majestie [K. James] *shut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both sides." *Malone.*

[5] *Being unprepared,*
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the king our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*. *Malone.*

[6] *All 's well.*] I suppose the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verse might be completed)—"*Sir*, all *is* well." *Steevens.*

Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,

? *If you shall cleave to my* consent,—*when 'tis*,] *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. *Warburton.*

Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you. Johnson.*

Such another expression occurs in lord Surrey's translation of the second Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"And if thy will *stick* unto mine, I shall
"In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own."

Consent has sometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. Both the verb and substantive, decidedly bearing this signification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus, in *K. Henry VI*, P. I, sc. i:

"——scourge the bad revolting stars
"That have *consented* to king Henry's death;—."

i. e. *acted in concert* so as to occasion it. Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act V, sc. i: "—they (Justice Shallow's servants) *flock together in consent*, (i. e. in a *party*,) like so many wild geese." In both these instances the words are spelt erroneously, and should be written concent and concented. See Spenser, &c. as quoted in a note on the passage already adduced from *King Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth is then as follows:—*If you shall cleave to my consent*—i. e. if you shall stick, or adhere, to my *party*—*when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when such a *party* is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you.

That *consent* means *participation*, may be proved from a passage in the 50th Psalm. I cite the translation 1568: "When thou sawedst a thiefe, thou dydst *consent unto* hym, and hast been partaker with the adulterers." In both instances the *particeps criminis* is spoken of.

Again, in our author's *As you Like it*, the usurping duke says, after the flight of Rosalind and Celia—

"——some villains of my court
"Are of *consent* and sufferance in this."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"We carry not a heart with us from hence,
"That grows not in a fair *consent* with ours."

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder he was about to commit. The

It shall make honour for you.

commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that passes in the mind of the speaker; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that in spite of future combinations of interest, or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honours, alarm his conscience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered.

Steevens.

That Banquo was apprehensive of a design upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth so little encouragement, that he drops the subject. *Ritson.*

The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere error of the press. A passage in *The Tempest* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counselling Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

" O, that you bore
" The mind that I do; what a sleep were there
" For your advancement! Do you understand me?
" *Seb.* I think I do.
" *Ant.* And how does your *content*
" Tender your own good fortune?"

In the same play we have—" Thy *thoughts I cleave to*," which differs but little from " I cleave to thy *content*."

In *The Comedy of Errors* our author has again used this word in the same sense:

" Sir, I commend you to your own *content*."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:

" Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content*, —." i. e. says Dr. Johnson, to act up to your desires. Again, in *King Richard III:*

" God hold it to your honour's good *content*!"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: " You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, *to your own content*."

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be: If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit* BAN.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,[8]
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Serv.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch[9]
thee:——

consent, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatsoever.

Consent or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and, in a metaphorical sense, that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose; but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men so combined together, or the *cause* for which they are united; than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves, or the musicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, says—

"Birds, winds and waters sing with sweet *concent*,"

we must surely understand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cause*, but harmony, or *union*; and in the latter sense, I apprehend, Justice Shallow's servants are said to flock together in *concent*, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

If this correction be just, "In seeking to augment it," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*: "On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase *your satisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wishes," &c. The words, however, may be equally commodiously interpreted,—"Provided that in *seeking an increase of honour*, I lose none," &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphrase on this obscure passage is as follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you." *Malone.*

[8] —— *when my drink is ready,*] See note on "their *possets*," in the next scene, p. 91. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *clutch* —] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, who sneers at Decker for using it, was employed by other writers besides Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marston, 1602:

"—— all the world is *clutch'd*
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep." *Malone.*

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,[1]
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs

[1] *And on thy blade, and* dudgeon, gouts of *blood,*] Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were strown over it.*

Thus, in the concluding page of the Dedication to Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1583:

"Well fare thee *haft* with thee *dudgeon dagger!*"

Again, in Lyly's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "—then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch." In *Soliman and Perseda* is the following passage:

"—— Typhon me no Typhons,
"But swear upon my *dudgeon* dagger."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix:* "I am too well ranked, Asinius, to be stabb'd with his *dudgeon* wit."

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

"A *oudgin* dagger that 's new scowr'd and glast." *Steevens.*

Gascoigne confirms this: "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old English. *Farmer.*

—— *gouts of blood,*] Or drops, French. *Pope.*

Gouts is the technical term for the *specs* on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is [illegible] sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *gutty of gu[illegible] de sang*. The same word occurs also in *The Art of [illegible] and good Deyng*, 1503: "Befor the jugement all [illegible] sweyt read *goutys* of water, as blood." *Steevens.*

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead,[2] and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates[3]

2 —— *Now o'er the one half world*
Nature seems dead,] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico:*

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
"Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. *Johnson.*

Perhaps Sir Philip Sidney had the honour of suggesting the last image in Dryden's description:

"Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
"Twinkling starres love-thoughts provoke;
"Daunger hence good care dooth keepe;
"*Jealousie itselfe dooth sleepe.*"
England's Helicon, edit. 1600, p. 1. *Steevens.*

—— *Now o'er the one half world* &c.] So, in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep.
"No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
"No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching-owls,
"Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
"—— I am great in blood,
"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
"That *sentinel* swart night, give loud applause
"From your large palms." *Malone.*

3 *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates* —] The word *now* has been added for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote: *The curtain'd* sleeper. The folio spells the word *sleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only affords the proposed emendation

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. ——Thou sure and firm-set earth,[5]

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, v. 554:

" —— steeds
" That draw the litter of close-*curtain'd sleep*." *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's emendation of " the curtain'd *sleeper*," is well intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakspeare's own word. *Ritson.*

So afterwards:

" —— a hideous trumpet calls to parley
" The *sleepers* of the house."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, published in 1674. *Malone.*

4 —— *thus with his stealthy pace,*
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, *towards his design*
Moves like a ghost.] The old copy—*sides. Steevens.*

Mr. Pope changed *sides* to *strides*. *Malone.*

A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as Milton expresses it:

" Smooth sliding without step."

This hemistich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

—— *and wither'd murder*
—— *thus with his stealthy pace,*
With Tarquin ravishing, slides *tow'rds his design,*
Moves like a ghost.

Tarquin is, in this place, the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is: Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes, with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his steps*. *Johnson.*

Hear not my steps, which way they walk,[6] for fear

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always *an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult.* Spenser uses the word in his *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, c. viii, and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride.*"

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance, from Harrington's translation of Ariosto, [1591] may be brought:

"He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,
"And longest on the hinder foot he staid:
"So soft he treads, although his steps were wide,
"As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
"And as he goes, he gropes on either side
"To find the bed," &c.

Orlando Furioso, 28th book, stanza 63.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

"Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*,
"By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's *King Richard II:*

"Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make —."

Thus also the Roman poets:

"—— *vestigia* furtim
"*Suspenso* digitis fert *taciturna gradu.*" *Ovid. Fasti.*
"Eunt *taciti* per mœsta silentia *magnis*
"*Passibus.*" *Statius*, Lib. X.

It is observable that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and perhaps would have used the word *stride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhyme:

"Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks.*"

Plausible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *sides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it, on the same principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout my edition, that of leaving the original text undisturbed, whenever it could be justified either by comparing our author with himself or with contemporary writers. The following passage in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds support to the reading of the old copy:

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,[7]

"I saw when forth a tired *lover* went,
"His *side* past service, and his courage spent.
"Vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,
"Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus*."

Again, in Martial:

"Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, teste lucerna,
"Et juvat admissa rumpere luce *latus*."

Our poet may himself also furnish us with a confirmation of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Cressida* we find—

"You, like a lecher, out of *whorish loins*
"Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors."

It may likewise be observed that Falstaff, in the fifth Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, "Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *sides* to myself," &c. Falstaff certainly did not think them, like those of Ovid's lover, past service; having met one of the ladies by assignation. I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace." *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's reasons, &c. for this supposition, (on account of their length) are given at the conclusion of the play, with a reference to the foregoing observations.

How far a Latinism, adopted in the English version of a Roman poet; or the mention of *loins*, (which no dictionary acknowledges as a synonyme to *sides*) can justify Mr. Malone's restoration, let the judicious reader determine.

Falstaff, dividing himself as a buck, very naturally says he will give away his best joints, and keep the worst for himself. A *side* of venison is at once an established term, and the least elegant part of the carcase so divided—But of what use could *sides*, in their *Ovidian* sense, have been to Falstaff, when he had already parted with his *haunches?*

It is difficult to be serious on this occasion. I may therefore be pardoned if I observe that Tarquin, just as he pleased, might have walked *with* moderate steps, or lengthened them into *strides;* but, when we are told that he carried his "*sides*" with him, it is natural to ask how he could have gone any where *without* them.

Nay, further,—However *sides*, (according to Mr. Malone's interpretation of the word) might have proved efficient in Lucretia's bed chamber, in that of Duncan they could answer no such purpose, as the lover and the murderer succeed by the exertion of very different organs.

I am, in short, of the Fool's opinion in *King Lear*—

"That *going* should be used with *feet*,"

and, consequently, that *sides* are out of the question. Such restorations of superannuated mistakes, put our author into the condition of Cibber's Lady Dainty, who, having been cured her disorders, one of her physicians says,—"Then I 'll m her go over them again." *Steevens.*

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.[8] —Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.[9]
[*A bell rings.*

With Tarquin's ravishing &c.] The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

"Now *stole upon the time the dead of night*,
"When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
"No comfortable *star did lend his light*,
"No noise but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries*;
"Now serves the season that they may surprise
"The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
"*While* lust *and* murder *wake, to stain and kill*."
Warburton.

[5] —— *Thou* sure *and firm-set earth*,] The old copy—Thou *towre* &c. which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the reading I have ventured to substitute in its room.

So, in Act IV, sc. iii.

"Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure*." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *which* way *they walk*,] The folio reads:

—— *which they* may *walk*, —— *Steevens.*

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[7] *Thy very stones prate of my where-about*,] The following passage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

"Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
"Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,
"Nor any policy wit hath in store,
"Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,
"If nothing else, yet will *the very stones*
"That lie within the street, *cry out for vengeance*,
"And point at us to be the murderers." *Malone.*

So, as Dr. Farmer observes, in Churchyard's *Choise:*

"The stepps I tread, *shall tell me my offence*." *Steevens.*

[8] *And take the present horror from the time,*
Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the prepetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. *Warburton.*

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horror*, deserves to be considered. *Johnson.*

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.[1]

horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in Virgil, where, amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium est animarum umbræque *silentes*,
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius, in the fifth book of the *Thebaid*, describes the Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude, both before and after the deed, is striking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c.

and when the same poet enumerates the terrors to which Chiron had familiarized his pupil, he subjoins—

"——nec ad vastæ trepidare *silentia* sylvæ."
Achilleid II, 391.

Again, when Tacitus describes the distress of the Roman army, under Cæcina, he concludes by observing, "—ducemque terruit *dira quies*." See *Annal.* I, LXV.

In all the preceding passages, as Pliny remarks, concerning places of worship, *silentia ipsa adoramus*. *Steevens.*

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this passage, it may be observed, that one of the circumstances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is,—*Nature seems dead*: *M. Mason.*

So also, in the second *Æneid*:

"——— vestigia retro
"Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustro.
"*Horror* ubique animos, simul ipsa *silentia* terrent."

Dryden's well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
"And in that *silence* we the tempest hear,"

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of silence as our poet. *Malone.*

[1] ——*While I threat, he lives;*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme. In *Cymbeline*, the song in Cloten's serenade runs thus:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
"And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
"His steeds to water at those springs
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*."

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.[2] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.[3] He is about it:

And Romeo says to Friar Lawrence:

"——both our remedies
"Within thy help and holy physick *lies*." *M. Mason*

[2] ——*the bell* invites *me*.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"The time *inviting* thee!" *Steevens.*

[2] ——*it is a knell*
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.] Thus Raleigh, speaking of love, in *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600:

"It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
"*That tolles all in to heauen or hell.*"

Sauncing is probably a mistake for *sacring*, or *saints'* bell; originally, perhaps, written (with the Saxon genitive) saintis bell.

In *Hudibras* (as Mr. Ritson observes to me) we find

"The only *saints' bell* that *rings all in*." *Steevens.*

Sauncebell (still so called at Oxford) is the small bell which hangs in the window of a church tower, and is always rung when the clergyman enters the church, and also at funerals. In some places it is called *tolling all in*, i. e. into church. *Harris.*

[3] *It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal* bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.] Shakspeare has here improved on an image he probably found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. vi, 27:

"——The native *belman* of the night,
"The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
"First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight." *Steevens.*

It was the owl *that shriek'd; the* fatal *bellman*,] So, in *King Richard III*:

"Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but songs of *death!*" *Malone.*

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:[4] I have drugg'd their possets,[5]
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.[6]

Macb. [*Within.*] Who 's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.[7]—Had he not resembled

[4] —— *the surfeited grooms*
Do mock *their charge with snores:*] i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king. So, in *Othello:* "O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." *Malone.*

[5] —— *their* possets,] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatic performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. So, in the first part of *King Edward IV*, by Heywood: "— thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed." Macbeth has already said:

"Go bid thy mistress when my *drink* is ready,
"She strike upon the bell."

Lady Macbeth has also just observed—

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:"

and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night. This custom is also mentioned by Froissart. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *death and nature do* contend *about them,*
Whether they live, or die.] Of this image our ancient writers were peculiarly fond. Thus again, in Twine's translation of the story of *Prince Appollyn:* "Death *strived* with life within her, and the conflict was daungerous and doubtfull who should preuaile."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"—— thy blood and virtue
"*Contend* for empire in thee." *Steevens.*

Again, *ibid:*

"—— Nature and sickness
"Debate it at their leisure." *Malone.*

[7] —— *Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,*
He could not miss them.] Compare Euripides, [redacted] v. 1291—where Electra stands centinel at the door of the [redacted] whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murd
The dread of a surprize, and eagerness for the b

My father as he slept, I had done 't.[8]—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owls scream, and crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.[9] [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*

Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. *S. W.*

[8] —— *Had he not resembled*

My father as he slept, I had done 't] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. *Warburton.*

The same circumstance, on a similar occasion, is introduced by Statius, in the fifth Book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

"Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
"*Ferre patris vultus*, et egentem sanguinis ensem
"Conspexi, riguere comæ, atque in viscera sævus
"Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
"Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
"Inferor."

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. *Stevens.*

[9] *This is a sorry sight.*] This expression might have been borrowed from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. i, st. 14:

"To whom as they approched, they espide
"A *sorie sight* as ever seene with eye;
"A headlesse ladie lying him beside,
"In her own blood all wallowed wretchedly." *Whalley.*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me,[1] with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear,[2] I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.[3]

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *amen*?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,[4]

[1] *As they had seen me,*] i. e. *as if.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*As* we are mock'd with art." *Steevens.*

[2] Listening *their fear.*] i. e. *Listening to their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. Thus, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV, sc. i:

"—— and now, Octavius,
"*Listen* great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in *The World tost'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"*Listen* the plaints of thy poor votaries."

Again, in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,
"The Graces sit, *listening* the melody
"Of warbling birds." *Steevens.*

[3] *When they* did say, *God bless us.*] The words—*did say*, which render this hemistich too long to unite with the next in forming a verse, persuade me that the passage originally ran thus:

—— I *could* not *say*, amen,
When they, God bless us.

i. e. when they *could say* God bless us. *Could say*, in the second line, was left to be understood; as before—

"—— and, Amen, the other:"

i. e. the other *cried* Amen. But the players, having no idea of the latter ellipsis, supplied the syllables that destroy the measure. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the ravell'd* sleave *of care,*] *Sleave* signifies the ravelled knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,[5]

barrassment to the knitter or weaver. *Heath.*

Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's age, has likewise alluded to *sleaved* or *ravelled* silk, in his *Quest of Cynthia:*

" At length I on a fountain light,
" Whose brim with pinks was platted,
" The banks with daffadillies dight,
" With grass, like *sleave*, was matted." *Langton.*

Sleave is properly silk which has not been twisted. It is mentioned in Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 835: " Eight wild men all apparelled in green moss made with *sleved* silk."

Again, in *The Muses' Elizium*, by Drayton:

" —— thrumb'd with grass
" As soft as *sleave* or sarcenet ever was."

Again, *ibid:*

" That in the handling feels as soft as any *sleave*." *Steevens.*

Sleave appears to have signified *course*, *soft*, unwrought silk. *Seta grossolana*, Ital. Cotgrave, in his Dict. 1660, renders *soye floscbe*, " sleave silk." See also, *ibid:* " *Cadarce*, pour faire *capiton*. The tow, or coarsest part of silke, whereof *sleave* is made."—In *Troilus and Cressida* we have—" Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleave* silk." *Malone.*

Ravelled means *entangled*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Thurio says to Proteus, speaking of Sylvia—

" Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
" Lest it should *ravel*, and be good to none,
" You must provide to bottom it on me." *M. Mason.*

[5] *The* death *of each day's life, sore labour's bath*, &c.] In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is—*The* death *of each day's life*. I make no question but Shakspeare wrote—

The birth *of each day's life.*

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. *Warburton.*

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.*

Thus also Chapman, in his version of the nineteenth *Iliad:*

" But none can *live* without the *death of sleep*." *Steevens.*

Sleep, *that* knits *up the ravell'd* sleave *of* care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakspeare remembered the following verses in Sir Philip Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, a poem, from which he has quoted a line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor?*

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;[6]—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more![7]

"Come *sleepe*, O sleepe, the certain *knot* of peace,
"The *bathing* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,
"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
"The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So also, in *The famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, &c. bl. l. "Yet sleep, *the comforter of distressed minds*, could not lock up her eyes" Again, in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. VIII, 1587:

"—— At such a time as folkes are wont to find *release*
"Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,
"By *sleep*," &c.

Again, *ibid.* B. XI:

"O *sleepe*, quoth she, the rest of things, O gentlest of the goddes,
"Sweete sleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;
"Which cherishest men's weary limbs appall'd with *toyling sore*,
"And makest them as fresh to worke, and lustie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's "*death* of each *day's* life" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day*." *Malone.*

He might as probably have thought on the following passage in the first scene of *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

"—— a sullen *bell*
"Remember'd *knolling* a *departed* friend." *Steevens.*

[6] *Chief nourisher in life's feast;*] So, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, v. 10,661; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"The *norice* of digestion, the *sleepe*." *Steevens.*

[7] Glamis *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*] This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous: as for instance—

Norfolk *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Surrey
Shall sleep no more, Howard *shall sleep no more!*

Steevens.

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.[8] If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.[9] [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood[1]

[8] —— *'tis the eye of childhood,*
That fears a painted devil.] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
"*Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *gild the faces of the grooms withal,*
For it must seem their guilt.] Could Shakspeare mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt? Johnson.*
This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. A few instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:
"*Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife's?
"*Flu.* You say not true, 'tis *gilt*.
"*Cand.* Then you say true!——
"And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."
Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:
"Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* must make us glad."
And, lastly, from Shakspeare himself:
"England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Henry IV.* P. II. Again, in *King Henry V*:
"Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" *Steevens.*

[1] *Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood &c,*]
"*Suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*
"*Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*"
Catullus in Gellium, 88.

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,[2]

" Οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔ τε Φᾶσιν αν
" Νίψαι καθαρμῶ τηνδε τὴν στέγην." *Sophoc. Oedip.*
" *Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*
" *Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*
" *Non ipse toto magnus oceano pater*
" *Tantum expiárit sceleris!* Senec. Hippol,

Again, in one of Hall's Satires:

" If Trent or Thames—." &c. *Steevens.*
" Non, si Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des;
" Non, mare si totum velit eluere omnibus undis."
Lucret. L. VI, v. 1074. *H. White.*

So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1613:

" Although the waves of all the northern sea
" Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,
" Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be." *Malone.*

[2] *The* multitudinous *seas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life:*

" Grograms, sattins, velvet fine,
" The rosy-colour'd *carnardine*." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare's word may be exemplified from Carew's *Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay:*

" One shall ensphere thine eyes; another shall
" Impearl thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
" Hand shall besnow; a fourth, *incarnadine*
" Thy rosy cheek" *Wakefield.*

By *the multitudinous seas*, perhaps, the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought) nor the many-coloured seas, (as others contend) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

" Ποντον επ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φιλων απανευθε φερουσιν."

The word is used by Ben Jonson, and by Thomas Decker, in *The Wonderful Year*, 1603, in which we find " the *multitudinous spawn*." It is objected, by Mr Kenrick, that Macbeth, in his present disposition of mind, would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of h[illegible]

Making the green—one red.[3]

death; and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

Mr. Steevens objects, in the following note, to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakspeare should refer "to some visible quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants;" "to the waters that might admit of discoloration," than "to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his allusions thus curiously rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or, rather, does not every page of these volumes furnish us with images, crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and sometimes are even discordant? Hamlet's proposing to take up *arms* against a *sea* of troubles is a well-known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of discoloration, and not to the fishes. His allusion to the waters is expressed by the word *seas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very close connexion with the subject immediately before him, he has only followed his usual practice.

If, however, no allusion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe, by the *multitudinous seas*, was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is suggested, but *the countless masses of waters wherever dispersed on the surface of the globe;* the *multitudes of seas*, as Heywood has it, in a passage quoted below, that perhaps our author remembered: and, indeed, it must be owned, that his having the plural, *seas*, seems to countenance such an interpretation; for the singular, *sea*, is equally suited to the epithet *multitudinous*, in the sense of ἰχθυοεντα, and would certainly have corresponded better with the subsequent line. *Malone.*

I believe that Shakspeare referred to some visible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes, whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a croud. "A sea of heads" is a phrase employed by one of our ligitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at present recollect. Blackmore, in his *Job*, has swelled the same idea to a ridiculous bulk:

> "A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
> "And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the stage, or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised over each other, *velut unda supervenit undam*. If, therefore, our author, by the "*multitudinous* sea" does not

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

mean the *aggregate of seas*, he must be understood to design the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude*. In *Coriolanus* we have—" the many-headed *multitude*." *Steevens.*

3 *Making the green—one red.*] The same thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" He made the *green sea red* with Turkish blood."

Again:

" The *multitudes* of seas died *red* with blood."

Another, not unlike it, is found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. x, st. 48:

" The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
" And the *grey ocean into purple dye*."

Again, in the 19th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" And the vast *greenish sea discolour'd like to blood*." *Steevens.*

The same thought is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

" Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
" *Green Neptune into purple*."

The present passage is one of those alluded to in a note at the end of *As you Like it*, Vol. V, in which, I apprehend, our author's words have been refined into a sense that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello*:

" Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The line before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintnesses of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, " Making the green *sea*, red," (So, in *The Tempest*:

" And 'twixt *the green sea* and the azure vault
" Set roaring war.")

if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As, to prevent the ear being offended, we have, in the passage before us, " the *green one*," instead of " the green *sea*," so we have in *King Henry VIII*, Act I, sc. ii: " lame *ones*," to avoid a similar repetition:

" They have all new *legs*, and *lame ones*."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

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To wear a heart so white.[4] [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.[5] [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking![6] Ay, 'would thou could'st![7] [*Exeunt.*

[n] A stage where every man must play a part,
" And mine a *sad one.*"

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful cases it ought, when supported by more decisive circumstances, to have some *little* weight. In the present instance, the line is pointed as in my text:

Making the green one, red. Malone.

If the new punctuation be dismissed, we must correct the foregoing line, and read—" the multitudinous *sea;* for how will the plural—*seas*, accord with the green *one?*" Besides, the sense conveyed by the arrangement which Mr. Malone would reject, is countenanced by a passage in *Hamlet:*

" Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
" With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
" Now is he *total gules.*"

i. e. *one red.* The expression—" one red," may also be justified by language yet more ancient than that of Shakspeare. In *Genesis*, ii, 24, (and several other places in scripture) we have—" one flesh." Again, in our Liturgy: " — be *made one* fold under one shepherd." Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 133:

" And makes *one blot* of all the air."

But, setting aside examples, are there not many *unique* phrases in our author? *Steevens.*

[4] *My hands are of your colour; but I shame*
To wear a heart so white.] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul look white.*"
Malone.

[5] *To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.*] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof:

—— *be not lost*
So poorly in your thoughts. Warburton.

SCENE III.[8]

The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Port. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.[9] [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough[1] about you; here you 'll sweat

[6] *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!*] Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads—(and intended probably to point) "Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the same misapprehension, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change. *Malone.*

See Mr. Malone's extract from Mr. Whately's *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, at the conclusion of this tragedy. *Steevens.*

[7] ——Ay, '*would thou could'st!*] The old copy has—*I;* but as *ay*, the affirmative particle, was thus written, I conceive it to have been designed here. Had Shakspeare meant to express "*I* would," he might, perhaps, only have given us—'*Would*, as on many other occasions.—The repentant exclamation of Macbeth, in my judgment, derives force from the present change; a change which has been repeatedly made in spelling this ancient substitute for the word of enforcement—*ay*, in the very play before us

If it be urged, that the line is roughen'd by the reading I would introduce, let not the following verse, in Act III, sc. vi, of this very tragedy, be forgotten:

"Was not that nobly done? *Ay*, and wisely too!" *Steevens.*

[8] *Scene III.*] Though Shakspeare (see Sir J. Reynold's excellent note on Act I, sc. vi, p. 60,) might have designed this scene as another instance of what is called the *repose* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpse of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the most serious drama; and where else could the merriment, which he himself was always struggling after, be so happily introduced? *Steevens.*

[9] —— *he should have* old *turning the key.*] i. e. *frequent, more than enough.* So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, the Drawer says, "Then here will be *old* utis." See note on this passage. *Steevens.*

for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who 's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake,[2] yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there? 'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:[3] Come in, tailor;

[1] —— napkins *enough* —] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello:*

" Your *napkin is* too little." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *here 's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake,*] Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the First's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.* *Warburton.*

[3] —— *here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:*] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion: " *The Gallic hosen* are made very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gardes apeece laid down along either hose.*"

Again, in *The Ladies Privilege*, 1640:

" —— wear their *long*
" *Parisian* breeches, with five points at knees,
" Whose tags, concurring with their harmonious spurs,
" Afford rare music; then have they doublets
" So short i' th' waist, they seem as twere begot
" Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which to save stuff
" Are but a year's growth longer than their skirts;
" And all this magazine of device is furnish'd
" By your French taylor."

Again, in *The Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: " Blest be the *French* sleeves and breech verdingales that *grants them* (the tailors) *leave to coney-catch so mightily.*" *Steevens.*

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French fashions.* In *The Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses: " *Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made *close to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And Withers, in his Satyr against Vanity, ridicules the spurze *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose.*" *Farmer.*

here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.[4] [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:[5] and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dis-

From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in fashion:

Saville. [an old steward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling slops*." Afterwards Young Lovely says to the steward,—"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*."

Malone.

[4] ——*the* primrose way *to the* everlasting bonfire.] So, in *Hamlet:*

"Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:* "—the *flowery way* that leads &c. to the *great fire*." Chaucer also, in his *Persone's Tale*, calls idleness "the *greene path-way* to hell." *Steevens.*

[5] ——*till the second* cock:] Cockcrowing. So, in *King Lear:* "—he begins at curfew, and walks till the first *cock*." Again, in *The Twelfth mery Jeste of the Widow Edith*, 1573:

"The time they pas merely til ten of the clok,
"Yea, and I shall not lye, till after the first *cok*."

Steevens.

It appears, from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till *three o'clock:*

"—— The *second cock* has crow'd;
"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o'clock." *Malone*

heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep,[6] and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.[7]

[6] ——in *a sleep*,] Surely we should read—*into* a sleep, or—*into* sleep. *M. Mason.*

The old reading is the true one. Our author frequently uses *in* for *into*. So, in *King Richard III:*

"But, first, I 'll turn yon' fellow *in* his grave."

Again, *ibid:*

"Falsely to draw me *in* these vile suspects." *Steevens.*

[7] *I believe, drink gave thee the lie* last night.] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth, in the first scene of this Act, might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelve o'clock:

"*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

"*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

"*Ban.* And she goes down at *twelve*.

"*Fle.* I take 't 'tis later, sir."

The king was then "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the Porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almost overpass'd the hour; and the Porter tells him "we were carousing till *the second cock*;" so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o'clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprise that the Porter should lie *so late*.

From lady Macbeth's words in the fifth Act,—"One—two—'tis time to do 't,"—it *should seem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the conversation above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: but even that hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author, (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant, that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with lady Macbeth's desiring her husband to put on his nightgown, (that he might have the appearance of one newly roused from bed) lest occasion should call them, "and show

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.[8]

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.[9] This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,

them to be *watchers;*" which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break.*

Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duffe, already quoted: "—he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night.*" Donwald's servants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crow,* where they secretlie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. *Malone.*

[8] —— *I made a shift to* cast *him.*] To *cast him up,* to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw,* as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast* up. *Johnson.*

I find a similar play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon,* printed 1599: "—to-night he 's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he *casts* excellent well." *Steevens.*

[9] *The labour we delight in,* physicks *pain.*] i. e. affords a cordial to it. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act I, sc. i: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh." *Steevens.*

So, in *The Tempest:*

"There be some sports are *painful;* and their *labour*
"*Delight* in them sets off." *Malone.*

For 'tis my limited service.[1] [*Exit* Macb.
Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?[2]
Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.[3]
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.[4]

[1] *For 'tis my* limited *service.*] *Limited*, for appointed. *Warburton.*

So, in *Timon:*

"——for there is boundless theft,
"In *limited* professions."

i. e. professions to which people are regularly and legally appointed. *Steevens.*

[2] *Goes the king*
From *hence to-day?*] I have supplied the preposition—*from*, for the sake of metre. So, in a former scene, Duncan says,

"——*From* hence to Inverness," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] He does:—*he did appoint it so.*] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the king's journey was effectually prevented by his death. A similar trait had occurred in a former scene:

"*L. M.* And when goes hence?
"*M.* To-morrow,—as he purposes." *Steevens.*

[4] ——*strange screams of death;*
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woeful time. *The obscure bird*
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.] These lines, I think, should be rather regulated thus:

——*prophesying with accents terrible,*
Of dire combustion and confus'd events.
New-hatch'd to the woeful time, the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive,[5] nor name thee!

A *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy* of an *event past*. And *a prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression. The term *new-hatch*'d is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen should be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time*, that is, should appear in uncommon numbers, is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder. *Johnson.*

I think Dr. Johnson's regulation of these lines is improper. *Prophesying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching. *Steevens.*

I think Steevens has justly explained this passage, but should wish to read—*prophecyings* in the plural. *M. Mason.*

Dr. Johnson observes, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy of an event past*. And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression." The construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* should be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be "the *hatch* and brood of time." See *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"The which observ'd, a man may *prophesy*,
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"*As yet not come to life*; which in their seeds
"And weak beginnings lie entreasured.
"Such *things* become the *hatch* and brood of *time*."

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event*, and not the *prophecy*, which is the *hatch* of *time*; but it must be acknowledged, the word "*become*" sufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the construction that I have suggested be the true one, *hatch'd* must be here used for *hatching*, or "*in the state of being hatch'd*."—*To* the woeful time, means—to *suit* the woeful time. *Malone.*

—— *some say, the earth*
Was feverous, and did shake.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— as if the world
"Was feverous, and did tremble." *Steevens.*

Macb. Len. What 's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACB. *and* LEN.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

[5] ——— *Tongue, nor heart,*
Cannot conceive, &c.] The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act III, sc. i:
" —— there is no harm
"Intended to your person, *nor* to *no* Roman else."
Steevens.

[6] ——*this horror!*] Here the old copy adds—*Ring the bell.* *Steevens.*

The subsequent hemistich—" What 's the business?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words " Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that the stage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: " Draw a knife;" " Play music;" " Ring the bell;" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed also—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inserted, I imagine, from the players misconceiving what Shakspeare had in truth set down in his copy as a dramatic direction to the property-man. (" Ring the bell") for a part of Macduff 's speech; and, to distinguish the direction which they inserted, from the supposed words of the speaker, they departed from the usual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding scene we have constantly an imperative direction to the prompter: " *Knock* within."

I suppose, it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having, in his Preface,

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,[7]——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.[8]—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master 's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?[9]
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion, quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of these plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. *Malone.*

[7] —— *speak, speak,* ——] These words, which violate the metre, were probably added by the players, who were of opinion that—*speak*, in the following line, demanded such an introduction. *Steevens.*

[8] *The repetition, in a woman's ear,*
Would murder as it fell.] So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— He would drown the stage with tears,
"And cleave the general ear with horrid speech."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "The punishments that shall follow you in this world, would *with horrour kill the ear* should hear them related." *Malone.*

[9] *What, in our house?*] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. *Warburton.*

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time;[1] for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,[2]
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:[3]
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love

1 *Had I but died an hour before this chance,*
I had liv'd a blessed time;] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" ——— Undone, undone!
" If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
" To die when I desire." *Malone.*

2 —— badg'd *with blood,*] I once thought that our author wrote *bath'd;* but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI:*
" With murder's crimson *badge.*" *Malone.*

3 —— *their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found*
Upon their pillows:] This idea, perhaps, was taken from *The Man of Lawes Tale,* by Chaucer, l. 5027, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:
" And in the bed the blody knif he fond."
See also the foregoing lines. *Steevens.*

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;[4]
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance:[5] there, the murderers,

[4] ——— *Here lay Duncan,*
His silver *skin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood;*] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines, by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood;* but it may be easily admitted that he, who could, on such an occasion, talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. *Johnson.*

His silver *skin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood;*] The allusion is to the decoration of the richest habits worn in the age of Shakspeare, when it was usual to *lace* cloth of *silver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *silver*. The second of these fashions is mentioned in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III, sc. iv: "Cloth of *gold*,—*laced* with *silver*."

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays. So Heywood, in the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"—— we have *gilt* our Greekish arms
"*With blood* of our own nation."

Shakspeare repeats the image in *King John:*

"Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,
"Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood.*"
Steevens.

We meet with the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"——— to see the fish
"Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs." *Malone.*

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetched and common-place thoughts, that shows him to be acting a part. *Warburton.*

[5] —— *a breach in nature,*
For ruin's wasteful entrance:] This comparison occurs likewise in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III: "— battering down the

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore:[6] Who could refrain,

wals of their armour, making *breaches* almost in every place, for troupes of wounds to *enter*." Again, in *A Herring's Tayle*, a poem, 1598:

"A batter'd *breach where* troopes of wounds may *enter in*." *Steevens.*

[6] *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore:*] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country:*

"The main-spring 's weaken'd that holds up his cock,
"He lies to be new *breech'd*."

Again, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, by Webster and Rowley:

"*Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets." *Steevens.*

Mr. Warton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendily* in *King Henry IV*, P. II, and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you Like it*. A passage in the preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"—— I see thee still;
"And on thy blade, and *dudgeon* [i. e. *hilt* or *haft*] gouts of *blood*,
"Which was not so before."

The following lines in *King Henry VI*, P. III, may, perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,
"With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
"*In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."

So also, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

"—— a naked sword he had,
"That to the hilts with blood was all embrued."

The word *unmannerly* is again used adverbially in *King Henry VIII:*

"If I have us'd myself *unmannerly*, ——."

So also, in Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173: "These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast rubbish of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratefully bestowed upon me."

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.[7]
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

"Then I will lay the *serving creature's dagger* on your pate." Again, *ibid:*

"This *dagger* hath mista'en; for lo! his house
"Is empty on the *back* of Montague,
"And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!"

Malone.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood. A scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo;*—but you will ask, whence the allusion of *breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language. In 1605, (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory Poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time) called *The French Garden, or a Summer Dayes Labour;* containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatic cast, which, I am persuaded, our author read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks here, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me."—Shakspeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards* But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once: "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espousseté leur *haut-de-chausses*,"—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses, stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress.

Farmer.

[7] *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Whateley, from whose ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, justly observes that, "on lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would, from a refined policy, have assumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. *Malone.*

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,[8]
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on[9]
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady M. is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure,[1] let us meet,

[8] ——— here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,] The oldest copy reads only " — *in* an augre-hole." I have adopted the correction of the second folio—*with*in.
Mr. Malone reads—
" *Here,* where our fate, hid *in* an augre-hole." *Steevens.*
In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are disposed so irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties similar to mine in the regulation of the metre. In this very speech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that subsequent to it. Perhaps, however, the regulation now offered is unnecessary; for the word *where* may have been used by our author as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, reads—*within* an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in *King Henry V:* " — Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—" Let us die *instant*:" but I believe neither transcriber or compositor ever believe, even *they* will not deny their having occasionally fur-omitted *half* a word. *Malone.*
More skilful and accurate compositors than those employed in our present republication, cannot easily be found; and yet, I nished examples of the omission of *half* a word.
—— *within an* augre-hole,] So, in *Coriolanus:*
" —— confin'd
" Into an *augre's bore.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *on* —] The old copy—*upon.* *Steevens.*

[1] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That suffer in exposure,] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-dress'd bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. *Steevens.*
The Porter, in his short speech, had observed, that " this place [i. e. the court in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too *cold* for hell." Mr Steevens's explanation is likewise supported by the following passage in *Timon of Athens:*

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.[2]

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness.
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[3]

" —— Call the creatures,
" Whose *naked natures* live in all the spight
" Of wreakful heaven." *Malone.*

[2] *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,*
Against the undivulg'd pretence *I fight*
Of treasonous malice.] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Winter's Tale:* " — conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth:*

" What good could they *pretend?*"

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and, relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light* *Steevens.*

Hand, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Psalm xxii: " Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V*, we have again the same expression:

" —— Let us deliver
" Our puissance into *the hand of God.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;[4] and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse, *and an old* Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?[5]

to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. *Steevens.*

[4] *This murderous shaft that 's shot,*
Hath not yet lighted;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. *Johnson.*

The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had, therefore, just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

Such another thought occurs in *Busey D'Ambois*, 1607:

" The chain-shot of thy lust *is yet aloft*,
" And it must murder," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *darkness does the face of earth intomb,*
When living light should kiss it?] After the murder of king Duffe, (says Holinshed) "for the space of six moneths togither

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,[6]
Was by a mousing owl[7] hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,[8]
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,

there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. *Malone.*

See note at the end of the play, with a reference to p. 74.

[6] —— *in her* pride of place,] Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality*. *Warburton.*

In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. *Malone.*

[7] —— *by a* mousing *owl* —] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. *Wballey.*

This is also found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *minions of* their *race,*] Theobald reads—
—— *minions of* the *race,*
very probably, and very poetically. *Johnson.*

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high did place
"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler of *their race.*" *Malone.*

I prefer "minions of *the* race," i. e. the *favourite* horses on the race-ground. Thus, in *Henry IV*, P. I, we have "minions of *the* moon." The horses of Duncan have just been celebrated for being *swift*.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. *Steevens.*

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is 't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[9]

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up[1]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,[2]
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[3]

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;[4]

[9] *What good could they* pretend?] To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves*, to *set before themselves* as a motive of action. *Johnson.*

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *intend*, to *design*. *Steevens.*

So, in Goulart's *Histories*, 1607: "The carauell arriued safe at her *pretended* port." p. 575. Again, p. 586: "As for the Sclauonian captaine, he cast himselfe into the sea, meaning to swimme vnto the shelfes neere vnto the fort, where hee *pretended* to saue himselfe." *Ritson.*

[1] —— *that* wilt *ravin up* —] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Malone.*

[2] —— *Then 'tis most like,*] To complete the measure, I suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, that our author wrote—
Why, then *it is* most like, —. *Steevens.*

[3] *Then 'tis most like,*
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.* *Steevens.*

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—
adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewel.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd;[5] and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)[6]

[4] —— *Colmes-kill;*] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. Holinshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colme-kill*. *Steevens.*

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place* *Malone.*

[5] *Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor,* Glamis, *all,*
As the weird women promis'd;] Here we have another passage, that might lead us to suppose that the thaneship of Glamis descended to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 37. *Malone.*

[6] (*As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches* shine,) —] *Shine*, for prosper. *Warburton.*

Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king; Lady* MACBETH, *as queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.[7]
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me;[8] to the which, my duties

Shine, for appear with all the *lustre* of *conspicuous* truth. *Johnson.*

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *King Henry VI*, P I, sc. ii:

" Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased
" To *shine* on my contemptible estate." *Steevens.*

[7] *And* I 'll *request your presence.*] I cannot help suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and would wish to read:

And I *request your presence.*

Macbeth is speaking of the present, not of any future, time Sir W. D'Avenant reads:

And all *request your presence.*

The same mistake has happened in *King Richard III*, Act I, sc. iii, where we find in the folio:

" O Buckingham, *I 'll* kiss thy princely hand,—"

instead of—*I* kiss—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the same error is found more than once. *Malone.*

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. So, in *King John:*

" *I 'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] Let *your highness*
Command upon *me;*] Thus the old copy, and perhaps rightly, though modern editors have been content to read—*Lay* your highness &c. Every uncouth phrase in an ancient author should not be suspected of corruption.

In *As you Like it* an expression somewhat similar occurs:

" And take *upon command* what help we have." *Steevens.*

The change was suggested by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play: it was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

I should rather read *lay*, or *set* your command upon me, than *let:* for unless *command* is used as a noun, there is nothing to

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.[9]

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.[1]

which the following words—*to the which*—can possibly refer.[4]
M. Mason.

9 —— *to the which, my* duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would show greater; mean time as it is, it is *bound* to your lordship." *Malone.*

1 —— *we 'll* take *to-morrow.*] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read—
"—— *we 'll* talk *to-morrow*, *Steevens.*

I proposed this emendation some time ago, and having since met with two other passages in which the same mistake has happened, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In *King Henry V*, edit. 1623, we find,
"For I can *take* [talke] for Pistol's cock is up."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, so she sleep not in her *take*." [instead of *talke*, the old spelling of *talk*.] On the other hand, in the first scene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:
"—— then no planet strikes,
"No fairy *talkes* ——."

So again, in the play before us:
"The interim having weigh'd it, let us *speak*
"Our free hearts each to other."

Again, Macbeth says to his wife:
"—— We will *speak* further."

Again, in a subsequent scene between Macbeth and the assassins:
"Was it not yesterday we *spoke* together?"

In *Othello* we have almost the same sense, expressed in other words:
"—— *To-morrow*, with the earliest,
"*Let me have speech with you.*"

Had Shakspeare written *take*, he would surely have said—"but we 'll *take 't* to-morrow." So, in the first scene of the second Act, Fleance says to his father: "I take *'t*, 'tis later, sir." *Malone.*

Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,[2]

I do not perceive the necessity of change. The poet's meaning could not be misunderstood. His end was answered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little supposed the time would arrive, when his words were to abide the strictest scrutiny of verbal criticism. With the ease of conversation, therefore, he copied its incorrectness To *take*, is to *use*, to *employ*. To *take* time is a common phrase; and where is the impropriety of saying—" we 'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make use of* to-morrow. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act V, sc. i:

" Come, Warwick, *take* the time."

Banquo, " without a prompter," must have understood, by this familiar expression, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wished to have employed to-day.

When Pistol says—" I can *take*"—he means, he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.—So Dryden, speaking of flames:

" At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take."

Again, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Vol. II, cap. C.xcii, fol. CCxliii, b. " — he put one of the torches that his servauntes helde, so nere, that the heate of the fyre entered into the flaxe (wherein if fyre *take*, there is no remedy);" &c.

That the words *talk* and *take* may occasionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man conversant with the press will deny: and yet the bare possibility of a similar mistake in the present instance, ought to have little weight in opposition to an old reading sufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different sense by Fleance, and means—*to understand in any particular sense or manner*. So, Bacon: " I *take it*, that iron brass, called white brass, hath some mixture of tin." Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" ——— there, I take it,
" They may, cum privilegio, wear away
" The lag end of their lewdness." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *go not my horse the* better,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. So, in *Ling Kear:*

" —— her smiles and tears
" Were like a *better* day."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" —— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in *King John:*

" Nay, but make haste; the *better* foot before."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. IX, c. xlvi: " Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till your return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.[3]
Farewel.—— [*Exit* BAN.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady M.* Lords, Ladies, &c.

bestirre not themselves the *better*." Thus also Virgil:
" —— oblitos famæ *melioris* amantes."
It may, however, mean, If my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night. *Steevens.*
Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is supported by the following passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: " — and hee that hit it not full, if he *rid* not the *faster*, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end." *Malone.*

[3] *And so I do* commend *you to their backs.*] In old language one of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning here. So, in *King Richard II:*
" And now he doth *commend* his arms to rust." *Malone.*
So, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 831:
" *Commended* her fair innocence to the flood."
Commend, however, in the present instance, may only be a civil term, signifying—*send.* Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*
" The king's majesty *commends* his good opinion to you."
Thus also, in Chapman's version of the eighteenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*
" The others other wealthy gifts *commended*
" To her fair hand."
What Macbeth, therefore, after expressing his friendly wishes relative to their horses, appears to mean, is—so I *send* (or dismiss) you to mount them. *Steevens.*

Sirrah, a word:[4] Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature[5]
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to[6] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour[7]
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.[8] He chid the sisters,

[4] *Sirrah, a word:* &c.] The old copy reads—
Sirrah, a word with you: *Attend those men our pleasure?*
The words I have omitted are certainly spurious. The metre is injured by them, and the sense is complete without them. *Steevens.*

[5] —— royalty *of nature* —] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies *nobleness, supreme excellence.* Thus, in *Twelfth Night*, we have "Sport *royal*," for *excellent* sport; and Chaucer, in his *Squiere's Tale*, has "*crowned malice*," for *eminence of malignity*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *to* —] i. e. in addition to. See p. 15, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to that dauntless temper of his mind,*
He hath a wisdom that doth guide *his valour* —] So, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth *Iliad:*
"—— superior to his sire in feet, fight, noblenes
"Of all the virtues; *and all those did such a wisdome guide,* —" *Steevens.*

[8] *My genius is rebuk'd; as,* it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.] For the sake of metre, the *prænomen—Mark* (which probably was an interpolation) might safely be omitted. *Steevens.*

Though I would not often assume the critick's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that, having so much learning as to discover to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;[9]

possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought, but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakspeare close together without any traces of a breach:

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters —.

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight: for though the words which I was once willing to eject, seem interpolated, I believe they may still be genuine, and added by the author in his revision. Mr. Heath cannot admit the measure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he says, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perspicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapæst, and sets it right at once, by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comick writers, it will not be easy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once is sufficient. *Johnson.*

Our author having alluded to this circumstance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reason to suspect any interpolation here:

" Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
" Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
" Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
" Where Cæsar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
" *Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" *Malone.*

[9] *For Banquo's issue have I* fil'd *my mind;*] We should read:

———'filed *my mind;*

i. e. defiled. *Warburton.*

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the Bishops' *Bible*. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

" He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,
" A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with."

Again, in *The Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: " — like smoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes." Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. i:

" She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." *Steevens.*

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,[1]
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings![2]
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![3]——Who 's
there?—

1 —— *the common enemy of man,*] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare repeats this phrase in *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. iv: "— Defy the devil: consider he 's an *enemy to mankind.*" Again, in Fairfax's *Tasso*, IV, i:

"The *ancient foe to man* and mortal seed,
"His wannish eies upon them bent askance." *Steevens.*

2 —— *the* seed *of Banquo kings!*] The old copy reads—seed*s*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

3 —— *come, fate, into the list,*
And champion me to the utterance!] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* a l'outrance. A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger. Johnson.*

We meet with the same expression in Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, p. 331, 49:

"That war not put by Greikis to *utterance.*"

Again, in *The History of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle, &c.* y Stephen Hawes, 1555:

"That so many monsters put to *utterance.*"

Again, and more appositely, in the 14th Book of Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*:

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.[4]

[*Exit* Attend.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you

So under fortune; which, you thought, had been

Our innocent self: this I made good to you

In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,

How you were borne in hand;[5] how cross'd; the instruments;

"To both the parties at the length from battell for to rest,
"And not to fight *to utterance*."

Shakspeare uses it again in *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens.*

4 *Now to the door, and stay there till we call.*] The old copy reads—

Now go *to the door*, &c.

but, for the sake of versification, I suppose the word *go* which is understood, may safely be omitted. Thus, in the last scene of the foregoing Act:

"Will you to Scone?
"No, cousin, *I'll to Fife*."

In both these instances *go* is mentally inserted. *Steevens.*

5 —— *pass'd in* probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; &c.] The words—*with you*, I regard as an interpolation, and conceive the passage to have been originally given thus:

In our last conference; past in probation how
You were borne in hand, how cross'd; &c.

Pass'd in probation is, I believe, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify—*proved*. *Steevens.*

The meaning may be, "past in *proving* to you, how you were," &c. So, in *Othello*:

"—— so prove it,
"That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
"To hang a doubt on."

Perhaps after the words "with you," there should be a comma, rather than a semicolon. The construction, however, may be different. "This I made good to you in our last conference, past &c. I made good to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. *Malone.*

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,[6]
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.[7]

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

So, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in band*,
"And make them all my gulls." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Are you so gospell'd,*] Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of *protestantism*. *Johnson.*

So, in the Morality called *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

"What, is Juventus become so tame
"To be a newe *gospeller*?"

Again:

"And yet ye are a great *gospeller* in the mouth."

I believe, however, that *gospelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the gospel, which teaches us "*to pray for those that despitefully use us.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *We are* men, *my liege.*] That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly* resentment for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Gray, who says, "they don't answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat. They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to show Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. *Malone.*

Shoughs,[8] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[9]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not[1] in the worst rank of manhood, say it;

[8] *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*; demi-wolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. *Johnson.*

This species of dogs is mentioned in Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c. 1599: "— a trundle-tail, tike, or *shough* or two." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the* valued file —] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, *valued file*, evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. *Johnson.*

The valued file is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike. File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it: *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

File and *list* are synonymous, as in the last Act of this play:

"—— I have a *file*
"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's Dedication to the second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: "— to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well-wishers." This expression occurs more than once in *The Beggars' Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— all ways worthy,
"As else in any *file* of mankind."

Shakspeare likewise has it in *Measure for Measure*: "The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise." In short, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it. *Steevens.*

[1] And *not* —] *And* was supplied by Mr. Rowe for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,[2]
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,[3]

[2] *So weary with* disasters, tugg'd *with fortune,*] We see the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adverse fortune. But this reading expresses but half the idea; viz. of a man tugged and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the complete thought, we should read—

So weary with disastrous tugs *with fortune.*

This is well expressed, and gives the reason of his being weary, because fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakspeare knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in *The Winter's Tale:*

" Let *myself and fortune*
" *Tug* for the time to come."

Besides, *to be tugg'd with fortune,* is scarce English. *Warburton.*

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propensity to needless alterations.

Mr. Malone very justly observes that the old reading is confirmed by the following passage in an Epistle to lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603.

" He who hath never warr'd with misery,
" Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and distress." *Steevens.*

Tugged with fortune may be, *tugged* or *worried* by fortune. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *in such bloody* distance,] *Distance,* for enmity. *Warburton.*

By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends[4] that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,[5]
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't;[6] for 't must be done to-night,

must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*. *Steevens.*

[4] For *certain friends* —] *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because of*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— Speak, good Cominius,
" Leave nothing out *for* length." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *at most*,] These words have no other effect than to spoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. *Steevens.*

[6] *Acquaint you with the* perfect spy o' the time,
The moment *on 't*;] What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says

I will ——
Acquaint you with a perfect spy *o' the time.*

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

" Though in your state of honour I am *perfect*."

Though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank.
Johnson.

—— *the perfect spy o' the time*,] i. e. the critical juncture.
Warburton.

And something from the palace; always thought,

How the *critical juncture* is the *spy o' the time*, I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. *Johnson.*

I rather believe we should read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the *time*,
The moment on 't; — *Tyrwhitt.*

I believe that the word *with* has here the force of *by;* in which sense Shakspeare frequently uses it; and that the meaning of the passage is this: "I will let you know by the person best informed, of the exact moment in which the business is to be done." And accordingly we find, in the next scene, that these two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnson has observed.—In his letter to his wife, Macbeth says, "I have heard by the *perfectest* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge."—And in this very scene, we find the word *with* used to express *by*, where the murderer says he is "tugg'd *with* fortune." *M. Mason.*

The meaning, I think, is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. *Malone.*

I explain the passage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a single point:

—— *Within this hour at most,*
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.

Here I place a full stop; as no further instructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo's return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds—"Acquaint *you*" &c. i. e. in ancient language, "acquaint *yourselves*" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves;* as *him* is for *himself*, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
"Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed *him*
"No better than a poor and loathsome beggar."

In this place it is evident that *him* is used instead of *himself.* Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"Advantage feeds *him* fat —." i. e. *himself.*

Again, more appositely, in *King Richard II*, where York, addressing himself to Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others, says—

"———— enter in the castle
"And there repose *you* [i. e. yourselves] for this night."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"Breathe *you*, my friends;—"

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned, from some of Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and

That I require a clearness:[7] And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;[8]
I 'll come to you anon.[8]

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,[9]
Where our desire is got without content:

therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themselves so as to cut him off on his return; but who could ascertain the precise hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpose? *Steevens.*

[7] —— *always thought,*
That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "— appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himself." *Steevens.*

[8] *I'll come* to you *anon.*] Perhaps the words—*to you*, which corrupt the metre, without enforcing the sense, are another playhouse interpolation. *Steevens.*

[9] Nought 's had, *all 's spent,*] Surely, the unnecessary words—*Naught 's had,* are a tasteless interpolation; for they violate the measure without expansion of the sentiment.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies[1] your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,[2]
Should be without regard: what 's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd[3] the snake, not kill'd it;
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,[4]

For a few words. Madam, I will. All 's spent,
is a complete verse.

There is sufficient reason to suppose the metre of Shakspeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactness in making one speaker complete the verse which another had left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occasionally struggled with such metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or supplied. *Steevens.*

[1] —— sorriest *fancies* —] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello:*

"I have a salt and *sorry* rheum offends me."

Sorry, however, might signify *sorrowful, melancholy, dismal.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"The place of death and *sorry* execution."

Again, in the play before us, (as Mr. M. Mason observes) Macbeth says,—"This is a *sorry* sight." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *Things without remedy,*] The old copy—*all* remedy. But surely, as Sir T. Hanmer thinks, the word *all* is an interpolation, hurtful to the metre, without improvement of the sense. The same thought occurs in *King Richard II,* Act II, sc. iii:

"Things past redress, are now with me past care." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *scotch'd* —] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd. Johnson.*

Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus,* Act IV, sc. v:

"—— he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado."
Steevens.

[4] *But let*
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds *suffer,*] The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern contraction, which was:

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,[5]
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.[6] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance[7] apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,[8] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;

But let both worlds *disjoint*, and all things *suffer*.
The same idea occurs in *Hamlet*:
" That *both the worlds* I give to negligence." *Steevens.*

[5] *Whom we, to gain our* place, *have sent to peace,*] The old copy reads:
Whom we, to gain our peace —.
For the judicious correction—*place*, we are indebted to the second folio. *Steevens.*

[6] *In restless* ecstasy.] *Ecstasy*, for madness. *Warburton.*
Ecstasy, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:
" Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
" And have no hope to end our *extasies*."
Again, Milton, in his ode on *The Nativity*:
" In pensive trance, and anguish, and *ecstatic* fit."
Thus also Chapman, in his version of the last *Iliad*, where he describes the distracting sorrow of Achilles:
" —— Although he saw the morn
" Shew sea and shore his *extasie*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *remembrance* —] is here employed as a quadrisyllable. So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" And lasting in her sad *remembrance*". *Steevens.*

[8] *Present him eminence,*] i. e. do him the highest honours. *Warburton.*

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.[9]

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.[1]

[9] *Unsafe the while, that we*
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.] The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission) appears to be as follows:—*It is a sure sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.*

And yet I cannot help supposing (from the hemistich, *unsafe the while that we*) some words to be wanting which originally rendered the sentiment less obscure. Shakspeare might have written—

Unsafe the while it is for us, *that we* &c.

By a different arrangement in the old copy, the present hemistich, indeed, is avoided; but, in my opinion, to the disadvantage of the other lines. See former editions. *Stevens.*

[1] —— *nature's copy 's not* eterne.] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. *Johnson.*

Eterne for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer. So, in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1305:

" —— O cruel goddes, that governe
" This world with binding of your word *eterne*,
" And writen in the table of athamant
" Your parlement and your *eterne* grant." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

" —— and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *lease of nature*, pay his breath
" To time and mortal custom."

Again, by our author's 13th Sonnet:

" So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*,
" Find no determination." *Malone.*

I once thought that by " Nature's copy" &c. our author meant (to use a Scriptural phrase) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

" —— how shall man,
" *The image of his maker*, hope to thrive by 't?"

Or, as Milton expresses the same idea, *Comus*, v. 69:

" —— the human countenance,
" Th' express resemblance of the gods ——."

But, (as Mr. M. Mason observes) in support of Dr. Johnson's explanation, we find that Macbeth, in his next speech but one,

Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight;[2] ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,[3] with his drowsy hums,

alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, says:

" Cancel, and tear to pieces, *that great bond*
" That keeps me pale."

Mr. M. Mason, however, adds, that by " nature's copy," Shakspeare might only mean—*the human form divine. Steevens.*

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll.* It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk. *Ritson.*

[2] —— *the bat hath flown*
His cloister'd *flight;*] The bats wheeling round the dim *cloisters* of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet. *Steevens.*

Bats are often seen flying round *cloisters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. *Malone.*

[3] *The* shard-borne *beetle,*] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle.*" *Warburton.*

The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings.* From a passage in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales:*

" She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
" Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne." L. VI, fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*, says—

" The *scaly* beetles with their *babergeons*,
" That make a humming murmur as they fly."

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

" ——— we find
" The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold
" Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird.* The *beetle*, whose sharded *wings* can but just *raise him above the ground*, is often in a state of greater *security* than the *vast-winged eagle*, that can soar *to any height.*

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies) it

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind.

Such another description of the *beetle* occurs in Chapman's *Eugenia*, 4to. 1614:

" ——— The *beetle* ——
" —— there did raise
" With his Irate wings his most unwieldie paise;
" And with his *knollike humming gave the dor*
" *Of death to men* ——."

It is almost needless to say, that the word *irate*, in the second line, must be a corruption.

The quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of Ænobarbus, in that passage, is evidently as follows: Lepidus, says he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for *shards* or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatched?

Steevens.

The *shard-born beetle* is the beetle born in dung. Aristotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural historians have made the same observation. See Drayton's *Ideas*, 31: " I scorn all earthly *dung-bred* scarabies." So, Ben Jonson, Whalley's edit Vol. J, p. 59:

" But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
" As doth the *beetle* on the *dung* she breeds in."

That *shard* signifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cowdung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, p. 165: " The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge on a cowe's foule *shard*." Again, in Bacon's *Natural History* exp. 775: " Turf and peat, and cow *sheards*, are cheap fuels, and last long."

Sharded beetle, in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in " the cedar, whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, Act V, sc. ii. *Tollet.*

The *shard-born* beetle is, perhaps, the beetle born among shards, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do.

A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[5]

Thus, in *Hamlet*, the Priest says of Ophelia:
" *Shards*, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her."
Would Mr. Tollet say that *cows' dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcileable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens *may* be *right*; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. *Ritson.*

The shard-born beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. D'Avenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it—
—— *the* sharp-brow'd *beetle.*
Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one, in the passage before us. *Malone.*

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the most suitable to the context. The succeeding passages, however, make in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In *A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State*, 1590, p. 3, there is, " How that nation rising like the *bettle* from the *cowshern* hurtleth against al things." And in Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther:*
" Such souls as *shards produce*, such *beetle* things,
" As only buzz to heaven with evening wings."
The Beetle and the Chafer are distinct insects. *H. White.*

[4] —— *dearest* chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment, (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. V, c. xxvii:
" —— immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife."
It occurs also in our author's *Twelfth Night:*
" —— how dost thou *chuck?*
" —— Ay, *biddy*, come with me." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Come*, seeling *night*,] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. *Warburton.*

So, in *The Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng*, &c, bl. l no date; " And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde, to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys maner they must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that she se not," &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth *Iliad:*
" ——— did seele
" Th' assailer's *eyes* up."
Again, in the thirteenth *Odyssey:*
" —— that sleep might sweetly *seel*
" His restful *eyes*." *Steevens.*

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale![6]—Light thickens; and the crow[7]
Makes wing to the rooky wood:[8]

[6] *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond*
Which keeps me pale!] This may be well explained by the following passage in *King Richard III:*
"*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."
Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iv:
"——take this life,
"And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— Light thickens; *and the crow* &c.] By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"—— my lustre *thickens*
"When he shines by."—— *Edward's MSS.*
It may be added, that in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert *is too thick to shine*." Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher Act I, sc. ult:
"Fold your flocks up, for the air
"'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun
"Already his great course hath run." *Steevens.*
Again, in Spenser's *Calendar*, 1579:
"But see, the welkin *thicks* apace,
"And stouping Phœbus steepes his face;
"It 's time to haste us home-ward." *Malone.*

[8] *Makes wing to the* rooky *wood:*] *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakspeare mentions—
"—— the *reek* of th' rotten fens."
And in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:
"Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme."
Rooky wood, indeed may signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks;* yet, merely to say of the *crow* that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks*, is to add little immediately pertinent to the succeeding observation, viz. that—
—— *things of day begin to droop and drowse.*
I cannot, therefore, help supposing our author wrote—
—— *makes wing to* rook i' th' *wood.*'
i. e. to *roost* in it. *Ruck*, or *Rouke*, *Sax.* So, in *K. Henry VI*, P. I, Act V, sc. vi:
"The raven *rook'd* her on the chimney's top."
See note on this passage.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Again, in Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale:*

"O false morderour, *rucking* in thy den."

Again, in the 15th Book of A. Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis:*

"He *ruckeb* down upon the same, and in the spices dies."

Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, &c. 1560:

"All day to *rucken* on my taile, and poren on a booke."

The harmless crow, that merely flew *to* the *rooky* wood, for aught we are conscious of on this occasion, might have taken a second flight *from* it; but the same bird, when become drowsy, would naturally *ruck* or roost where it settled, while the agents of nocturnal mischief were hastening to their prey. The quiescent state of innoxious birds is thus forcibly contrasted with the active vigilance of destructive beings. So Milton, in the concluding lines of the first Book of his *Paradise Regained:*

"——— for now began
"Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
"The desert; fowls in their clay nests were *couch'd;*
"And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam."

Should this attempt to reform the passage before us be condemned, "the substance which underwent the operation, at the very worst, is but where it was."

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might, (especially in a play-house copy) become easily corrupted. *Steevens.*

9 *Whiles night's black agents to their* prey *do rouse.*] This appears to be said with reference to those dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released; such, indeed, as are mentioned in *The Tempest*, as rejoicing "To hear the solemn curfew," because it announced the hour of their freedom. So also, in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella:*

"In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir."

Thus also in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 13: "For on the night time and in corners, spirites and theeves, &c. &c. use most styrring, when in the day light, and in open places which be ordeyned of God for honest things, they dare not once come; which thing Euripides noteth very well, saying—*Iph. in Taur:*

"Ill thyngs the nyght, good thyngs the day doth haunt and use."

The old copy reads—*prey's. Steevens.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?[1]

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated[2] traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,[3]

1 *But who did bid thee join with us?*] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth, in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned, suspects him of intending to betray them; the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be mistrusted. *Johnson.*

The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage. *Malone.*

The third Murderer enters only to tell them *where* they should place themselves. *Steevens.*

2 —— *lated* —] i. e. belated, benighted. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"I am so *lated* in the world, that I
"Have lost my way for ever." *Steevens.*

3 —— *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. *Steevens.*

Already are i' the court.[4]

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.[5]

[*Assaults* BAN.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLE. *and* Serv. *escape.*[6]

[4] *Then it is he; the rest*
That are *within the note of expectation,*
Already *are i' the court.*] Perhaps this passage, before it fell into the hands of the players, stood thus:

Then it is he;
The rest within the note of expectation,
Are i' the court.

The hasty recurrence of *are*, in the last line, and the redundancy of the metre, seem to support my conjecture. Numberless are the instances in which the player editors would not permit the necessary something to be supplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipsis. *Steevens.*

[5] *Stand to 't.*
It will be *rain to-night.*
Let it come down.] For the sake of metre, we should certainly read—

Stand to 't.
'Twill rain to-night.
Let it come down. Steevens.

[6] Fleance &c. *escape.*] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him, in a direct line, king James I was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. *Malone.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?[7]
3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.[8]
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;[9] but, in best time,

[7] *Was 't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. *Steevens.*

Rather, to effect our purpose. *Ritson.*

[8] *You know your own degrees, sit down* at *first,*
And last, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:
You know your own degrees, sit down.—To *first*
And last the hearty welcome.

All, of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. *Johnson.*

[9] *Our hostess keeps her state;* &c.] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII) caused the queene to *keepe the estate*, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

To *keep state* is a phrase perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas, &c. So Ben Jonson, in his *Cynthia's Revels:*

"Seated in thy silver chair
"*State* in wonted manner *keep.*"

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase:*

"What a *state she keeps!* how far off they sit from her!"

Many more instances, to the same purpose, might be given. *Steevens.*

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.[2]
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best 'o cut-throats: Yet he 's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"This *chair* shall be my *state*."

Again, in Sir T. Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I:* "— where being *set*, the king *under a state*" &c. Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "— espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself." *Malone.*

[1] '*Tis better* thee without, than *he* within.] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'*Tis better thee without, than* him *within.*

That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.*

The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. *Johnson.*

I have no doubt that this last was the author's true meaning. *Malone.*

With twenty trenched gashes[2] on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm,[3] that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Mur.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,[4]
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,[5]
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of* BAN. *rises,*[6] *and sits in* MACB.'s *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

[2] —— trenched *gashes* —] *Trencher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"Is deeply *trenched* on my blushing brow."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"like a figure
"*Trenched* in ice." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the* worm,] This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind. *Malone.*

[4] —— *the feast is* sold, &c.] Mr. Pope reads:— *the feast is* cold,—and not without plausibility. Such another phrase occurs in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"You must be welcome too:—*the feast is flat else.*"
But the same expression as Shakspeare's is found in *The Romaunt of the Rose:*
"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is sold* and bought too dere." *Steevens.*
The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. *Johnson.*
It is still common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us. *Henley.*

[5] *Now*, good digestion *wait on appetite*,] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"A *good digestion* to you all." *Steevens.*

[6] *The Ghost of Banquo rises*,] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance![7]

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord.[8] What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[9]

1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: "We'll be the *ghost* i' th' white sheet sit at *upper end o' th' table*." *Farmer.*

[7] *Than pity for mischance!*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth, by these words, discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr. Whateley has observed) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause." *Malone.*

These words do not seem to convey any consciousness of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or allusion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Whateley supposes. Macbeth only means to say—"I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it." *Douce.*

[8] *Here, my lord.* &c.] The old copy—my *good* lord; an interpolation that spoils the metre. The compositor's eye had caught—*good* from the next speech but one. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *upon a thought* —] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: "— and, *with a thought* seven of the eleven I pay'd." Again, in *Hamlet:*

He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;[1]
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff![2]
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become[3]
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments

" —— as swift
" As *meditation*, or the *thoughts* of love." *Steevens.*

1 —— *extend his passion;*] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. *Johnson.*

2 *O proper stuff!*] This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had better begun at—*Shame itself! Johnson.*

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that possessed him. *M. Mason.*

3 —— *O, these flaws, and starts,*
(Impostors to true fear) *would well become* &c.] i.e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. *Warburton.*

Flaws are sudden gusts. *Johnson.*

So, in *Coriolanus:*
" Like a great sea-mark, standing every *flaw*." *Steevens.*

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds."
Malone.

Impostors *to* true fear, mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place. *M. Mason.*

So, in *King Henry VIII:* "Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are switches *to* them." *Steevens.*

To may be used for *of*. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have an expression resembling this:
" Thou *counterfeit to* thy true friend." *Malone.*

Shall be the maws of kites.[4] [*Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?[5]

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fy, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,[6]
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;[7]
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

[4] *Shall be the maws of kites.*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. viii:

"Be not *entombed* in the raven or the *kight*." *Steevens.*

"In splendidissimum quemque captivum, non sine verborum contumelia, sæviit: ut quidem uni suppliciter *sepulturam* precanti respondisse dicatur, jam istam *in volucrum fore potestatem*." Sueton. in August. 13. *Malone.*

[5] *What! quite unmann'd* in folly?] Would not this question be forcible enough without the two last words, which overflow the metre, and consequently may be suspected as interpolations? *Steevens.*

[6] —— *i' the* olden *time,*] Mr. M. Mason proposes to read—"the *golden* time," meaning the *golden age:* but the ancient reading may be justified by Holinshed, who, speaking of the Witches, says, they "resembled creatures of the *elder world*," and in *Twelfth Night* we have—

"—— dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the *old age*."

Again, in *Thystorye of Jacob and his twelve Sones*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde:

"Of dedes done in *the olde tyme*."

Again, in our Liturgy—"and in the *old time* before them." *Steevens.*

[7] *Ere human statute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes*.

"*Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes*." *Johnson.*

In my opinion it means "That state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure." *M. Mason.*

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me,[8] my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Ghost rises.
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,[9]
And all to all.[1]
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes[2]
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,[3]

[8] *Do not* muse *at me,*] To *muse* anciently signified *to wonder*, to be in *amaze*. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act IV:
"I *muse*, you make so slight a question."
Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*
"And rather *muse*, than ask, why I intreat you."
Steevens.

[9] —— *to all, and him, we* thirst,] We *thirst*, I suppose, means we desire to drink. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Cassius says, when Brutus drinks to him, to bury all unkindness—
"My heart is *thirsty* for that noble pledge." *M. Mason.*

[1] *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy*. *Warburton.*
I once thought it should be *hail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. *Johnson.*
Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, Act I: "*All to you.*"
Again, in *King Henry VIII*, more intelligibly:
"And *to you all* good health." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *no speculation in those eyes* —] So, in the 115th Psalm: "—eyes have they, but see not." *Steevens.*

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit[4] thee, protest me

[3] —— *the* Hyrcan *tiger,*] Theobald chooses to read, in opposition to the old copy — *Hyrcanian* tiger; but the alteration was unnecessary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* sea. *Tollet.*

Alteration certainly might be spared: in Riche's *Second Part of Simonides*, 4to. 1584, sign. C 1, we have—"Contrariewise these souldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themselves on their own bowelles; some parricides, some fratricides, all homicides." *Reed.*

Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian* tiger, which was followed by Theobald, and others. *Hircan* tigers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his *Sonnets*, 1594:

"—— restore thy fierce and cruel mind
"To *Hircan tygers*, and to ruthless beares." *Malone.*

[4] *If trembling I* inhibit —] *Inhabit* is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. *Johnson.*

Inhibit seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. *Othello*, Act I, sc. vii:

"—— a practiser
"Of arts *inhibited*,"

Hamlet, Act II, sc. vi:

"I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation."

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. *Steevens.*

I have not the least doubt that "*inhibit thee*," is the true reading. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find, in the second, and all the subsequent folios—"which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon," instead of *inhibited*.

The same error is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618, p. 772: "Also Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the Seventh, the said stew-houses in Southwarke were for a season *inhabited*, and the doores closed up, but it was not long, saith he, ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted."—The passage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in manuscript a continuation of his *Chronicle* from the accession of King Henry VII to near the time of his own death, (1512) which was in Stowe's possession in the year 1600, but I believe is now lost.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery,[5] hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?[6] You make me strange

By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the respect that it deserved, by giving it a place in my text, this passage is rendered clear and easy.

Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line stands—If trembling I inhabit then, protest &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then protest &c. In our author's *King Richard II*, we have nearly the same thought:

"If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
"*I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.*" *Malone.*

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is—Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I, through fear, remain trembling in my castle, then protest me, &c. Shakspeare here uses the verb *inhabit* in a neutral sense, to express *continuance in a given situation;* and Milton has employed it in a similar manner:

"Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven!" *Henley.*

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undoubtedly have a meaning like that suggested by Mr. Henley. Thus, in *As you Like it:* "O knowledge ill-*inhabited!* worse than Jove in a thatched house!" *Inhabited*, in this instance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.

It is not, therefore, impossible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciously meant—*stay within doors*:—If, when you have challenged me to the desert, I sculk in my house, do not hesitate to protest my cowardice *Steevens.*

The reading—"If trembling I inhibit"—and the explanation of it, derives some support from Macbeth's last words—

"And damn'd be him that first cries, hold! enough!"

I cannot reconcile myself to Henley's or Steevens's explanation of *inhabit*. *M. Mason.*

[5] *Unreal* mockery,] i. e. *unsubstantial pageant*, as our author calls the vision in *The Tempest:* or the picture in *Timon of Athens*, "—a *mocking* of the life." *Steevens.*

Even to the disposition that I owe,[7]

[6] *Can such things be,*
And overcome *us like a summer's cloud,*
Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us? *Johnson.*

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which has caused all the difficulty; it is, however, to be found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. vii, st. 4:

" —— A little valley —
" All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame.*"
Farmer.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth *Iliad:*

" —— his eyes were *overcome*
" With fervour, and resembled flames; —"

Again, in the fourth *Iliad:*

" So (after Diomed) the field was *overcome*
" With thick impressions of the Greeks; —" *Steevens.*

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentaunce*, 1567:

" With blode *overcome* were both his eyen." *Malone.*

[7] —— *You make me strange*
Even to the disposition that I owe,] Which, in plain English, is only: *You make me just mad. Warburton.*

You produce in me an *alienation of mind;* which is probably the expression which our author intended to paraphrase. *Johnson.*

I do not think that either of the editors has very successfully explained this passage, which seems to mean.—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it.* A thought somewhat similar occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, sc. i: "I 'll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act V:

" ——— if you know
" That you are well acquainted with yourself." *Steevens.*

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a stranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *disposition which* I know *I possess*, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you. A passage in *As you Like it* may prove the best comment on that before us:

" If with myself I hold intelligence,
" Or have acquaintance with my own desires —."

So Macbeth says, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own brave disposition of mind: His wife's *superior* fortitude makes

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.[8]

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all![9]

[*Exeunt* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:[1]

him ignorant of his own courage as a *stranger* might be supposed to be. *Malone.*

I believe it only means, *you make me mazed.* The word *strange* was then used in this sense. So, in *The History of Jack of Newberry:* "I jest not, said she; for I mean it shall be; and stand not *strangely*, but remember that you promised me," &c. *Reed.*

[8] —— *are* blanch'd *with fear.*] i. e. turned pale, as in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"Thou dost *blanch* mischief,
"Dost make it white." *Steevens.*

The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek;* in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives, perhaps, a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakspeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays.—In this very scene the old copy has "— the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be said that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh. *Malone.*

[9] A kind *good night to all!*] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueless syllables—*a kind*, are a play-house interpolation. *Steevens.*

[1] *It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:*] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, p. 118:

"Take heede, ye princes, by examples past,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at first or last."
Henderson.

I would thus point the passage:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;[2] Augurs, and understood relations,[3] have

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite."

Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV, sc. ii. *Whalley.*

I have followed Mr. Whalley's punctuation, instead of placing the semicolon after—*say*.

The same words occur in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594;

"*Bloud will have bloud*, foul murther scape no scourge."

Steevens.

[2] ——— *and trees to speak;*] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (See the third Book of the *Æneid*) revealed the murder of Polydorus. *Steevens.*

[3] *Augurs, and understood* relations, &c.] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence.

Johnson.

Shakspeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*; i. e. the language of birds. *Warburton.*

The old copy has the passage thus:

Augures, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.

The modern editors have read:

Augurs that understand *relations, have*
By magpies *and* by *choughs*, &c.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. So, in *The Night-Raven*, a Satirical Collection &c.

"I neither tattle with iack-daw,
"Or *Maggot-pye* on hatch'd house straw."

Magot-pie is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens rightly restores *Magot-pies*. In Minshieu's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton, in his *More Dissemblers beside Women*, says: "He calls her *magot o' pie*." *Farmer.*

It appears to me that we ought to read;

Augurs that *understood relations*, &c.

which, by a very slight alteration, removes every difficulty.

M. Mason.

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.[4]—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?[5]

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them,[6] but in his house

[4] ——*and* choughs, *and* rooks, *brought forth*
The secret'st man of blood.] The inquisitive reader will find such a story in Thomas Lupton's *Thousand notable Things*, &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100; and in Goular's *Admirable Histories*, &c. p. 425, 4to. 1607. *Steevens.*

[5] *How say'st thou*, &c.] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppressed, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "*She asked her wise women counsel; yea, she returned answer to herself.*"

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation of this passage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He supposes, and not without sufficient reason, that "what Macbeth means to say, is this; *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter?*"

So, in *Othello*, when the Duke is informed that the Turkish fleet was making for Rhodes, which he supposed to have been bound for Cyprus, he says—

"How *say you* by this change?"

That is, what do you think of it?

In *The Coxcomb*, Antonio says to Maria—

"Sweetheart, how *say you* by this gentleman?

"He will away at midnight."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Speed says—

"But Launce, *how say'st thou*, that my master is become a notable lover?"

Again, Macbeth, in his address to his wife, on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost, uses the same form of words:

"——behold! look! lo! *how say you?*"

The circumstance, however, on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. *Steevens.*

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:[7]
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:[8]
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.[9]

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.[1]

[6] *There 's not* a one *of them,*] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. Chaucer frequently prefixes the article *a* to nouns of number. See *Squiere's Tale*, 10,697:

" And up the risen, wel *a* ten or twelve."

In *Albumazer*, 1614, the same expression occurs: " Not *a one* shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." Theobald would read *thane;* and might have found his proposed emendation in D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed: " He had in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] (*Betimes I will*) *unto the weird sisters:*] The ancient copy reads—

And *betimes I will* to *the weird sisters.*

They whose ears are familiarized to discord, may perhaps object to my omission of the first word, and my supplement to the fifth. *Steevens.*

[8] ——— *I am in blood*
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:] This idea is borrowed by Dryden, in his *Oedipus*, Act IV:

" —— I have already past
" The middle of the stream; and to return,
" Seems greater labour, than to venture o'er."

Steevens.

[9] —— *be* scann'd.] To *scan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet:*

" —— so he goes to heaven,
" And so am I reveng'd: That would be *scann'd.*"

Steevens.

[1] *You lack the* season *of all natures, sleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *You want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature.* " *Indiget somni vitæ condimenti.*" *Johnson.*

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:* " 'Tis the best brine a maiden can

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE,[3] *meeting the Three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly

season her praise in." Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where, as in the present instance, the word is used as a substantive:

"And salt too little, which may *season* give
"To her foul tainted flesh."

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require." *Malone.*

[2] *We are yet but young* in deed.] The editions before Theobald read—

We 're but young indeed. *Johnson.*

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI*, P. III: We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made *impudent* with use of *evil deeds*."

or we are not yet (as Romeo expresses it) "*old* murderers." Theobald's amendment may be countenanced by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "Not *in deed*, madam, for I can do nothing."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the eleventh book of the *Iliad*, fol. edit p. 146.

"And would not be the first in name, unlesse the first *in deed*."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"To show yourself *in deed* your father's son
"More than in words."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use. Steevens.*

[3] *Enter Hecate,*] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. He has however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches, *Delrio Disquis. Mag.* Lib. II, quæst. 9, quotes a passage of Apuleius, *Lib. de Asino aureo:* "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum."

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

And adds further: "ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Queens*, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who presides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Sisters, stay; we want our *dame*."

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands.

Again, in *A true Examination and Confession of Elizabeth Stile, alias Rockyngham*, &c. 1579, bl. l. 12mo: "Further she saieth, that Mother Seidre, dwelling in the almes house, was the *maistres* witche of all the reste, and she is now deade."

Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. *Steevens.*

The Gothic and Pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune before queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; Ariel assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph, and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth. *T. Warton.*

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, B. III, c. ii, and c. xvi, and B. XII, c. iii, mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans," &c.—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the Ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*" *Tollet.*

In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Act II, sc. iii, Maudlin, the witch, (who is the speaker) calls Hecate the *mistress of witches*, "our Dame Hecate;" which has escaped the notice of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet, in their remarks on Shakspeare's being censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches. *Todd.*

4 *Why, how now*, Hecate?] Marlowe, though a scholar, has likewise used the word *Hecate*, as a dissyllable:

"Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,
"With magick spels so compass thee."

Dr. Faustus. Malone.

Mr. Todd, among his ingenious notes on *Comus*, has pointed out the same illegitimate pronunciation in *The Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, Act II, sc. iii:

"——— that very night
"We earth'd her in the shades, when our dame *Hecat*
"Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard."

To trade and traffick with Macbeth
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.[5]

Milton, in his *Comus*, has likewise taken the same liberty.

"Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
"Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat*, and befriend
"Us," &c. *Steevens.*

Again, in *King Lear*, Act I, sc. i:

"The mysteries of *Hecate* and the night." *Reed.*

[5] ——*for a wayward son,*
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.] Inequality of measure, (the first of these lines being a foot longer than the second) together with the unnecessary and weak comparison—*as others do,* incline me to regard the passage before us as both maimed and interpolated. Perhaps it originally ran thus:

——*for a wayward son,*
A *spiteful and* a *wrathful, who*
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But the repetition of the article *a* being casually omitted by some transcriber for the theatre, the verse became too short, and a fresh conclusion to it was supplied by the amanuensis, who overlooked the legitimate rhyme *who,* when he copied the play for publication.

If it be necessary to exemplify the particular phraseology introduced by way of amendment, the following line in Chaucer,

"A frere there was, *a wanton* and *a mery;*"

and a passage in *The Witch,* by Middleton, will sufficiently answer that purpose:

"What death is't you desire for Almachildes?
"*A* sudden, and *a* subtle."

In this instance, the repeated article *a* is also placed before two adjectives referring to a substantive in the preceding line. See also *The Paston Letters,* Vol. IV, p. 155: "Pray God send us *a* good world and *a* peaceable." Again, in our author's *King Henry IV:* "A good portly man, i' faith, and *a* corpulent."

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game:* "It [the Boar] is a prowde beest, *a* feers, and *a* perilous." *Steevens.*

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[6]
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I' ll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.[7]
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon[8]
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[9]
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:

[6] —— *the pit of* Acheron —] Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus* in Italy. *Steevens.*

[7] *Unto a dismal-fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by needless addition:

Unto a dismal and a *fatal end.*

I read—*dismal-fatal.* Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, in a note on *King Richard III*, is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in that play, we meet with *childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate,* and *mortal-staring.* And, in *King John,* we have *stubborn-hard. Steevens.*

[8] *Upon the corner of the* moon &c.] Shakspeare's mythological knowledge, on this occasion, appears to have deserted him; for as *Hecate* is only one of three names belonging to the same goddess, she could not properly be employed in one charecter to catch a drop that fell from her in another. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* however, our poet was sufficiently aware of her three-fold capacity:

" —— fairies, that do run
" By the *triple* Hecat's team, —." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *vaporous drop profound;*] That is, a drop that has *profound, deep,* or *hidden* qualities. *Johnson.*

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho using it. L. VI:

" —— *et virus large* lunare *ministrat.*" *Steevens.*

And that, distill'd by magick slights,[1]
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within*] *Come away, come away,*[2] &c.
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.[3]

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

[1] —— *slights,*] Arts; subtle practices. *Johnson.*

[2] *Come away, come away,* &c.] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled "A Tragi-Comodie called THE WITCH; *long since* acted &c. written by *Thomas Middleton.*

The Hecate of *Shakspeare* has said—
"I am for the air," &c.

The Hecate of *Middleton* (who, like the former, is summoned away by aerial spirits) has the same declaration in almost the same words—
"I am for aloft" &c.

Song.] "Come away, come away:
"*Hecat, Hecat,* come away," &c. } *in the aire.*
Steevens.

[3] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe, therefore, that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction, Lenox and An. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down, Lenox and *another Lord.* The author had, indeed, been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. *Johnson.*

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought,[4] how monstrous[5]
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,[6]
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid[7]

[4] *Who* cannot *want the thought,*] The sense requires:
Who can *want the thought,*
Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*. *Malone.*

[5] —— *monstrous* —] This word is here used as a trisyllable. *Malone.*
So, in Chapman's version of the 9th book of Homer's *Odyssey*:
"A man in shape, immane and *monsterous*." *Steevens.*

[6] *The son of Duncan,*] The old copy—*sons*. *Malone.*
Theobald corrected it. *Johnson.*

[7] —— on *his aid*—] Old copy—*upon*. *Steevens.*

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;[8]
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,[9]
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate[1] the king,[2] that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.[3]

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution,[4] to hold what distance

[8] *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood:

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives. *Malone.*

Aukward transpositions in ancient language are so frequent, that the passage before us might have passed unsuspected, had there not been a possibility that the compositor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray*, (a verb commonly used by old writers) but any change, perhaps, is needless. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and receive* free *honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *exasperate* —] i. e. exasperated. So *contaminate* is used for contaminated in *King Henry V.* *Steevens.*

[2] —— the *king,*] i. e. Macbeth. The old copy has, less intelligibly—*their.* *Steevens.*

Their refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads, unnecessarily, I think, *the* king. *Malone.*

[3] *Prepares for some attempt* of war.] The singularity of this expression, with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almost persuade me to follow Sir T. Hanmer, by the omission of the two last words. *Steevens.*

[4] *Advise him to a* caution,] Sir T. Hanmer, to add smoothness to the versification, reads—*to a* care.

I suspect, however, the words—*to a*, are interpolations, designed to render an elliptical expression more clear, according to some player's apprehension. Perhaps the lines originally stood thus:

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd![5]

Lord. My prayers with him![6]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.[7]

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.[8]

And that well might
Advise him caution, and to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Steevens.

[5] —— *to this our suffering country*
Under a hand accurs'd!] The construction is,—to our country suffering under a hand accursed. *Malone.*

[6] *My prayers with him!*] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of measure, reads—

I 'll send *my prayers with him.*

I am aware, that for this, and similar rejections, I shall be censured by those who are disinclined to venture out of the track of the old stage-waggon, though it may occasionally conduct them into a slough. It may soon, therefore, be discovered, that numerous beauties are resident in the discarded words—*I send*; and that as frequently as the vulgarism—*on*, has been displaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble.—For my own sake, however, let me add, that, throughout the present tragedy, no such liberties have been exercised, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in supposing the irregularities of Shakspeare's text to be oftener occasioned by interpolations, than by omissions. *Steevens.*

[7] *Scene I.*] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.[a]

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly.* But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
"Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time, "*a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
"Days and nights hast thirty-one,
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
"Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vanimus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Venefitium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft.*

"Fillet of a fenny snake,
"In the cauldron boil and bake:
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——
"For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *De Viribus Animalium* and *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth strangled babe,
"Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"——

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:[1]—'Tis time, 'tis time.[2]

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing,——
"Black spirits and white,
"Red spirits and grey,
"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
"You that mingle may."

And, in a former part:

"—— weird sisters, hand in hand,——
"Thus do go about, about;
"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again, to make up nine!"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of Camden*, he starts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, white.*" There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

Johnson.

[2] *Thrice the brinded* cat *hath mew'd*] A *cat*, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of Witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: "When Galinthia was changed into a *cat* by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, *Metam.* c. xxix) by witches, (says Pausanias in his *Bœotics*) *Hecate* took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;[3]
In the poison'd entrails throw.——

to this day. *Hecate* herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a *cat*. So, *Ovid:*

" *Fele* soror Phœbi latuit." *Warburton.*

[3] Thrice; *and* once *the* hedge-pig *whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads, *twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in *The Honest Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: " Sure 't is not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Silence says, " I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now."

Steevens.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempest*. *T. Warton.*

[1] Harper *cries:*] This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos* ab ἁρπάζω rapio. See Upton's *Critical observations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

Harper, however, may be only a mis-spelling, or misprint, for *harpy*. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

" And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey. So, in the nineteenth *Iliad*, 350:

" Ἡ δ', ΑΡΠΗ *ἰαχοῦσα* τανυπτέρυγι, ΔΙΓΥΦΩΝΩ,
" Οὐρανῦ ἰκνατέπαλτο.——"

Thus rendered by Chapman:

" And like a *harpie*, with a *voice that shrieks*," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *'Tis time, 'tis time.*] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

Toad, that under coldest stone,[4]
Days and nights hast[5] thirty-one
Swelter'd venom[6] sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;[7]
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
Thus too the *Hecate* of *Middleton*, already quoted:
" *Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?
" *Stad.*] Briefely in the cupps.
" *Hec.*] *'Tis high time for us then.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *Round about the cauldron go;*] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity:*
" In dismal dance about the furnace blue." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *cold*est *stone,*] The old copy has—" *cold* stone." The modern editors—" *the* cold stone."—The slighter change I have made, by substituting the superlative for the positive, has met with the approbation of Dr. Farmer, or it would not have appeared in the text. *Steevens.*
The was added by Mr Pope. *Malone.*

[5] *Days and nights* hast —] Old copy—*has*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. *Malone.*

[6] Swelter'd *venom* —] This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exsudations. So, in the twenty-second Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*
" And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
" The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their gore."
In the old translation of Boccace's *Novels*, [1620] the following sentence also occurs: " — an huge and mighty *toad* even *weltering* (as it were) in *a bole full of poison.*"—" *Sweltering* in blood" is likewise an expression used by Fuller, in his *Church History*, p. 37. And in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593, is a similar expression:
" He spake great thinges that *swelted* in his greace."
Steevens.

[7] *Double, double toil and trouble;*] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:
Double, double toil and trouble;
otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. *Steevens.*

Adder's fork,[8] and blind-worm's sting,[9]
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,[1]
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;[2]
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

[8] *Adder's* fork,] Thus Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* book XI, ch. xxxvii: "Serpents have very thin tongues, and the same three-*forked*." P. Holland's translation, edit. 1601, p. 338. *Steevens.*

[9] —— blind-worm's *sting*,] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So Drayton, in *Noah's Flood*:

"The small-eyed *slow-worm* held of many *blind*"

Steevens.

[1] —— *maw, and gulf*,] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. *Steevens.*

In *The Mirror for Magistrates*, we have "monstrous *mawes and gulfes*." *Henderson.*

[2] —— ravin'd *salt-sea shark*;] Mr. M. Mason observes that we should read *ravin*, instead of *ravin'd*. So in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Helena says:

"Better it were
"I met the *ravin* lion, when he roar'd
"With sharp constraint of hunger."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill*, Gillian says:

"When nurse Amaranta—
"Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear,
"She was the *ravin's* prey."

However, in Phineas Fletcher's *Locusts*, or *Appollyonists*, 1627, the same word, as it appears in the text of the play before us, occurs:

"But slew, devour'd and fill'd his empty maw;
"But with his *raven'd* prey his bowells broke,
"So into four devides his brazen yoke."

Ravin'd is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 7:

"——but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*. *Steevens.*

To *ravin*, according to Minshieu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his Dict. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe our author, with his usual license, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous* the passive participle for the adjective. *Malone.*

Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;[3]
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;[4]
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:[5]
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[6]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

3 Sliver'd *in the* moon's eclipse; *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a slice*. Again, in *King Lear:*

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch."

Milton has transplanted the second of these ideas into his *Lycidas:*

"—— perfidious bark
"Built in th' *eclipse.*" *Steevens.*

4 *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars.*

So solicitous, indeed, were our neighbours, the French, (from whom most of our prejudices, as well as customs, are derived) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. *Steevens.*

5 *Finger of birth-strangled* &c.

Make the gruel thick and slab;] Gray appears to have had this passage in his recollection, when he wrote—

"Sword that once a monarch bore
"*Keep the tissue close and strong.*" *Fatal Sisters.*

Steevens.

6 *Add thereto a tiger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails;* a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII, among other dishes, one was "a swan with *chaudron*," meaning sauce made with its entrails. See Ives's *Select Papers*, No. 3, p 140. See also Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery*, &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66. *Steevens.*

Enter HECATE, *and the other Three* Witches

Hec. O, well done![8] I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Musick.*

SONG.[9]

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

—— *the other* Three *Witches.*] The insertion of these words (*and* the *other Three Witches*) in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. There is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant to introduce more than *Three* Witches upon the scene. *Ritson.*

Perhaps these additional Witches were brought on for the sake of the approaching dance. Surely the original triad of hags was insufficient for the performance of the "ancient round" introduced in page 181. *Steevens.*

[8] *O, well done!*] Ben Jonson's *Dame*, in his *Masque of Queens*, 1609, addresses her associates in the same manner:

"Well done, my hags."

The attentive reader will observe, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his strongest efforts to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command.

It may be remarked, also, that Shakspeare's Hecate, after delivering a speech of five lines, interferes no further in the business of the scene, but is lost in the croud of subordinate witches. Nothing, in short, is effected by her assistance, but what might have been done without it. *Steevens.*

[9] *Song.*] In a former note on this tragedy, I had observed, that the original edition contains only the two first words of the song before us; but have since discovered the entire stanza in *The Witch*, a dramatic piece, by Middleton, already quoted. The song is there called—"A Charme-Song, about a Vessel."—I may add, that this invocation, as it *first* occurs in *The Witch*, is—"White spirits, black spirits, gray spirits, red spirits."—Afterwards, we find it in its present metrical shape.

The song was, in all probability, a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,
"Be thou heard, or to be seen."

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,[1]
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves[2]
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,[3] and trees blown down;
Though castles topple[4] on their warders' heads;

Perhaps, indeed, this musical scrap (which does not well accord with the serious business of the scene) was introduced by the players, without the suggestion of Shakspeare.

It may yet be urged, that however light and sportive the metre of this stanza, the sense conveyed by it is sufficiently appropriate and solemn: "*Spirits of every hue, who are permitted to unite your various influences, unite them on the present occasion.*" *Steevens.*

Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of spirits, particularly mentions *white*, *black*, *grey*, and *red* spirits. See also a passage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 167, n. 7. The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* spirits and grey. *Malone.*

1 *By the pricking of my thumbs*, &c.] It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in *The Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: "Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita *dorsus totus prurit*." *Steevens.*

2 ——*yesty waves* —] That is, *foaming* or *frothy waves*. *Johnson.*

3 *Though bladed corn be* lodg'd,] So, in *King Richard II:*
"Our sighs, and they, shall *lodge* the summer corn."
Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:
"Like to the summer corn by tempest *lodg'd*."
Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. *Ritson.*

4 *Though castles* topple —] *Topple*, is used for *tumble*. So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, Act IV, sc. iii:

Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[5] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'd'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow;[6] grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.[7]

"That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
"Until it *topple* o'er."

Again, in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice:*

"—— may be, his haste hath *toppled* him
"Into the river."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"The very principals did seem to rend, and all to *topple*." *Steevens.*

[5] *Of nature's* germins —] This was substituted by Theobald for *Nature's* germaine. *Johnson.*

So, *King Lear*, Act III, sc. ii:

"—— all *germins* spill at once
"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown, in his *Vulgar Errors:* "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— sow's *blood, that* hath eaten
Her *nine* farrow;] Shakspeare probably caught the idea of this offence against nature from the laws of Kenneth II, king of Scotland: "If a *sowe eate hir pigges*, let hyr be stoned to death and buried, that no man eate of hyr fleshe."—Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, edit. 1577, p. 181. *Steevens.*

[7] —— deftly *show.*] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the Second Part of *King Edward IV*, by Heywood, 1626:

"—— my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly."

Thunder. An Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*[8]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.[9]

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.[1]—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:[2]—But one word more:—

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England:*

"Tho Roben Hood, liell John, frier Tucke, and Marian *deftly* play, —"

Deft is a North Country word. So, in Richard Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"—— He said I were a *deft* lass." *Steevens.*

[8] *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. *Steevens.*

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, mentions "a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. *Farmer.*

[9] ——*say thou nought.*] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:

"Your grace, demand no questions,——
"But in dumb *silence* let them come and go."

Again, in *The Tempest:*

"—— be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd." *Steevens.*

[1] *Beware the thane of Fife.*—] "—— He had learned of certain wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinshed. *Steevens.*

[2] *Thou hast* harp'd *my fear aright:*] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. *ult:*

"*Harp* on that still." *Steevens.*

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

Appt. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.[3]

Appt. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman borne shall harm Macbeth.[4]

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate:[5] thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?[6]

All. Listen, but speak not.[7]

Appt. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

[3] *Had I* three ears, &c.] Does Macbeth mean to say—that *if his sense of hearing were thrice what it is*, &c.?—or—that *if the number of his ears were equal to that of the spectre's invocations of his name*, &c.? Let the reader determine *Steevens.*

[4] —— *shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinshed: "And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *take a* bond *of fate:*] In this scene the attorney has more than once degraded the poet; for presently we have—"*the lease* of nature." *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *the* round
And top *of sovereignty?*] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. *Johnson.*

[7] *Listen, but speak not.*] The old copy, injuriously to measure, reads—
Listen, but speak not to 't. *Steevens.*

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill[8]
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest;[9] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never,[1] till the wood

[8] —— *high* Dunsinane *hill*—] The present quantity of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced. Thus, in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729, (a good authority):

"The noble Weemyss, M^c^duff's immortal son,
"M^c^duff! th' assurter of the Scottish throne;
"Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
"When Canmore battled, and the villain* fell." *Ritson.*

This accent may be defended on the authority of A. of Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. VI, ch. xviii:

"A gret hows for to mak of were
"A-pon the hycht of Dwnsynāne:
"Tymbyr thare-til to drawe and stane, —." v. 120.

It should be observed, however, that Wyntown employs both quantities. Thus, in B. VI, ch. xviii, v. 190:

"—— the Thane wes thare
"Of Fyfe, and till Dwnsynāne fare
"To byde Makbeth; —." *Steevens.*

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain, peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

"Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May
"Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,
"Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland
"Be lifted to Northumberland ——." *T. Warton.*

[9] *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed. *Johnson.*

[1] *Rebellious* head, *rise never,*] The old copy has—rebellious *dead. Malone.*

We should read—*Rebellious* head,—i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power:

"That Douglas and the English rebels met;—
"A mighty and a fearful *head* they are."
King Henry IV, P. I.

* Mc,beth.

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?[2]
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings[3] *appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last, with a glass in his hand:* BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:[4]—And thy hair,

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
"Who first *rais'd head* against usurping Richard."
Johnson.

This phrase is not peculiar to Shakspeare: So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"—— howling like a *head* of angry wolves."

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"Is, like a *head* of people, mutinous." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *what* noise *is this?*] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *musick*. See a note on *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act II, sc. iv. Thus also Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. I, xii, 39:

"During which time there was a heavenly *noise*."

See likewise the 47th Psalm: "God is gone up with a merry *noise*, and the Lord with the sound of the trump." *Steevens.*

[3] *Eight kings* —] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representation of the Julian race in the *Æneid*; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play."—*Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu. *Steevens.*

[4] *Thy crown does* sear *mine eye-balls:*] The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* sears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:[5]—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?[6]
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,[7]

method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *And thy* hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:] As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only inquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:
—— *and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
This Dr. Warburton has followed. *Johnson.*
So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"Your father's image is so hit in you,
"His very *air*, that I should call you brother
"As I did him."
The old reading, however, as Mr. M. Mason observes, may be the true one. "It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness, than the *air*, which depends on habit," &c. A similar mistake has happened in *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Mine arms thus; and mine *air* [hair] blown with the wind." *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:
"And will as fearless entertain this sight,
"As a good conscience doth the *cracks* of Jove." *Steevens.*

[7] *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,*] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. vii:
"—— and like a prophet,
"Looks in a *glass*, and shows me *future evils*."
So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws against Witches*, it is said that "they do answer either by voice, or else do set before

Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:[8]
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;[9]
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo[1] smiles upon me,

their eves in *glasses*, chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the *persons* or things sought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in *The Alchemist*, this seems to be one:

"And taking in of shadows with a *glass*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"Shew you the devil in a *chrystal glass*."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the third Book of *The Fairy Queen*. A *mirror* of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in *The Squier's Tale* of Chaucer; and in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boisteau's *Theatrum Mundi*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A certaine philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which *shewed him in a glasse* the order of his enemies march." *Steevens.*

[8] *That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. *Warburton.*

Of this last particular our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to *The Masque of Queens*, 1609. *Steevens.*

[9] Ay, *now, I see, 'tis true;*] That the metre may be complete, I have supplied—*ay*, an adverb employed by our author in other places, to enforce his meaning. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. "I ordered (says my informant) a harness-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give it the appearance of leather. The saddler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, saying, it would *bolter* the horse. Being asked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied, *dirty*, *besmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This conversation passed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon."

In the same neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said

And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,[2]
And show the best of our delights;
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,[3]
While you perform your antique round:[4]
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar![5]—

to be *boltered* [pronounced baltered.] So, in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601, Book XII, ch. xvii, p. 270: "—they doe drop and distill the said moisture, which the shrewd and unhappie beast catcheth among the shag long haires of his beard. Now by reason of dust getting among it, it *baltereth* and cluttereth into knots" &c. Such a term is therefore strictly applicable to Banquo, who had *twenty trenched gashes on his head.*

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly confirmed by Mr. Homer, a truly respectable clergyman of Warwickshire. I seize this opportunity to offer my best acknowledgment for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his son, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Sallust and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy.

Steevens.

2 —— *cheer we up his* sprights,] i. e. spirits. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

"Hold thou my heart, establish thou my *sprights*."

Steevens.

3 *I 'll charm* the air *to give a sound,*] *The Hecate* of Middleton says, on a similar occasion:

"Come, my sweete sisters, let *the air* strike our tune,
"Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moone."

Steevens.

4 —— *your* antique round: and *The Witches* dance, *and* vanish.] These ideas, as well as a foregoing one—

"The weird sisters, *hand in hand*,"

might have been adopted from a poem, entitled *Churchyard's Dreame*, 1593:

"All *hand* in *hand* they traced on
"A tricksie *ancient round*;
"And soone *as shadowes were they gone*,
"And might no more be found." *Steevens.*

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;[6]
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:[7]
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings[8] of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now

[5] *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—— henceforth let it stand
"Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,
"*Mark'd with a marginal finger*, to be chosen,
"By thieves, by villains, and black murderers."

Steevens.

[6] Infected *be the* air *whereon they ride:*] So, in the first part of *Selimus*, 1594:

"Now Baiazet will ban another while,
"And vtter curses to the concaue skie,
"Which may *infect* the regions of the *ayre.*" *Todd.*

[7] *Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:*] To *anticipate* is here meant to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. *Johnson.*

[8] *The very* firstlings —] *Firstlings*, in its primitive sense, is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"The *firstlings* of their vowed sacrifice."

Here it means the thing first thought or done. The word is used again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firstlings* of these broils."

Steevens.

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line.[9] No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights![1]—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.[2]

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

[9] *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it. Thus, in a poem interwoven with *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: &c. translated out of the French &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578:

"They *trace* the pleasant groves,
"And gather floures sweete —."

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of the third Book of Lucan, 1614:

"The tribune's curses in like case
"Said he, did greedy Crassus *trace.*"

The old copy reads—

"*That trace* him in *his line.*"

The metre, however, demands the omission of such unnecessary expletives. *Steevens.*

[1] *But no more sights!*] This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene:

"*Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi*
"*Finem Dî dederint,* Leuconöe, *nec* Babylonios
"*Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quicquid erit, pati.*"

[2] *Our fears do make us traitors.*] i. e. our flight is considered as an evidence of our guilt. *Steevens.*

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[3] for the poor wren,[4]
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.[5] I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;[6] when we hold rumour

[3] —— *natural touch:*] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. *Johnson.*

So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

" —— How she 's beguil'd in him!
" There 's no such *natural touch*, search all his bosom."
Steevens.

[4] —— *the poor wren*, &c.] The same thought occurs in *The Third Part of King Henry VI:*

" —— doves will peck, in safety of their brood.
" Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
" Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
" Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
" Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"
Steevens.

[5] *The fits o' the season.*] The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions:*

" ———— but that
" The *violent fit o'* th' times craves it as physick."
Steevens.

Perhaps the maning is,—what it most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. *Anonymous.*

[6] —— *when we are traitors,*
And do not know *ourselves;*] i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to—

And do not know *'t ourselves;* ——

From what we fear,[7] yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.[8]—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead;[9]

But sure they did know what they said, that the state esteemed them traitors. *Warburton.*

Rather, when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. *Malone.*

[7] —— *when we hold rumour*
From what we fear,] *To hold rumour* signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. *Warburton.*

I rather think to *hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we say, *I* hold *such a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be so.* Thus, in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— Did you not of late days hear, &c.
"1 *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not."

The sense of the whole passage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where* will *is substituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.* A passage like this occurs in *King John:*

"Possess'd with *rumours*, full of idle dreams,
"*Not knowing what they fear*, but full of fear."

This is the best I can make of the passage. *Steevens.*

[8] *Each way, and move.*—] Perhaps the poet wrote—*And each way move.* If they *floated each way*, it was needless to inform us that they *moved*. The words may have been casually transposed, and erroneously pointed. *Steevens.*

[9] Sirrah, *your father 's dead;*] *Sirrah*, in our author's time, was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play,

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Macbeth says to his servant, "*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men our pleasure?" *Malone.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[1]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,[2]
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Mess.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

[1] ——*in your state of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. So, in the old book *that treateth of the Life of Virgil*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—which when Virgil saw, he looked in his boke of negromancy, wherein he was *perfit*." Again, in *The Play of the four P's*, 1569:

"*Pot.* Then tell me this: Are you *perfit* in drinking?
"Ped. *Perfit* in drinking as may be wish'd by thinking."
Steevens.

[2] *To do* worse *to you, were fell cruelty,*] To do *worse* is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning. *Johnson.*

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "*To do worse to you* (says he) signifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worse to you*, not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. *Malone.*

Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villian.[3]
Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit Lady* MACD. *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.[4]

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

[3] —— shag-ear'd *villian.*] Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays, &c. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P II, 1630:— "— a *shag-haired* cur." Again, in our author's *King Henry VI*, P. II: "— like a *shag-haired* crafty Kern." Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

"That *shag-haired* Caicos tam'd with forts."

And Chapman, in his translation of the 7th book of Homer, 1598, applies the same epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the spurious play of *King Lear*, 1605:

"There she had set a *shaghayr'd* murdering wretch."

Again, in Barnaby Googe's version of Palingenius, 1561:

"But sore afraid was I to meete
"The *shagheard* horson's horne."

It may be observed, that, in the seventh *Iliad* of Homer, the καρηκομόωντες Αχαιοί are rendered by Arthur Hall, 1581, "— *peruke* Greekes." And by Chapman, 1611, "— *shag-hair'd* Greekes." *Steevens.*

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *King John*, Act V, we find "un*bear'd* sauciness for un*hair'd* sauciness:" and we have had in this play *hair* instead of air. These two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on *Venus and Adonis*, p. 456, n. 5, edit. 1780, octavo.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. So, in Ives's *Select Papers, chiefly relating to English Antiquities*, No. 3, p. 133: "— and in her *heare* a circlet of gold richely garnished." In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, "*shag-heard* slave," which still more strongly supports Mr. Steevens's emendation. However,

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

as flap-*ear'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. *Malone.*

Mr. Steevens's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I, Ch. Justice Rolle said it had been determined that these words, "Where is that long-locked, *shag-haired*, murdering rogue? were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61. *Reed.*

[4] *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.] The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of *The Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene is almost literally taken:—"Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:

"I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that my intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: This surelie is a very euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same; neverthelesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside hir, she answered no; for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and

Macd. Let us rather

fellie and hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue through my comming amongst you.

"Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble virtues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remidies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vicis, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Makduffe: "This is yet the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scotishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onlie avaritious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation: and with these woords the brackish tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

"At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hand," &c.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 175. *Steevens.*

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:[4] Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.[5]

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[7] I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

[4] *Bestride our* down-fall'n birthdom:] The old copy has—*downfall*. Corrected by Dr. Johnson. *Malone.*

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

—— *like good men,*
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom—

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So, Falstaff says to Hal: "If thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so"

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us stand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. *Johnson.*

There is no need of change. In *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Morton says:

"—— he doth *bestride a bleeding land.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *and yell'd out*
Like syllable of dolour.] This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that heaven sympathised with Scotland. *Warburton.*

The ridicule, I believe, is only visible to the commentator. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend*. *Steevens.*

He hath not touch'd you yet I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me;[8] and wisdom[9]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
But Macbeth is.

Mal.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[1] But 'crave your pardon;[2]
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul[3] would wear the brows of grace,

[8] *You may* deserve *of him through me;*] The old copy reads—*discerne* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who supports it by Macduff's answer:

"I am not treacherous." *Malone.*

[9] —— *and wisdom* —] That is, and *'tis* wisdom. *Heath.*

The sense of this passage is obvious, but the construction difficult, as there is no verb to which wisdom can refer. Something is omitted, either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read—

—— *and* think it *wisdom*—

the sense will be supplied; but that would destroy the metre; and so indeed would the insertion of any word whatever.

M. Mason.

I suspect this line to have suffered by interpolation, as well as omission, and that it originally ran thus:

—— *but something*
You may deserve through me; and wisdom is it
To offer &c.

So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:

"Now *is it* manhood, *wisdom* and defence."

Had the passage in question been first printed thus, would any reader have supposed the words "of him," were wanting to the sense? In this play I have already noted several instances of manifest interpolation and omission. See notes on Act I, sc. iii, p. 25, n. 2, and Act III, sc. v, p. 133, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[1] *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*
In an imperial charge] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *But 'crave your pardon;*] The old copy, without attention to measure, reads:

—— *But* I shall *crave your pardon*. *Steevens.*

[3] *Though all things foul* &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on*

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness[4] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee![5] wear thou thy wrongs,[6]
Thy title is affeer'd![7]—Fare thee well, lord:

virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy. Johnson.

An expression of a similar nature occurs in *Measure for Measure:*

"———— Good alone
"Is good; without a name vileness is so." *M. Mason.*

[4] *Why in that* rawness —] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. *Johnson.*

I meet with this expression in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto, 1608, of *King Henry V:*

"Some their wives *rawly* left." *Steevens.*

[5] *For goodness* dares *not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare.* Corrected in the third folio. *Malone.*

[6] ——*wear thou thy wrongs,*] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs. Johnson.*

[7] *Thy title is* affeer'd!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. *Pope.*

What Mr. Pope says of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there absolute reason why we should have recourse to it for the explanation of this passage? Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards, pointing to Malcolm, may say, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads—*The* title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself.

I would not be the villian that thou think'st,
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a single letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his subsequent note. *Steevens.*

If we read—*The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear those thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it.*

Affeerers had the power of confirming, or moderating fines and amercements. *Tollet.*

To *affeer* (for so it should be written) is to assess, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments—that is, judgments of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakspeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *affeerer*. *Ritson.*

For the emendation now made I am answerable. *The* was, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is,—*Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully established by law.* Or, perhaps, he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. *Malone.*

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.[8]
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious,[9] smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance[1]
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

[8] —— *confineless harms.*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, sc. ii: " — thou *unconfinable baseness* —." *Steevens.*

[9] Sudden, *malicious,*] *Sudden*, for capricious. *Warburton.* Rather, violent, passionate, hasty. *Johnson.*

[1] Boundless *intemperance* —] Perhaps the epithet—*boundless*, which overloads the metre, was a play-house interpolation. *Steevens.*

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust:[2] and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons[3] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,[4]

[2] —— *grows with more pernicious root*
Than summer-seeding *lust;*] The old copy has—summer-*seeming*. *Steevens.*

Summer-seeming has no manner of sense: correct,
Than summer-teeming *lust;* —
i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. *Warburton.*

When I was younger, and bolder, I corrected it thus:
Than fume, or seething lust.
That is, than angry passion, or boiling lust. *Johnson.*

Summer-seeming lust, may signify lust that seems as hot as summer. *Steevens.*

Read—summer-*seeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is,—"Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays."
Blackstone.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text. *Steevens.*

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's *Poems* we meet with "winter-*seeming*." *Malone.*

Sir W. Blackstone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following passages: Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!"

And in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"—— The *seeded* pride
"That hath to its maturity grown up
"In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
"Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil
"To over-bulk us all." *Henley.*

[3] ——*foysons* —] Plenty. *Pope.*

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "New *foysons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Henry VI*, p. 1613: "— fifteene hundred men, and great *foisin* of vittels." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *All these are* portable,] *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. *All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be* endured. *Malone.*

Portable answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. *Steevens.*

With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.[5]

[5] —— *Nay, had I power, I should*
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. *Hell*, in its natural state, being always represented as full of *discord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* amongst them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.

In king James's first speech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he says, that he had "suck'd the *milk* of God's *truth* with the milk of his nurse."

The following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which exhibits the reverse of this image, may be urged in favour of my first interpretation:

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
"We shall have shortly *discord in the spheres*." *Malone.*

I believe, all that Malcolm designs to say is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle source or principle of peace: pour the soft milk by which it is nourished, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already observed that her husband was "too full of the *milk* of human kindness." *Steevens.*

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant[6] bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.[7] Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste:[8] But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to the direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;

[6] —— *an* untitled tyrant —] Thus, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale:*

"Right so betwix a *titeles tiraunt*
"And an outlawe." *Steevens.*

[7] *Died every day she lived*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*" *Malone.*

J. Davies, of Hereford, in his Epigram on—*A proud lying Dyer*, has the same allusion:

"Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live.*"

To *die* unto *sin*, and to *live* unto *righteousness*, are phrases employed in our Liturgy. *Steevens.*

[8] *From over-credulous haste:*] From over-hasty credulity. *Malone.*

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,[9]
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point,[1] was setting forth:
Now we 'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel![2] Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

[9] —— thy *here-approach,*] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[1] —— *ten thousand warlike men,*
All ready at a point,] *At a point,* may mean all ready at a time; but Shakspeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:
All ready at appoint, ——
i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. *Warburton.*
There is no need of change. *Johnson.*
So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* B I, c. ii:
" A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd *to point.*" *Malone.*

[2] —— *And the* chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel!] The *chance of goodness,* as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:
—— *and the chance, of goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——
That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina,*] answerable to the cause.
Mr. Heath conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*
But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:
—— *and the chance,* O *goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel! ——
This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o,* which another imagined to mean *of* If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: *And O thou sovereign goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause. Johnson.*

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[3]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit* Doct.
Macd. What 's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;[4]
Hanging a golden stamp[5] about their necks,

[3] —— *convinces* —] i. e. overpowers, subdues. See p. 74, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[4] *The mere despair of surgery, he cures;*] Dr. Percy, in his notes on *The Northumberland Household Book*, says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected to cure the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts; our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry the VIIIth, says "The kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make sicke men whole of a sycknes called the *Kynge's Evyll.*" In Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, it is said, "— and also by her highness [Q. Elizabeth] accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diseaz called the *King's Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medsin, (save only by handling and prayer) only doo it." Polydore Virgil asserts the same; and Will Tooker, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, published a book on this subject, an account of which is to be seen in Dr Douglas's treatise, entitled *The Criterion*, p. 191. See Dodsley's *Collection of old Plays*, Vol. XII, p. 428, edit. 1780. *Reed.*

[5] —— a *golden stamp* &c.] This was the coin called an *angel.* So, Shakspeare, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.[6] With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.[7]

" A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
" *Stamped in gold*, but that 's insculp'd upon."
The value of the coin was ten shillings. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *and 'tis spoken*
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.] It must be owned, that Shakspeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that a cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line, in compliment to James the First. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift: How then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? This he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. " The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary?* This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it." But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors;* but that " it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding* kings:" and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: " As hath beene thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's Evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his successors*, the *kings* of this realme." Holinshed, Vol. I, p. 195. *Malone.*

[7] *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,[8]
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy;[9] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,[1]
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true![2]
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;

propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. *Steevens.*

[8] —— rent *the air,*] To *rent* is an ancient verb, which has been long ago disused. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"With *rented* hair and eyes besprent with tears."
Steevens.
Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:
"While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent.*" *Malone.*

A modern *ecstasy;*] That is, no more regarded than the contortions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. *Warburton.*
I believe *modern* is only *foolish* or *trifling*. *Johnson.*
Modern is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite, common;* as "*modern* instances," in *As you Like it*, &c. &c. See Vol. V, p. 59, n. 4. *Steevens.*
Ecstasy is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind. *Malone.*

[1] *Expire before the flowers in their caps,*] So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*
"—— whose constancies
"Expire before their fashions." *Steevens.*

[2] *Too nice,* and *yet* too *true!*] The redundancy of this hemistich induces me to believe our author only wrote—
"*Too nice, yet true!* *Steevens.*

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.[3]

Macd. And all my children?[4]

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.[5]

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.[6]

Macd. What concern they?

[3] *Why, well.——Well too.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——— We use
"To say, *the dead are well.*" *Steevens.*

[4] —— *children?*] Children is, in this place, used as a tri-syllable. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"There are the parents to these *children.*"
See note on this passage, Act V. *Steevens.*

[5] *To* doff *their dire distresses.*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. See *King John*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *should not* latch *them,*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. So, in the prologue to Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:
"Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*,
"With such duresse," &c.

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,[7]
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that 's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,[8]

Again, B. I, fol. 27:

"When that he Galathe besought
"Of love, which he maie not *latche.*"

Again, in the first Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, as translated by Golding:

"As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth hir *latch.*"

Again, in the eighth Book:

"But that a bough of chesnut-tree, thick-leaved, by the way
"Did *latch* it," &c.

To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *fee-grief,*] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. *Johnson.*

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
"And was my own *fee-simple.*" *Malone.*

It must, I think, be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet. *Steevens.*

[8] *Were, on the* quarry *of these murder'd deer,*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. So, in Massinger's *Guardian:*

"—— he strikes
"The trembling bird, who even in death appears
"Proud to be made his *quarry.*"

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng that is cleped Mayster of Game:* "While that the huntyng lesteth,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;[9]

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,[1]

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

should cartes go fro place to place to bringe the deer to the *querre*," &c. "to kepe the *querre*, and to make ley it on a rowe, al the hedes o way, and every deeres feet to other's bak, and the hertes should be leyde on a rowe, and the rascaile by hemselfe in the same wise. And thei shuld kepe that no man come in the *querre* til the king come, safe the maister of the game." It appears, in short, that the game was arrange. in a hollow square, within which none but privileged persons, such as had claims to the particular animals they had killed, were permitted to enter. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the term *quarry*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas:*

"*He pulled his hatt over his browe,*

"And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

"Jamey *his hatt pull'd over his brow*," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the grief, that does not speak,*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"Those are the killing *griefs* which *dare not speak*."

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Again, in Greene's old bl. l. novel, entitled *The Tragicall History of Faire Bellora:*

"Light sorrowes often speake,

"When great the heart in silence breake" *Steevens.*

In Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1595, we have the like sentiment:

"Striving to tell his woes words would not come;

"For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe." *Reed.*

So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"—— the heart hath treble wrong,

"When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue." *Malone.*

Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.[2]—All my pretty ones?

[2] *He has no children.*] It has been observed by an anonymous critick, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. *Johnson.*

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not, by retaliation, revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. Holinshed's *Chronicle* does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in *King John*:

" He talks to me that *never had a son.*

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

" You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,
" The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse."
Steevens.

The passage, quoted from *King John*, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what lady Macbeth says in the first Act: " I have given suck," &c.

I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed king by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunsinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* L. V, c. viii.

Whether Shakspeare was apprised of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. *Malone.*

My copy of the *Scoti-Chronicon* (Goodall's edit. Vol. p. 252,) affords me no reason for supposing that *Lulab* was a *son* of Macbeth. The words of *Fordun* are: —" Subito namque post mortem Machabedæ convenerunt quidam ex ejus parentela sceleris hujusmodi fautores, suum *consobrinum*, nomine *Lulab*, ignomine fatuum, ad Sconam ducentes, et impositum sede regali constituunt regem," &c. Nor does Wyntown, in his *Cronykil* so much as hint that this mock-monarch was the immediate offspring of his predecessor:

" Eftyre all this, that ilke yhere,
" That this Makbeth was browcht on bere,
" *Lulawch* fule ras, and he
" As kyng regnyd monethis thre.
" This Malcolme gert sla hym syne
" Wyth-in the land of Straybolgyne." B. VI, 47, &c.

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?[3]
Mal. Dispute it like a man.[4]
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls:[5] Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission;[6] front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too![7]

It still therefore remains to be proved that "Macbeth *had* a son *then* alive." Besides, we have been already assured, by himself, on the authority of the Witches, p. 150, that his sceptre would pass away into another family, "*no son of his succeeding.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *At one fell* swoop?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in *The White Devil*, 1612:
"That she may take away all at one *swoop.*"
Again, in *The Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"—— no star prosperous!
"All at a *swoop.*"
It is frequently, however, used by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, to express the swift descent of rivers. *Steevens.*

[4] *Dispute it like a man.*] i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV, sc. iii:
"For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense," &c.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate." *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *Sinful Macduff,*
They were all struck for thee! &c.] See the prophet *Isaiah*, c. liii, v. 5. *Harris.*

[6] *Cut short all* intermission;] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.* So, in *King Lear:*
"Deliver'd letters, spite of *intermission.*" *Steevens.*

Mal. This tune[8] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking,[9] and the powers above
Put on their instruments.[1] Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physick, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can

[7] ——— *if he 'scape,*
Heaven forgive him too!] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also.
An expression nearly similar occurs in *The Chances*, where Petruchio, speaking of the Duke, says:
"He scap'd me yesternight; which if he dare
"Again adventure for, heaven pardon him!
"I shall, with all my heart." *M. Mason.*
The meaning, I believe, is,—If heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter. *Malone.*

[8] *This* tune —] The folio reads—This *time*. *Tune* is Rowe's emendation. *Steevens.*
The emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word is used in a similar manner:
"*Macb.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words." *Malone.*

[9] ——— *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, &c.] See St. John's *Revelation*, c. xiv, v. 15. *Harris.*

[1] Put on *their instruments.*] i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant. So, in *King Lear*, Act I, sc. iv:
"That you protect this course, and *put* it *on*
"By your allowance."
Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad*:
"For Jove makes Trojans *instruments*, and virtually then
"Wields arms himself." *Steevens.*

perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,[2] I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one: having no witness to confirm my speech.

[2] *Since his majesty* went into the field,] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers. That he could *not go into the field,* is observed by himself with splenetic impatience:

" ——— our castle's strength
" Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
" Till famine and the ague eat them up.
" Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
" *We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,*
" *And beat them backward home.*"

It is clear also, from other passages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumscribed by the walls of his fortress.

The truth may be, that Shakspeare thought the spirit of lady Macbeth could not be so effectually subdued, and her peace of mind so speedily unsettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the absence of her husband:

——— *deserto jacuit dum frigida lecto,*
Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.

For the present change in her disposition, therefore, our poet (though in the haste of finishing his play he forgot his plan) might mean to have provided, by allotting her such an interval of solitude as would subject her mind to perturbation, and dispose her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear, from any circumstance within the compass of this drama, that she had once been separated from her husband, after his return from the victory over Macdonwald, and the king of Norway. *Steevens.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.[3]

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.[4]

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.[5]

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two;[6] Why, then 'tis time to do 't:——Hell is mur-

[3] —— *her* eyes are open.] So, in *The Tempest:*

" This is a strange repose, to be asleep
" With *eyes* wide *open,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *Ay, but their sense* is *shut.*] The old copy has—*are* shut; and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again, in his 112th Sonnet:

" In so profound abysm I throw all care
" Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*
" To critick and to flatterer stopped *are.*" *Malone.*

In the Sonnet our author was compelled to sacrifice grammar to the convenience of rhyme. In the passage before us, he was free from such constraint.

What, therefore, should forbid us to read, with the present text?—

Ay, but their sense is *shut. Steevens.*

[5] *Yet here 's a spot.*] A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona,* &c. 1612:

" ——— Here 's a white hand!
" Can blood so soon be wash'd out?"

Webster's play was published in 1612. Shakspeare's in 1623. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang

ky![7]—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?[8]

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.[9]

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

---

the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 104, n. 7. *Malone.*

[7] —— *Hell is* murky!] *Murky* is *dark*. So, in *The Tempest* Act IV, sc. i:

"—— the *murkiest* den

"The most opportune place," &c.

Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier, and afear'd? This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it.

Steevens.

[8] —— *who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?*] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egentem sanguinis ensem*; and Ovid, [*Met.* L. VII,] describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

"—— guttura cultro

"Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *sanguine* ferrum." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *you mar all with this starting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet. *Steevens.*

Lady. M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate.[1] Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What 's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady* MACB.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated,[2] and amaz'd my sight:

[1] *To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth, in her sleep, is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. *A. C.*

[2] *My mind she has* mated,] Astonished, confounded. *Johnson.*

The expression is taken from *chess-playing:*

" —— that so young a warrior
" Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
" As he this day hath *match'd* and *mated* too."
Soliman and Perseda.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward,[3] and the good Macduff.

"——— woman,
"Worse than Medusa *mateth* all our minds."
Orlando Furioso, by R. Greene, 1599.
"Not mad, but *mated*." *Comedy of Errors.*

In the following instances, (both taken from the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, MS.) the allusion to chess is still more evident:

"The dikes there so develye depe
"Thai held them selfe *chek mate*." P. 7.
"Richard raught him with a barr of bras
"That he caught at the gate;
"He brake his legges, he cryed alas,
"And felle alle *chek mate*." *Steevens.*

Scory, in the commendatory verses prefixed to Drayton's *Heroicall Epistles*, makes use of this phrase, and exactly in the same sense:

"Yet with these broken reliques, *mated mind*,
"And what a justly-grieved thought can say."
H. White.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued*; but that clearly is not the sense affixed to it by Shakspeare; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chess-playing*, might favour such an interpretation. "Cum sublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et sanguine, sic cum nulla est elabendi via, nullum subterfugium, qui *vicit*, MATE, inquit, quasi *matado*; i. e. occisus, killed, a *mater*, [Hispan.] occidere." Minshieu's DICT. in v. *Mate*.

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, "to dismay, to make afraid:" so that *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to chess-playing. *Malone*

[3] *His* uncle *Siward*,] "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward*, *Earl of*

Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[4]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths,[5] that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.[6]

Northumberland." See, however, a note on the *Persons Dramatis*. *Steevens.*

[4] *Excite* the mortified *man.*] Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression. "*It means* (says he) *the man who has abandoned himself to despair, who has no spirit or resolution left.*" And, to support this sense of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified spirit* in another place. But, if this was the meaning, Shakspeare had not wrote *the mortified man*, but *a mortified man*. In a word, by *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. *Warburton.*

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"He like a *mortified* hermit sits."

Again, in Green's *Never too late* 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I, sc. i:

"My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified*;
"The grosser manner of this world's delights
"He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves," &c.
Steevens.

[5] —— unrough *youths*,] An odd expression. It means smooth-faced, unbearded. *Steevens.*

See *The Tempest:*

"—— till new-born chins
"Be *rough* and razorable."

Again, in *King John:*

"This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops,
"The king doth smile at." *Malone.*

[6] *He cannot* buckle *his distemper'd cause*
Within *the belt of rule.*] The same metaphor occurs in

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?[7]

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin[8] of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.[9]
Make we our march towad Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:[1]

Troilus and Cressida:
"And *buckle in* a waist most fathomless." *Steevens.*

[7] *When all that is within him does condemn*
Itself, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. *Johnson*

[8] —— *the medicin* —] i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender, where Lafeu speaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well;* and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale,* calls Camillo "the *medecin* of our house." *Steevens.*

[9] *To* dew *the sovereign flower,* &c.] This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about you,* 1600:
"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tears."
Again, in Spencer's *Fairy Queen,* B. IV, c. viii:
"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty soveraigne." *Steevens.*

[1] *Bring me no more reports;* &c.] *Tell me not any more of desertions:—Let all my subjects leave me:—I am safe till* &c. *Johnson*

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:[2]
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that 's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.[3]——Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:[4]

[2] *All mortal* consequents, *pronounc'd me thus:*] The old copy reads—

All mortal consequences, have *pronounc'd me thus.*

But the line must originally have ran as I have printed it:—Currents, consequents, occurrents, ingredients, &c. are always spelt, in the ancient copies of our author's plays, "currence, consequence, occurrence, ingredience," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— on *thee*] Old copy— *upon. Steevens.*

[4] —— *English epicures:*] The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. *Johnson.*

Of the ancient poverty of Scotland, the following mention is made by Froissart, Vol II, cap iii: "They be lyke wylde and savage people—they dought ever to lese that they have, for it is a poore country. And when the Englysshe men maketh any roode or voyage into the countrey, if they thynke to lyve, they must cause their provysion and vitayle to followe theym at their backe, for they shall fynde nothyng in that countrey," &c.

Shakspeare, however, took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180, of his *History of Scotland:* "— the Scotish people before had no knowledge nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfet; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof &c.—those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the *Englishmen*" &c. Again: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the *Englishemen*, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up in the Isles, with old customes and manners of their ancient nation, without tast of *English likerous delicates*), they should by his seuere order in gouernement recouer againe the former temperance of their old progenitors." The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Island of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet king James VI, in his 7th parliament, thought it necessary to form an act "against superfluous banqueting." *Steevens.*

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt,[5] nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon![6]
Where got'st thou that goose look?[7]

Serv. There is ten thousand ——

Macb. Geese, villian?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy.[8] What soldiers, patch?[9]

[5] *Shall never* sagg *with doubt,*] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." *Tollet.*

So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"This said, the aged Street *sag'd* sadly on alone."

Drayton is personifying one of the old Roman ways.

Again, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"The more his state and tottering empire *sagges*. *Steevens.*

Again, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to his traveller's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before" *Malone.*

[6] —— *loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. So, in Marlowe's tragedy of *King Edward II*, 1598:

"For shame subscribe! and let the *lowne* depart."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, second part, 1630:

"The sturdy beggar, and the lazy *lowne*."

King Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, *loon*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Where got'st thou that* goose *look?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— ye souls of *geese*,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"From slaves that apes would beat?" *Malone.*

[8] —— *lily-liver'd boy.*] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th *Iliad*:

"—— his sword that made a vent for his *white liver's blood*,
"*That caus'd such pitiful effects* ——."

Again, Falstaff says, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*: "— left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied, patched*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. *Steevens.*

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.[1] What soldiers, whey-face?[2]
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.[3]
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[4]

[1] —— *those linen cheeks of thine*
Are counsellors *to fear.*] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. *Warburton.*
In *King Henry V*, his Majesty says to the Conspirators—
"Your *cheeks* are paper." *Steevens.*

[2] —— whey-*face?*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 4to. edit. 1619: "— and has as it were a *whey*-coloured beard." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *or* disseat *me now.*] The old copy reads *disseat*, though modern editors have substituted *disease* in its room. The word *disseat* occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse:
"—— seeks all foul means
"Of boisterous and rough jadry, to *disseat*
"His lord that kept it bravely."
Dr. Percy would read:
"*Will* chair *me ever, or disseat me now.*"
It is still, however, possible, that *disease* may be the true reading. Thus, in N. Breton's *Toyes of an idle Head*, 1577:
"My ladies maydes too I must please,
"But chiefely Mistress Anne,
"For else by the masse she *will disease*
"Me vyly now and than."
Disease is the reading of the second folio. *Steevens.*

[4] *I have liv'd long enough: my* way of life &c.] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:
—— *my* May *of life.*
I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.
The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. *Johnson.*
An *anonymous* writer [Dr. Johnson, whose Remarks on this tragedy were originally published, without his name, in 1745,] would have it:
—— *my* May *of life:*
But he did not consider that Macbeth is not here speaking of his *rule* or government, or of any sudden change; but of the

s fall'n into the sear,[5] the yellow leaf:

gradual decline of life, as appears from that line:

"And that, which should accompany *old age*."

And *way* is used for course, progress. *Warburton.*

To confirm the justness of *May* of life for *way* of life, Mr. Colman quotes from *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*May* of youth and bloom of lustyhood."

And *King Henry V:*

"My puissant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth." *Langton.*

So, in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, stanza 21:

"If now *the May of my ears* much decline."

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— you met me

"With equal ardour in your *May of blood*."

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same authors;

"And in the *May* of youth," &c.

Again, in *The Guardian* of Massinger:

"I am in the *May* of my abilities,

"And you in your December."

Again, in *The Renegado* of the same author:

"Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead

"In my excuse."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Had I in this fair *May* of all my glory," &c.

Again, in *King John and Matilda*, by R. Davenport, 1655:

"Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers," &c. *Steevens.*

I have now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May*, and not *way*. It is observable, in this very play, that the contrary error of the press has happened from a mistake of the same letters:

"Hear not my steps which *may* they walke."

Besides, that a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation.

Thus, in his Sonnets:

"Two beauteous *springs to yellow autumns* turn'd."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"He that hath suffered this disorder'd *spring*,

"Hath now himself met with the *fall of leaf*."

The sentiment of Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, withered and fruitless: my mellow hangings are all shook down, and I am left bare to the weather. Henley.*

The old reading should not have been discarded, as the following passages prove that it was a mode of expression in use at that time, as *course* of life is now.

In Massinger's *Very Woman*, the Doctor says—

"In *way of life* I did enjoy one friend."

And that which should accompany old age,

Again, in *The New Way to pay old Debts*, Lady Allworth says—

" If that when I was mistress of myself,
" And in my *way of youth*," &c. *M. Mason.*

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Act I, sc. i:

" Thus ready for the *way of life* or death,
" I wait the sharpest blow." *Steevens.*

The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's Sonnets, (quoted by Mr. Steevens, in a subsequent note) may prove the best comment on the present:

" *That time of year* in *me* thou may'st behold,
" When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
" Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us? He who could say that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying that " the *course or progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, " My way of life," &c.

The using " the sear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a license as may be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay*;" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

In *King Henry VIII*, the word *way* seems to signify, as in the present passage, *course* or *tenour*:

" The *way* of our profession is against it."

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

And in *King Richard II*, "*the fall of leaf*" is used as in the passage before us, simply and absolutely for *bodily decay*:

"He who hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
"Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "— my *May* of life," has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago) that "Macbeth, when he speaks this speech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo, who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewise add that Macbeth, having now sat for seventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be supposed to be like our author's Henry V, "in the *May* morn of his youth." We must therefore understand these words in the latter sense; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progress he has passed from the spring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is precisely the meaning of the words as they stand in the old copy.

There is still another very strong objection to the proposed emendation. It is alleged that in this very play *may* is printed instead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here? For this plain reason; because *May* (the month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small w instead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever. *Malone*.

[5] ——*the* sear,] *Sear* is dry. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"—— *sear* winter
"Hath seal'd the sap up."

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;[6]
Hang those that talk of fear.[7]—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her[8] from her rest.

And Milton has—"Ivy never *sear*."

Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*," &c. *Steevens.*

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, where the epithet is so used, as clearly to ascertain the meaning of "the sear, the yellow leaf," in the passage before us:

"——— spite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *sear'd age*."
Malone.

[6] —— skirr *the country round,*] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. The word is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Martial Maid*:

"Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted, *skirr'd*
"A horse troop, through and through."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"And make them *skirr* away, as swift as stones
"Enforced from the old Assyrian slings."

Again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"—— the light shadows,
"That, in a thought, *scur* o'er the fields of corn,
"Halted on crutches to them." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *talk of* fear.] The second folio reads *stand* in fear. *Henderson.*

[8] *That keep* her —] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

Mach. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,[9]
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,[1]

[9] *And with some sweet oblivious antidote,*] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe:

"Nepenthe is a drinck of sovereign grace,
"Devized by the gods for to asswage
"Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—
"Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
"It doth establish in the troubled mynd."
Fairy Queen, B. IV, c. iii, st. 34. *Malone.*

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th Book of the *Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are described:

"—— Lethæi ad fluminis undam
"Securos latices, et longa *oblivia* potant."

Thus translated by Phaer, 1558:

"These liquors quenching cares, and long forgetful draughts thei drink
"That of their liues, and former labours past, they neuer thinck."

Thus also Statius, *Theb.* I, 341:

"*Grata* laboratæ referens *oblivia* vitæ." *Steevens.*

[1] *Cleanse the* stuff'd *bosom of that perilous stuff,*] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but, for the sake of the ear, which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read—*foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, in *As you Like it*, Act II, sc. vi:

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly speak of *cleansing* what is *foul*, but not what is *stuffed*. *Steevens.*

The recurrence of the word *stuff*, in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Now for the *love* of *love* —."
"The greatest *grace* lending *grace*"
All 's Well that Ends Well.
"—— with what good speed
"Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*
"Is *only* grievous to me, *only* dying."
King Henry VIII.
"Upon his brow *shame* is *asham'd* to sit."
Romeo and Juliet.

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I 'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land,[2] find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

"For by this knot thou shalt so *surely* tie
"Thy now *unsur'd assurance* to the crown." *King John.*
"*Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*
"Those he *commands*, move only in *command*—."
Macbeth.

The words *stuff* and *stuff'd*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such Shakspeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæsar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.—We are such *stuff*
"As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "*stuff*, in the Teutonick language, is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*." *Malone.*

The present question is not concerning the dignity of the word—*stuffed*, but its nauseous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himself in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harsh ones.

I may venture also (in support of my opinion) to subjoin, that the same gentleman, in a very judicious comment on *King Henry IV*, P. II, has observed, "that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the same*, or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption." *Steevens.*

2 ——— *cast*
The water of my land,] *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving, without *casting her water*, where she was pained," &c. Again, in *The wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638: "Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well skilled in *casting waters*." *Steevens.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,[3] or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: *A Wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant[4]
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;[5]

[3] —— *senna,*] The old copy reads—*cyme.* *Steevens.* Corrected by Mr Rowe. *Malone.*

[4] —— *but the* confident *tyrant* —] We must surely read:
—— *the* confin'd *tyrant.* *Warburton.*
He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle. *Johnson.*

And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event,[6] and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

[5] *For where there is* advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;] The impropriety of the expression *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given*, in the next line, incline me to read:

—— *where there is* a 'vantage *to be* gone,
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. *He shut up himself and his soldiers* (says Malcolm) *in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him.*

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter *of India the More and the Less*. *Johnson.*

I would read, if any alteration were necessary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words, as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right.—"For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *less*, for *greater* and *less*, is likewise found in Chaucer:

"From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,
"Of which the fame yspronge to *most* and *leste*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the 12th:

"Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V, c. viii:

"—— all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,
"Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore." *Steevens.*

Where there is advantage to be given, I believe, means, where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forsake him. *Henley.*

I suspect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line, and strongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation—*gone*. *Malone.*

Why is the repetition of the word—*given*, less venial than the recurrence of the word *stuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on "Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of that perilous *stuff*." p. 223. *Steevens.*

[6] *Let our* just *censures*
Attend *the true event*,] The arbitrary change made in the second folio, (which some criticks have represented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice:

Let our best *censures*
Before *the true event, and put we on*, &c. *Malone.*

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.[7]
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:[8]
Towards which, advance the war.[9] [*Exeunt, marching.*

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cherish this hope for my own sake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakspeare. *Steevens.*

[7] *What we shall say we* have, *and what we* owe.] i. e. *property* and *allegiance* *Warburton.*

When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Mr. Henley explains the passage thus: "The issue of the contest will soon decide what we shall say we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*." To *owe* here is to possess. *Steevens.*

Had these lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottish Peers, they might possibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are supposed to be spoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can scarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to say, in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate. *M. Mason.*

Siward, having undertaken the cause of Scotland, speaks, as a Scotsman would have spoken; and especially as he is now in the presence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the same country. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.* *Johnson.*

So, in the 18th *Odyssey*, translated by Chapman:

"——— straight
"Can *arbitrate* a war of deadliest weight." *Steevens.*

[9] *Towards which, advance the war.*] It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect, and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets. See the following instances, in addition to that which introduces the present note:

Leave all the rest to me. ..... Act I, end of scene v.
So pr'ythee go with me. ..... Act III, ... scene ii.
We are yet but young in deed. ..... Act III, ... scene iv.

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been,[1] my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek;[2] and my fell of hair[3]

But no more sights &c. .....Act IV, ...scene i.
I think, but dare not speak. .....Act V, ...scene i.
Make we our march towards Birnam..Act V, ...scene ii.

In *Hamlet*, &c. we find such hemistichs after the rhymes at the end of Acts, as well as scenes. *Steevens.*

1 *The time has been.* &c.] May has imitated this passage twice; once in *The Heir*, and again in *The Old Couple*. See Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII, p. 150, Vol. X. p. 473, edit. 1780. *Reed.*

2 —— *my senses would have* cool'd
To hear a night-shriek;] The *blood* is sometimes said to be *chilled;* but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the *senses*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd.* My senses would have shrunk back; died within me. So, in the second scene of the present Act:

" —— Who then shall blame
" His pester'd *senses* to *recoil* and start?" *Malone.*

I retain the old reading. Perhaps, no word so forcible can be placed in its room Thus, in the fifth *Æneid:*

" Sanguis hebet, *frigent*que effœtæ in corpore vires."

The same expression occurs also in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

" My humour shall not *cool.*"

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P II:

" My lord Northumberland will soon be *cool'd.*"

Thus, also, in the tragedy now before us, p. 183:

" This deed I 'll do, before this purpose *cool.*"

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;[4]
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.[5]—

Again, in Chapman's version of the 22d *Iliad*:

" —— his still desperate spirit is *cool'd*."

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into *coiled*? *Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring*, like a rope or a serpent. *Steevens.*

[3] —— fell *of hair* —] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *skin*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, by George Chapman, 1654:

" —— Where the lyon's hide is thin and scant,
" I 'll firmly patch it with the fox's *fell*."

Again, in *King Lear*:

" The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and *fell*."

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell*-monger. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *I have* supp'd full *with horrors*;] Statius has a similar thought in the second Book of his *Thebais*:

" —— attollit membra, toroque
" Erigitur, *plenus monstris*, vanumque cruorem
" Excutiens."

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. *Steevens.*

[5] *She should have died hereafter;*
There would have been a time for such a word. &c.] This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*, and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word*, seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore:

She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for—such a world!—
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: *The queen is dead.* Macbeth. *Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer*, there would at length have been a time for *the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the* world—*such is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,[6]
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;[7]
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.[8] Out, out, brief candle!

over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*, and so fall into the following reflection. We say we send *word* when we give intelligence. *Johnson.*

By—*a word*, Shakspeare certainly means more than a single one. Thus, in *King Richard II:*

"The hopeless *word* of—*never to return*
"Breathe I against thee."

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A musquet, with this *word* upon the label—
"I have discharg'd the office of a soldier." *Steevens.*

[6] *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,*] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

"*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall amende." *Steevens.*

[7] *To the last syllable of* recorded time;] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. *Johnson.*

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

"To the *utmost syllable* of your worthiness."

Recorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances, both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. *Steevens.*

By *recorded* time, Shakspeare means not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be* recorded. *M. Mason.*

[8] *The way to* dusty *death.*] We should read—*dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. *Warburton.*

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has:

The way to study *death.*——

Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee:[9] if thy speech be sooth,

which Mr. Upton prefers; but it is only an error, by an accidental transposition of the types. *Johnson.*

The dust of death is an expression used in the 22d Psalm, *Dusty death* alludes to the expression of *dust* to *dust* in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: *Dust* thou art, and to *dust* thou shalt return." In *Troilus and Cressida* also the same epithet occurs:

" —— are grated
" To *dusty* nothing —."

Shakspeare, however, in the first Act of this play, speaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one " — who had been *studied* in his *death*." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson justly observes that *dusty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *dust* of death in *The Winter's Tale:*

" Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
" Where no priest shovels-in *dust*."

In Sydney's *Arcadia*, 1598, p. 445, we have the following stanza of a song on death:

" Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
" And scarce discerne the dawne of comming day;
" Let them be clearde, and now begin to see
" Our life is but a step in *dustie way*." *Reed.*

I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin

[9] *Till famine* cling *thee:*] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. In *The Roman Actor*, by Massinger, the same word, though differently spelt, appears to be used:

" ——— my entrails
" Are *clamm'd* with keeping a continual fast."

Again, in Pierce's *Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, &c. 1593: " Who should have thought, or could have imagined to have found the wit of Pierce so starved and *clunged?*" Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

" My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*"

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

" His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung* —."

Again, in Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, B. VII:

" —— old Æacus also, *cloong*
" With age —."

Thus also, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 8th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, ch. xxxvi: " The first thing that they doe [i. e. the famished bears] is to devoure a certaine herb named Aron; and that they doe to open their guts, which otherwise were *clunged* and gnowne together."

To *cling* likewise signifies, to *gripe* to *compress*, or *embrace*. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" —— slide from the mother,
" And *cling* the daughter."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

" I will never see a white flea, before I will *cling* you."

Ben Jonson uses the word *clem* in the *Poetaster*, Act I, sc. ii: " I cannot eat stones and turfs; say, what will he *clem* me and my followers? ask him an he will *clem* me." To be *clemed* is a Staffordshire expression, which means, to be *starved:* and there is likewise a Cheshire proverb: " You been like Smithwick, either *clem'd*, or bursten." Again, in *Antonio and Mellida:*

" Now lions' half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food."

In the following instances, the exact meaning of this word is not very clear:

" Andrea slain! then weapon *cling* my breast."
First Part of *Jeronimo*, 1605.
" Although my conscience hath my courage *cleng'd*,
" And knows what valour was employ'd in vain."
Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603.

Again, in *The Sadler's Play*, among the Chester Whitsun plays, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is spoken of:

" That now is *clongen* under clay."

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:[1] *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,[2]
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—

I have given these varieties of the word, for the sake of any future lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

Mr. Whalley, however, observes, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhaust all thy moisture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. *Clung* and *clem*, says he, are terms of very different meaning.

The same idea is well expressed by Pope, in his version of the 19th *Iliad*, 166:

"*Shrunk with dry famine*, and with toils declin'd—"
Steevens.

1 *I* pull *in resolution; and begin*
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:] Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read:

I pall *in resolution,*—

I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me. It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. *Johnson.*

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, say—

"I will *let loose* my opinion."

might have written—

I pull in *my resolution.*

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*.
Steevens.

This reading is supported by a passage in Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, where Aminta says:

"———— and all my spirits,
"As if they heard my passing bell go for me,
"*Pull in their powers*, and give me up to destiny."
M. Mason.

2 *I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun*, &c.]

"Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
"*Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri.*" *Theobald.*

Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness[3] on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.[4]—What 's he,

[3] —— *harness* —] An old word for armour. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
"His *harness* is converted to soft silke." *Henderson.*
So, in the continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543: "—well perceyving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their *harnesse on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrelles." *Malone.*

[4] —— *I must fight the* course.] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young* Siward *is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.[5] [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword,[6] with an unbatter'd edge,

"Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear." *Steevens.*

[5] This short scene is injudiciously omitted on the stage. The poet designed Macbeth should *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object destined for his destruction. *Steevens.*

[6] —— either *thou, Macbeth,*
Or else my sword, &c.] I suspect an intermediate line has been lost; perhaps of this import:
—— *either thou, Macbeth,*
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. Malone.

Were any change in this line necessary, instead of *either*, we might read *hither*. "*Hither*, thou, Macbeth," would elliptically mean—"Come thou *hither*, Macbeth!" Lady Macbeth

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:[7] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.[8] [*Exit.* *Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes

apostrophising her absent husband, has used nearly the same phrase:

" —— *Hie thee hither,*
" That I may pour my spirits in thine ear."

I cannot, however, persuade myself that any line is wanting to complete the sense of the passage. That abruptness which Mr. Malone regards as a blemish, (considering the present state of Macduff's mind) should be received as a beauty. Shakspeare (as Prior says of the author of Hudibras)—

" —— sagacious master, knew
" When to leave off, and when pursue." *Steevens.*

My conjecture is, I believe, unfounded, In *Cymbeline*, we have a similar phraseology:

" —— Let 's see 't; I will pursue her
" Even to Augustus' throne: *Or this,* or perish."
Malone.

[7] *Seems* bruited:] From *bruit.* Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

" —— his death
" Being *bruited* once," &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" ———— I am not
" One that rejoices in the common wreck,
" As common *bruit* doth put it."

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: " Lais was one of the most *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of."
Steevens.

[8] —— *There thou should'st be;*
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.] I suspect, from deficience of metre, that the latter part of this passage originally stood thus:
Seems bruited there. *Let me* but *find him, fortune!*
And more &c. *Steevens.*

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?[9] whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword;[1] thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:[2]

9 *Why should I play the* Roman fool, *and die*
On mine own sword?] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of *Cato Uticensis*, which our author must have read of in the old translation of Plutarch, as the same circumstance is mentioned again in *Julius Cæsar*:

" —— I did blame *Cato* for the death
" Which he did give himself." *Steevens.*

1 *I have no words,*
My voice is in my sword;] Thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar*:
" *Speak hands for me.*" *Steevens.*

2 *As easy may'st thou the* intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:] That is, air which cannot be cut. *Johnson.*

Mr. M. Mason wishes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and says that it may signify *surrounding*; but of a participle with such a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakspeare's indiscriminate use of active and passive participles has been frequently noticed. In *Timon* he has *trenchant* in an active sense, and in the line before us *intrenchant* is employed as passive.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, B. VI, seems to have imitated this passage:

" Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
" Receive no more than can the fluid air." *Steevens.*

So, in *Hamlet*:

" For it is as the *air invulnerable*." *Malone.*

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,[3] which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;[4]
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole;[5] and underwrit,

[3] *I bear a charmed life,*] In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.
To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act V:
"—— I, in my own woe *charm'd*,
"Could not find death." *Upton.*
So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:
"Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
"And by the right you challenge in true fame,
"That here you stand, not arm'd with any guile,
"Of philters, *charms*, of night-spells, characters,
"Or other black infernal vantages," &c.
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. iv:
"—— *he bears a charmed* shield,
"And eke enchaunted arms that none can pierce."
Steevens.

[4] —— palter *with us in a double sense;*] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. *Johnson.*
So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou please."
Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"—— Romans, that have spoke the word,
"And will not *palter*." *Steevens.*

[5] *We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,*
Painted upon a pole;] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole. *Malone.*

Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I 'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*[6]
[*Exeunt, fighting*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

[6] ——— *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words—"To cry, *hold, hold!*" p. 57, n. 9. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold. Thus also, in the ancient MS. Romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 33:

"His bare guttis men myght see,
"The blode faste downe ranne:
"*Hoo*, Olyuere I yelde me to the,
"And here I become thy man." *Steevens.*

"To cry *bold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so. *Tollet.*

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.[7]
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God[8] be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF *with* Macbeth's *Head on a Pole.*[9]

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[1]

[7] *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,*
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied. "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." *Johnson.*

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed, in his *Chronicle*, Vol. I, p. 192. *Malone.*

[8] *So, God* &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*And* so, God &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *on a Pole.*] These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the *Chronicle:* "Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech.

Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. *Malone.*

Our ancient players were not even skilful enough to prevent absurdity in those circumstances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad specimen of their want of common sense, on such occasions, may be found in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611: "*Enter* Sybilla *laying in childbed*, with her child *laying* by her," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *thy kingdom's* pearl,] This metaphorical expression was excluded by Mr. Rowe, after whom our modern editors were content to read—*peers.*

That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail![2]

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,[3]
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd.[4] What 's more to do,

The following passage from Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*, may, however, countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,
"Countesses, ye courtly *pearls*," &c.

Again, in Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice:*

"—— he is the very *pearl*
"Of courtesy —." *Steevens.*

Thy kingdom's pearl means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. So, J. Sylvester, *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

"Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms all.*"

Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606:

"———— an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl.*"

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls lord Southampton—"bright *pearle* of peers." *Malone.*

[2] *King of Scotland*, hail!] Old copy—"*Hail*, king of Scotland!" For the sake of metre, and in conformity to a practice of our author, I have transplanted the word—*hail*, from the beginning to the end of this hemistich. Thus, in the third scene of the play, p. 35:

"So, all *hail*, Macbeth, and Banquo!
"Banquo, and Macbeth, all *hail.*" *Steevens.*

[3] *We shall not* spend *a large* expense *of time,*] To *spend* an *expense*, is a phrase with which no reader will be satisfied. We certainly owe it to the mistake of a transcriber, or the negligence of a printer. Perhaps *extent* was the poet's word. Be it recollected, however, that at the end of the first scene of the third Act of *The Comedy of Errors*, Antipholus of Ephesus says—"This jest shall *cost* me some *expense*. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the first that ever Scotland*
In such an honour nam'd.] "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox,

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*[5]

Murrey, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus." Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 176. *Malone.*

[5] This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

Johnson.

How frequent the practice of inquiring into the events of futurity, similar to those of Macbeth, was in Shakspeare's time, may be seen in the following instances: "The Marshall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to say, that queen Katherine beeing desirous to know what should become of her children, and who should succeed them, the party which undertooke to assure her, let her see a glasse, representing a hall, in the which either of them made so many turns as he should raigne yeares; and that king Henry the Third, making his, the duke of Guise crost him like a flash of lightning; after which, the Prince of Navarre presented himselfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vanished." P. Mathieu's *Heroyk Life and deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth*, translated by Ed. Grimeston, 4to. 1612, p. 42. Again: "It is reported that a duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the sight of the nine worthies which a magician shewed him." *Ibid.* p. 116. *Reed.*

Mr. Whitaker, in his judicious and spirited *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, 8vo. p. 486, edit. 1790, has the following reference to the prophecies of one John Lenton: "All this

serves to show the propriety of Shakspeare's scenes of the weird sisters, &c. as adapted to his own age. In the remote period of Macbeth, it might be well presumed, the popular faith mounted up into all the wildest extravagance described by him. In his own age it rose, as in lady Shrewsbury here, and in lady Derby, (Camden, Trans. 529, Orig. ii, 129) into a belief in the verbal predictions of some reputed prophet then alive, or into a reliance upon the written predictions of some dead one. And Shakspeare might well endeavour to expose such a faith, when we see here, that though it could not lay hold of queen Mary, yet it fastened firmly upon such a woman of the world as lady Shrewsbury."

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem, from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the license his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

The late Mr. Whateley's *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, have shown, with the utmost clearness of distinction and felicity of arrangement, that what in Richard III, is fortitude, in Macbeth is no more than resolution. But this judicious critick having imputed the cause of Macbeth's inferiority in courage to his natural disposition, induces me to dissent, in one particular, from an Essay, which otherwise is too comprehensive to need a supplement, and too rational to admit of confutation.

Throughout such parts of this drama as afford opportunities for a display of personal bravery, Macbeth sometimes *screws his courage to the sticking place*, but never rises into constitutional heroism. Instead of meditating some decisive stroke on the enemy, his restless and self-accusing mind discharges itself in splenetic effusions and personal invectives on the attendants about his person. His genuine intrepidity had forsaken him when he ceased to be a virtuous character. He would now deceive himself into confidence, and depends on forced alacrity, and artificial valour, to extricate him from his present difficulties. Despondency too deep to be rooted out, and fury too irregular to be successful, have, by turns, possession of his mind. Though he has been assured of what he certainly credited, that *none of woman born shall hurt him*, he has twice given us reason to suppose that he would have *fled*, but that he *cannot*, being *tied to the stake*, and compelled to *fight the course*. Suicide also has once entered into his thoughts; though this idea, in a paroxysm of noisy rage, is suppressed. Yet here it must

be acknowledged that his apprehensions had betrayed him into a strange inconsistency of belief. As he persisted in supposing he could be destroyed by *none of woman born*, by what means did he think to destroy himself? for he was produced in the common way of nature, and fell not within the description of the only object that could end the being of Macbeth. In short, his efforts are no longer those of courage, but of despair, excited by self-conviction, infuriated by the menaces of an injured father, and confirmed by a presentiment of inevitable defeat. Thus situated,—*Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit*,—he very naturally prefers a manly and violent, to a shameful and lingering termination of life.

One of Shakspeare's favourite morals is—that criminality reduces the brave and pusillanimous to a level. *Every puny whipster gets my sword*, exclaims Othello, *for why should honour outlive honesty? Where I could not be honest*, says Albany, *I was never valiant*; Iachimo, imputes his *want of manhood* to the *heaviness and guilt within his bosom*; Hamlet asserts that *conscience does make cowards of us all*; and Imogen tells Pisanio *he may be valiant in a better cause, but now he seems a coward*. The late Dr. Johnson, than whom no man was better acquainted with general nature, in his *Irene*, has also observed of a once faithful Bassa—

> "How guilt, when harbour'd in the conscious breast,
> "Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
> "See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
> "By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
> "Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
> "An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
> "Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in his grave."

Who then can suppose that Shakspeare would have exhibited his Macbeth with increasing guilt, but undiminished bravery? or wonder that our hero—

> "Whose pester'd senses do recoil and start,
> "When all that is within him does condemn
> "Itself for being there,"

should have lost the magnanimity he displayed in a righteous cause, against Macdonwald and the thane of Cawdor? Of this circumstance, indeed, the murderer of Duncan was soon aware, as appears from his asking himself the dreadful question—

> "How is 't with me, when every noise *appals* me?"

Between the courage of Richard and Macbeth, however, no comparison in favour of the latter can be supported. Richard was so thoroughly designed for a daring, impious, and obdurate character, that even his birth was attended by prodigies, and his person armed with ability to do the earliest mischief of which infancy is capable. Macbeth, on the contrary, till deceived by the illusions of witchcraft, and depraved by the suggestions of his wife, was a religious, temperate, and blameless character;

The vices of the one were originally woven into his heart; those of the other were only applied to the surface of his disposition. They can scarce be said to have penetrated quite into its substance, for while there was shame, there might have been reformation.

The precautions of Richard concerning the armour he was to wear in the next day's battle, his preparations for the onset, and his orders after it is begun, are equally characteristick of a calm and intrepid soldier, who possesses the *wisdom* that appeared so formidable to Macbeth, and *guided* Banquo's *valour to act in safety*. But Macbeth appears in confusion from the moment his castle is invested, issues no distinct or material directions, prematurely calls for his armour, as irresolutely throws it off again, and is more intent on self-crimination, than the repulse of the besiegers, or the disposition of the troops who are to defend his fortress. But it is useless to dwell on particulars so much more exactly enumerated by Mr Whateley.

The truth is, that the mind of Richard, unimpregnated by original morality, and uninfluenced by the laws of Heaven, is harrassed by no subsequent remorse. *Repente fuit turpissimus*. Even the depression he feels from preternatural objects, is speedily taken off. In spite of ominous visions he sallies forth, and seeks his competitor *in the throat of death*. Macbeth, though he had long abandoned the practice of goodness, had not so far forgot his accustomed influence, but that a virtuous adversary whom he had injured, is as painful to his sight as the spectre in a former scene, and equally blasts the resolution he was willing to think he had still possessed. His conscience (as Hamlet says of the poison) *overcrows his spirit*, and all his *enterprizes are sicklied over by the pale cast of thought*. The curse that attends on him is, *virtutum videre, et intabescere relictâ*. Had Richard once been a feeling and conscientious character, when his end drew nigh, he might also have betrayed evidences of timidity—" there sadly summing what he late had lost;" and if Macbeth originally had been a hardened villain, no terrors might have obtruded themselves in his close of life. *Qualis ab incepto processerat*. In short, Macbeth is timid in spite of all his boasting, as long as he thinks timidity can afford resources; nor does he exhibit a specimen of determined intrepidity, till the completion of the prophecy, and the challenge of Macduff, have taught him that life is no longer tenable. Five counterfeit Richmonds are slain by Richard, who, before his fall, has *enacted wonders* beyond the common ability of man. The prowess of Macbeth is confined to the single conquest of Siward, a novice in the art of war. Neither are the truly brave ever disgraced by unnecessary deeds of cruelty. The victims of Richard, therefore, are merely such as obstructed his progress to the crown, or betrayed the confidence he had reposed in their assurances of fidelity. Macbeth, with a savage wantonness that would have dishonoured a Scythian female, cuts off a whole

defenceless family, though the father of it was the only reasonable object of his fear.—Can it be a question then which of these two personages would manifest the most determined valour in the field? Shall we hesitate to bestow the palm of courage on the steady unrepenting Yorkist, in whose bosom ideas of hereditary greatness, and confidence resulting from success, had fed the flame of glory, and who dies in combat for a crown which had been the early object of his ambition? and shall we allot the same wreath to the wavering self-convicted Thane, who, educated without hope of royalty, had been suggested into greatness and yet, at last, would forego it all to secure himself by flight, but that flight is become an impossibility?

To conclude; a picture of conscience encroaching on fortitude of magnanimity once animated by virtue, and afterwards extinguished by guilt, was what Shakspeare meant to display in the character and conduct of Macbeth. *Steevens.*

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from Wake's *Rex Platonicus:* "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho et Banchoni, et illum prædixisse regem futurum, sed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis ènim è stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakspeare learned, at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before king James. One might, perhaps, have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand;* but mere accident has thrown a pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, says Anthony, was first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion. *Farmer.*

Dr. Johnson used often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boasting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Ascham's *Toxophilus,** at a time when

* —— Ascham's Toxophilus,] Mr. Malone is somewhat mistaken in his account of Dr. Johnson's pleasantry, which originated from an observation made by Mr. Theobald in 1733, and repeated by him in 1740. See his note on Much Ado about Nothing, in his 8vo. edition of Shakspeare, Vol. I, p. 416; and his duodecimo, Vol. II, p. 12: "—— and had I the convenience of consulting Ascham's Toxophilus, I might probably grow better acquainted with his history:" i. e. that of Adam Bell, the celebrated archer.

Ascham's pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the students of Saint John's college, was, for a while, so far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curiosity very strongly on the subject. Whether Shakspeare, in the composition of this noble tragedy, was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of translation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth ascertaining. The British Museum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a strict search at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verses that were spoken in 1605, by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at last obtained, "that no man" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "may ever want them more," I will here transcribe them.

There is some difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonicus* says, "Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi se tres esse Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus succinentes,—principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt."

But in a manuscript account of the king's visit to Oxford in 1605, in the Museum, (MSS. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus described: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming against the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wise each to other of their state, at last concluded, yielding up themselves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account, in *The Oxford Triumph*, quarto, 1605, in some measure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, these young men did not alternately recite verses, but pronounced three distinct orations: "This finished, his Majestie passed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming foorth of a castle made all of ivie, drest like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince; which being ended, his majestie proceeded towards the east gate of the

Mr. Theobald was certainly no diligent inquirer after ancient books, or was much out of luck, if, in the course of ten years, he could not procure the treatise he wanted, which was always sufficiently common. I have abundant reason to remember the foregoing circumstance, having often stood the push of my late coadjutor's merriment, on the same score; for he never heard me lament the scarcity of any old pamphlet, from which I expected to derive information, but he instantly roared out—"Sir, remember Tib and his Toxophilus." Steevens.

citie, where the townesmen againe delivered to him another speech in English."

From these discordant accounts one might be led to suppose, that there were six actors on this occasion, three of whom personated the Sybills, or rather the Weird Sisters, and addressed the royal visitors in Latin, and that the other three represented England, Scotland, and Ireland, and spoke only in English. I believe, however, that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the wierd sisters and the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, were the same persons) they might perhaps, have pronounced some English verses of a similar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by some of the students of St. John's college on a subsequent day, we are indebted for the long-sought-for interlude, performed at St John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude also, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptra nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.
1. Anna, parens regum, soror uxor, filia, salve.
2. Salve, Henrice hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
3. Dux Carole, et perbelle Polonice regule, salve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus istis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ sint terminus astra:
Canutum referas regno quadruplice clarum;
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate solis.
Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calescimus illo
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,
Londinenses eques, musis hæc tecta dicavit.
Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
Ire salutatum, Christi precursor, ad ædem
Christi pergentem, jussit. Dictâ ergo salute
Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge." *Malone.*

As that singular curiosity, *The Witch*, printed by Mr. Reed, and distributed only among his friends, cannot fall in the way of every curious and inquisitive reader of Shakspeare, I am induced to subjoin such portions of it (though some of them are already glanced at) as might have suggested the idea on which our author founded his unrivalled scene of enchantment, in the fourth Act of the present tragedy.

Let it not be supposed, however, that such coincidences ought any way to diminish the fame of Shakspeare, whose additions and adoptions have, in every instance, manifested the richness of his own fancy, and the power of his own judgment. *Steevens.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter HECCAT; *and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting.)*

Hec. Titty, and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!
White spiritts, black spiritts, gray spiritts, redd speritts,
Devill-Toad, Devill-Ram, Devill-Catt, and Devill-Dam.
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwin and Prickle!
Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.
Hec. Boyle it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blew enough?
Or shall I use a little seeten more?
Stad. The nipps of Fayries upon maides white hipps,
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon theis serpents,
And squieze 'em ready for the second howre.
Why, when?
Stad. Heere's Stadlin, and the dish.
Hec. There take this un-baptized brat:
Boile it well: preserve the fat:
You know 'tis pretious to transfer
Our 'noynted flesh into the aire,
In moone-light nights, ore steeple-topps,
Mountains, and pine-trees, that like pricks, or stopps,
Seeme to our height: high towres, and roofes of princes,
Like wrinckles in the earth: whole provinces
Appeare to our sight then, ev'n leeke
A russet-moale upon some ladies cheeke.
When hundred leagues in aire we feast and sing,
Daunce, kisse, and coll, use every thing:
What yong-man can we wish to pleasure us
But we enjoy him in an Incubus?

Thou know'st it Stadlin?
Stad. Usually that's don.
Hec. Last night thou got'st the Maior of Whelplies son,
I knew him by his black cloake lyn'd with yallow;
I thinck thou hast spoild the youth: hee's but seaventeene
I'll have him the next mounting away, in.
Goe feed the vessell for the second howre.
Stad. Where be the magicall herbes?
Hec. They're downe his throate.
His mouth cramb'd full; his eares, and nosthrills stufft.
I thrust in Eleoselinum, lately
Aconitum, frondes populeus, and soote,
You may see that, he looks so black i'th' mouth:
Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mowse,
Solanum somnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then ther's all Heccat?
Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magique needles?
Stad. 'Tis don Heccat.
Hec. And is the Farmer's picture, and his wives,
Lay'd downe to th' fire yet?
Stad. They are a roasting both too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrowes are a melting subtelly,
And three monethes sicknes sucks up life in 'em
They denide me often flowre, barme, and milke,
Goose-greaze and tar, when I nere hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor fore-spoake
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be-meete with 'em.
Seaven of their yong piggs I have be-witch'd already
Of the last litter, nine ducklyngs, thirteene goselings and a hog
Fell lame last Sonday after even-song too.
And mark how their sheepe prosper; or what soupe
Each milch-kine gives to th' paile: I'll send these snakes
Shall milke 'em all before hand: the dew'd-skirted dayrie wenches
Shall stroak dry duggs for this, and goe home cursing:
I'll mar their sillabubs, and swathie feastings
Under cowes bellies, with the parish-youthes:

Enter FIRESTONE.

Wher's Firestone? our son Firestone.
Fire. Here am I mother.
Hec. Take in this brazen dish full of deere ware,
Thou shalt have all when I die, and that wil be
Ev'n just at twelve a clock at night come three yere.
Fire. And may you not have one a-clock in to th' doze (Mother!)

Hec. Noh.

Fire. Your spirits are then more unconscionable then bakers; You'll have liv'd then (Mother) six-score yeare to the hundred; and me-thincks after six-score yeares the devill might give you a cast; for he's a fruiterer too, and has byn from the beginning: the first apple that ere was eaten, came through his fingers: The Costermongers then I hold to be the auncientest trade, though some would have the Tailor prick'd downe before him.

Hec. Goe and take heed you shed not by the way:
The howre must have her portion, 'tis deere sirrop.
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A famely consisting of nineteene,
Or one and twentie feeders.

Fire. Mary, heere's stuff indeed! Deere surrup call you it? a little thing would make me give you a dram on't in a possett, and cutt you three yeares shorter.

Hec. Thou'rt now about some villany.

Fire. Not I (forsooth) Truly the devil's in her I thinck. How one villanie smells out an other straight: Ther's no knavery but is nosde like a dog, and can smell out a doggs meaning. (Mother) I pray give me leave to ramble a-broad to-night with the night-mare, for I have a great mind to over-lay a fat parson's daughter.

Hec. And who shall lye with me then?

Fire. The great cat for one night (Mother). 'Tis but a night: make shift with him for once.

Hec. You're a kind son:
But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that:
You had rather hunt after strange women still,
Then lye with your owne mother: Gett thee gon;
Sweatt thy six ounces out about the vessell,
And thou shalt play at mid-night: the night-mare
Shall call thee when it walkes.

Fire. Thancks most sweet Mother. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Hec. Urchins, Elves, Haggs, Satires, Pans, Fawnes, silence. Kitt with the candlestick; Tritons, Centaures, Dwarfes, Imps, the Spoone, the Mare, the Man i'th'oake; the Hell-waine, the Fire-drake, the Puckle. A. Ab. Hur. Hus.

Seb. Heaven knowes with what unwillingnes and hate
I enter this dambd place: but such extreemes
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
That were I ledd by this disease to deaths
As numberles as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way: I know what 'tis
To pitty mad-men now; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithles vowes:
I fear they're now a kissing: what's a clock?
'Tis now but supper-time: But night will come,

And all new-married copples make short suppers.
What ere thou art, I have no spare time to feare thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already,
That thou seem'st nothing: Up and laze not:
Hadst thou my busynes, thou couldst nere sit soe;
'Twould firck thee into ayre a thousand mile,
Beyond thy oynetments: I would, I were read
So much in thy black powre, as mine owne griefes!
I'me in great need of help: wil't give me any?
Hec. Thy boldnes takes me bravely: we are all sworne
To sweatt for such a spirit: See; I regard thee,
I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish now?
Seb. Oh my heart swells with't. I must take breath first.
Hec Is't to confound some enemie on the seas?
It may be don to night. Stadlin's within;
She raises all your sodaine ruinous stormes
That shipwrack barks, and teares up growing oakes,
Flyes over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for't)
He would be hang'd ere he would set his owne yeares there,
They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A greene silk curtaine dawne before the eies on't,
(His rotten diseasd yeares)! Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperitie of any neighbour?
I'll call forth hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the yong of all his cattell:
Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadowes; or in one night
Transport his doong, hay, corne, by reekes, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.
Seb. This would come most richely now
To many a cuntry grazier: But my envy
Lies not so lowe as cattell, corne, or vines:
'Twill trouble your best powres to give me ease.
Hec. Is yt to starve up generation?
To strike a barrennes in man or woman?
Seb. Hah!
Hec. Hah! did you feele me there? I knew your griefe.
Seb. Can there be such things don?
Hec. Are theis the skins
Of serpents? theis of snakes?
Seb I see they are.
Hec. So sure into what house theis are convay'd
Knitt with theis charmes, and retentive knotts,
Neither the man begetts, nor woman breeds;
No, nor performes the least desire of wedlock,
Being then a mutuall dutie: I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villanous barren ends,
But this leades the same way: More I could instance:

As the same needles thrust into their pillowes
That soawes and socks up dead men in their sheets:
A privy grizzel of a man that hangs
After sun-sett: Good, excellent: yet all's there (Sir).
Seb. You could not doe a man that speciall kindnes
To part them utterly, now? Could you do that?
Hec. No: time must do't: we cannot disioyne wedlock:
'Tis of heaven's fastning: well may we raise jarrs,
Jealouzies, striffes, and hart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick skurff ore life, as did our master
Upon that patient miracle: but the work itself
Our powre cannot dis-joynt.
Seb. I depart happy.
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this:
And graunt you (greater powres) that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag agen. [*Exit.*
Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I doe this,
And that we are sworne to the first oath we take.
Fire. Oh mother, mother.
Hec. What's the newes with thee now?
Fire. There's the bravest yong gentleman within, and the fineliest drunck: I thought he would have falne into the vessel: he stumbled at a pipkin of childes greaze; reelde against Stadlin, overthrew her, and in the tumbling cast, struck up old Puckles heels with her clothes over her eares.
Hec. Hoy-day!
Fire. I was fayne to throw the cat upon her, to save her honestie; and all litle enough: I cryde out still, I pray be coverd. See where he comes now (Mother).

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Alm. Call you theis witches?
They be tumblers me-thinckes, very flat tumblers.
Hec. 'Tis Almachildes: fresh blood stirs in me—
The man that I have lusted to enjoy:
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.
Al. Is your name gooddy Hag?
Hec. 'Tis any thing.
Call me the horridst and unhallowed things
That life and nature tremble at; for thee
I'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charme now?
Al. Why thou'rt a witch, I thinck.
Hec. Thou shalt have choice of twentie, wett, or drie.
Al. Nay let's have drie ones.
Hec. Yf thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
I'll give thee a Remora shall be-witch her straight.
Al. A Remora? what's that?
Hec. A litle suck-stone,
Some call it a stalamprey, a small fish.

Al. And must 'be butter'd?
Hec. The bones of a greene frog too: wondrous pretious,
The flesh consum'd by pize-mires.
Al. Pize-mires! give me a chamber-pot.
Fire. You shall see him goe nigh to be so unmannerly, hee'll make water before my mother anon.
Al. And now you talke of frogs, I have somewhat here:
I come not emptie pocketted from a bancket.
(I learn'd that of my haberdashers wife.)
Looke, goody witch, there's a toad in marchpane for you.
Hec. Oh sir, y'have fitted me.
Al. And here's a spawne or two
Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.
Fire. I thanck your worship, sir: how comes your handkercher so sweetely thus beray'd? sure tis wet sucket, sir.
Al. 'Tis nothing but the sirrup the toad spit,
Take all I pree-thee.
Hec. This was kindly don, sir,
And you shall sup with me to-night for this.
Al. How? sup with thee? dost thinck I'll eate fryde ratts,
And pickled spiders?
Hec. No: I can command, Sir,
The best meat i'th' whole province for my frends,
And reverently servd in too.
Al. How?
Hec. In good fashion.
Al. Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you.

She conjures; and enter a Catt (playing on a fidle) and Spiritts (with meate).

The Catt and Fidle's an excellent ordinarie:
You had a devill once in a fox-skin.
Hec. Oh, I have him still: come walke with me, Sir. [*Exit.*
Fire. How apt and ready is a drunckard now to reele to the devill! Well I'll even in, and see how he eates, and I'll be hang'd if I be not the fatter of the twaine with laughing at him. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter HECCAT, WITCHES, & FIRE-STONE.

Hec. The moone's a gallant; see how brisk she rides.
Stad. Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.
Hec. I, is't not wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand mile?
Hop. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?
Stad. Breifely in the copps,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hoong at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.

Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very schreich-owle lights upon your shoulder,
And wooes you, like a pidgeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your oyntments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll over-take you swiftly.

Stad. Hye thee Hecat:
We shal be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach you quickly.

Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowles i'th'aire, that fly by day: I am sure they'll be a company of fowle slutts there to night. Yf we have not mortallitie affer'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What Fire-Stone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a doonghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much hast here?

Fire. Nineteene, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Deere and sweet boy: what herbes hast thou?

Fire. I have some Mar-martin, and Man-dragon.

Hec. Marmaritin, and Mandragora, thou wouldst say.

Fire. Heer's Pannax too: I thanck thee, my pan akes I am sure with kneeling downe to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hisop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?
Were they all cropt by moone-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'm, or I am a moone-calf (Mother).

Hec. Hye thee home with 'em.
Looke well to the house to night: I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the steeple alredy, flying over your head with a noyse of musitians.

Hec. They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

Song. Come away, come away; } *in the aire.*
Heccat, Heccat, come away. }

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Wher's Stadlin?

Heere } *in the aire.*

Wher's Puckle?
Heere:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too: } *in the aire.*
We lack but you; we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but noynt, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a Cat descends.*

Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues;
A kisse, a colle, a sip of blood:
And why thou staist so long } *above.*
I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What newes, what newes?
All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or els
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Catt sings a brave treble in her owne language.

Hec. going up.] Now I goe, now I flie,
Malkin my sweete spirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleasure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone shines faire,
And sing and daunce, and toy and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over seas, our mistris fountaines,
Over steepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongst troopes of spiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares sounds,
No howles of wolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyse of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

No Ring of bells, &c. } *above.*

Fire. Well mother, I thanck your kindnes: You must be gambolling i'th'aire, and leave me to walk here like a foole and a mortall. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESSE, HECCAT, FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

Dutch. A sodaine and a subtle.

Hec. Then I have fitted you.
Here lye the guifts of both; sodaine and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, pree-thee?

Hec. Perhaps in a moone's progresse.

Duch. What? a moneth?
Out upon pictures! if they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.

Hec. Then seeke no farther.

Duch. This must be don with speed, dispatch'd this night,
If it may possible.
Hec. I have it for you:
Here's that will do't: stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five howres hence.
Duch. Canst thou do this?
Hec. Can I?
Duch. I meane, so closely.
Hec So closely doe you meane too?
Duch. So artfully, so cunningly.
Hec. Worse & worse; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos; concussaq. sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaq. induco: ventos abigoq. vocoq.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et silvas moveo, Jubeoq. tremiscere montes,
Et mugiere solum, manesq. exire sepulchris,
Te quoque Luna traho.
Can you doubt me then, daughter,
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spiritts
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;
Nay, draw yond moone to my involv'd designes?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mothre's mad and our great catt angrie; for one spitts French then, and thother spitts Latten.
Duch. I did not doubt you, Mother.
Hec. No? what did you,
My powre's so firme, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensivenes
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be convaid in at howlett-time.
Take you no care. My spiritts know their moments:
Raven, or screitch-owle never fly by th' dore
But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they loose not by't.
I give 'em barley soakd in infants' blood:
They shall have semina cum sanguine,
Their gorge cramd full if they come once to our house:
We are no niggard.
Fire. They fare but too well when they come heather: they eate up as much tother night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.
Hec. Give me some lizard's-braine: quickly Firestone.
Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o'th' sisters?
Fire. All at hand forsooth.
Hec. Give me Marmaritin; some Beare-breech: when?
Fire. Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards-braine forsooth.

Hec. In to the vessell;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle
I kill'd last midnight.
Fire. Whereabouts, sweet Mother?
Hec. Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?
Fire. You shall have Acopus, forsooth.
Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Vessell.

Black spiritts, and white; Red spiritts, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keepe it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keepe out!
1 *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that; oh put in that.
2. Heer's libbard's-bane.
Hec. Put in againe.
1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.
2. Those will make the yonker madder.
Hec. Put in; ther's all, and rid the stench.
Fire. Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around, &c.
Hec. So, soe, enough: into the vessell with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection: I am so light
At any mischief: ther's no villany
But is a tune methinkes.
Fire. A tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then, I warrant you; and that song hath a villanous burthen.
Hec. Come my sweet sisters; let the aire strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moone.
[*Here they daunce. The Witches dance & Exeunt.*

*** THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenants alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The first and second of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the second Act, in a scene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other song, which is sung in the third Act, the first words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuscript in the collection of Major Pearson. Whether this song was written by Shakspeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. *Malone.*

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
About twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single: following crimes on former wait:
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He will—
1 *Witch.* He shall—
3 *Witch.* He must spill much more blood;
And become worse to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
4 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew:
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper's stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE V.

HECATE *and the Three* WITCHES.

MUSICK AND SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!

Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadling?

2. Here. [*within.*]

Hec. Where's Puckle?

3. Here; [*within.*]

And Hopper too, and Helway too.*
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.

[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with* Malkin *in it descends.*†
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come? What news?

[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or else refuse.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herself in the Machine.*

* *And* Hopper *too, and* Helway *too.*] In *The Witch,* these personages are called *Hoppo* and *Hellwayne. Malone.*

—— Helway —] The name of this witch, perhaps, originates from the leader of a train of frolicksome apparitions, supposed to exist in Normandy, ann. 1091. He is called by Ordericus Vitali (L. VIII, p. 698,) *Herlechin* In the continnation of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, (verse 8,) he is changed to—*Hurlewayne.* In the French romance of *Richard sans peur,* he becomes—*Hellequin.* Hence, I suppose, according to the chance of spelling, pronunciation, &c. are derived the *Hel'win* and *Hel'wayne* of Middleton, and, eventually, the *Hel'way* of Sir William D'Avenant.—See Mr Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol. V, pp. 270, 271, in voc. *Meinie.*

It may also be observed, (trivial as the remark appears) that here we have not only *Herlechinus,* but the *familia Herlechini,* which, with sufficient singularity, still subsists on the Italian stage and our own. It is needless to mention, that the bills at our country fairs continue to promise entertainment from the exertions of "Mr. Punch and his merry *family.*"

As the work of Ord. Vital. who died in 1143, is known to exhibit the name of *Harlequin,* it will not readily be allowed that his theatrical namesake was obliged, for the same title, to an *invention* of Francis I, in ridicule of his enemy, *Charles le Quint,* who was born in 1500, and left the world in 1558. See Johnson's *Dictionary,* in voc. *Harlequin. Steevens.*

† This stage-direction I have added. In *The Witch* there is here the following marginal note: "A spirit like a cat descends." In Sir W D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth,* printed in 1674, this song, as well as all the rest of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to distribute the different parts of the song before us, as, I imagine, the author intended. *Malone.*

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I,
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and misty fountains;*
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Nor cannons' throat our height can reach. [Hecate *ascends.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

2 *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

Notes omitted (on account of length) in their proper places.

[See p. 74.]

——— *his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.
——— *Will it not be receiv'd,*
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?] In the original *Scottish History*, by Boethius, and in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, we are merely told that Macbeth slew Duncan at Inverness. No particulars whatsoever are mentioned. The circumstance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as some other circumstances, our author has taken from the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinshed, in p. 150 of his *Scottish History*, (the history of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168:) "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had susteined by the execution of those his kinsmen, whom the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceased not to travell with him till she understood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she, as one that bare no lesse malice in hir heart, for the like cause on his behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him (sith the king used oftentimes to lodge

* *Over hills,* &c.] In *The Witch*, instead of this line, we find:
Over seas, our mistress' fountains. Malone.

in his house without anie gard about him other than the garrison of the castle, [of Fores] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and showed him the meanes whereby he might soonest accomplish it.*

"Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of so heinous an act. Whereupon devising with himselfe for a while, which way hee might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the daie before he purposed to depart foorth of the castell,* was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming foorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie served him *in pursute and apprehension of the rebels,* and giving them heartie thanks *he bestowed sundrie honourable gifts amongst them, of the which number* Donwald *was one, as he that had been ever accounted a most faithful servant to the king.*

"At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains,* who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of *drinks* for their reare supper or collation, whereat *they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges,* that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, and speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie bustling at all: and immediately by a posterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horse there provided for that purpose, they convey it unto a place about two miles distant from the castell.—

"Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued to companie with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter;* and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, *he forthwith slew the chamberlains,* as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to an fro, he ransacked everie corner within the castell, as though it had beene

to have seene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place; but at length comming to the posterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the *chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault*, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murther.

"Finallie, such was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders heerein, that some of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell foorth shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place should better serve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." *Malone.*

Add, at the conclusion of Mr. Malone's note, p. 85.] I believe, however a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace."

Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a ravisher likewise. In the parallel passage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are distinct persons:

"While LUST and MURDER wake, to *stain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost was of this import:

—— *and wither'd* MURDER,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
Enters the portal; while night-waking LUST,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"At midnight ——
"When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
"Save those that watch for *rape* and blodie *murder*."

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakspeare's plays arise from lines and half lines having been omitted, by the compositor's eye passing hastily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is a remarkable instance in the present play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following passage is thus exhibited:

"—— that we but teach
"Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
"*To plague the ingredience of our poison'd chalice*
"To our own lips."

If this mistake had happened in the first copy, and had been continued in the subsequent impressions, what diligence or sagacity could have restored the passage to sense?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients* is there also mis-spelt:

"—— which, being taught, return
"To plague the *inventor*. *This even-handed justice*
"*Commends the* ingredience of our poison'd chalice
"To our own lips."

So, the following passage in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"And I will break with her *and with her father,*
"*And thou shalt have her.* Was't not to this end," &c.

is printed thus in the folio, [1623] by the compositor's eye glancing from one line to the other:

"And I will break with her. Was't not to this end," &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632:

"—— for their dear causes
"Excite the mortified man."

instead of—

"—— for their dear causes
"*Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*
"Excite the mortified man."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, 1632:

"—— in himself too mighty,
"Until a time may serve."

instead of—

"—— in himself too mighty,
"*And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*
"Until a time may serve." *Malone.*

See p. 101, n. 6.] After the horror and agitation of this scene, the reader may, perhaps, not be displeased to pause for a few minutes. The consummate art which Shakspeare has displayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whose comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III, has just reached my hands, has developed some of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the present and subsequent scene, with such acuteness of observation, that I am tempted to transcribe such of his remarks as relate to the subject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved, by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whose weaker desires seem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he adds: "Upon the same principle a distinction still stronger is made in the article of courage, though both are possessed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than resolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, 'if we should fail?' is a difficulty raised by an apprehension, and as soon as that is removed by the contrivance of lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay

the crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unusual to him,

'—— Bring forth men children only, &c.
'—— Will it not be receiv'd
'When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
'Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
'That they have done it?'

which question he puts to her who had the moment before suggested the thought of—

'His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
'Of our great quell.'

and his asking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehension and doubt is always accompanied. Then, summoning all his fortitude, he says, 'I am settled,' &c. and proceeds to the bloody business without any further recoil. But a certain degree of restlessness and anxiety still continues, such as is constantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous achievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumstances of horror which surround him; the vision of the dagger; the darkness and the stillness of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undismayed, attends to the business only; considers of the place where she had laid the daggers ready; the impossibility of his missing them; and is afraid of nothing but a disappointment. She is earnest and eager; he is uneasy and impatient; and therefore wishes it over:

'I go, and it is done;' &c.

"But a resolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occasion for it: the moment after that is accomplished for which it was necessary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out, in agony and despair,—

'Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.'

"That courage which had supported him while he was *settled and bent up*, forsakes him so immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumstance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when reminded of it, he refuses to return and complete his work, acknowledging—

'I am afraid to think what I have done;
'Look on't again I dare not.'

"His disordered senses deceive him; and his debilitated spirits fail him; he owns that 'every noise appals him;' he listens when nothing stirs; he mistakes the sounds he does hear; he is so confused as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the south entry; she gives clear and direct answers to all the incoherent questions he asks her; but he returns none to that which she puts to him; and though after some time, and when necessity again urges him to recollect himself, he recovers so far as to conceal his distress, yet he still is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his answers to the trivial questions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently

given by a man thinking of something else; and by taking a tincture from the subject of his attention, they become equivocal:

'*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
'*Macb.* Not yet.
'*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?
'*Macb* He did appoint so.
'*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay
'Our chimneys were blown down; &c.
'*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.'

"*Not yet* implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard against any suspicion of his knowing that the king would never stir more. *He did appoint so*, is the very counterpart of that which he had said to Lady Macbeth, when on his first meeting her she asked him—

'*Lady M.* When goes he hence?
'*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.'

in both which answers he alludes to his disappointing the King's intention. And when forced to make some reply to the long description given by Lenox, he puts off the subject which the other was so much inclined to dwell on, by a slight acquiescence in what had been said of the roughness of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the conversation." *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, [by Mr. Whately,] 8vo. 1785.

To these ingenious observations I entirely subscribe, except that I think the wavering irresolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be ascribed *solely* to a remission of courage, since much of it may be imputed to the remorse which would arise to a man who was of a good natural disposition, and is described as originally "full of the milk of human kindness; —not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it."

Malone.

See *Remarks on Mr. Whateley's Dissertation*, p. 243 *& seq.* They first appeared in *The European Magazine*, for April, 1787.

I cannot, however, dismiss this subject without taking some notice of an observation that rather diminishes than increases the reputation of the foregoing tragedy.

It has been more than once oberved by Mr. Boswell, and other collectors of Dr. Johnson's fugitive remarks, that he always described *Macbeth* as a drama that might be exhibited by puppets; and that it was rather injured than improved by scenical accompaniments, *et quicquid telorum habent armamentaria theatri*.

I must confess, I know not on what circumstances in this tragedy such a decision could have been founded; nor shall I feel myself disposed to admit the propriety of it, till the inimitable performances of Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard have faded from my remembrance. Be it observed, however, that my great coadjutor had not advanced this position among his original or subsequent comments on *Macbeth*. It rather seems to have been an effusion provoked from him in the warmth of controversy, and not of such a nature as he himself would have trusted to the press. In Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, 3d edit. p. 386, the Doctor

makes the following frank confession: "Nobody, at times, *talks* more laxly than I do." Yet, they are mistaken, who think he was sufficiently adventurous to print whatever his mind suggested. I know *The Life of Milton* to have been composed under the strongest restraint of public opinion.

The reports of our metropolitan, as well as provincial theatres, will testify, that no dramatick piece is more lucrative in representation than Macbeth. It is equally a favourite with the highest and lowest ranks of society; those who delight in rational amusement, and those who seek their gratification in pageantry and show. Whence, then, such constant success and popularity as attends it, if stage exhibition, in this unfortunate instance, not only refuses to co-operate with the genius of Shakspeare, but obstinately proceeds to counteract the best and boldest of his designs?

Has the insufficiency of machinists hitherto disgraced the imagery of the poet? or is it in itself too sublime for scenical contrivances to keep pace with? or must we at last be compelled to own that our author's cave of incantation, &c. &c. are a mere abortive parade, that raises expectation only to disappoint it, and keeps like his own Witches,

"—— the word of promise to our ear,
"And breaks it to our hope!"

Let me subjoin, that I much question if Dr. Johnson ever saw the characters of Macbeth and his wife represented by those who have most excelled in them; or, if he did, that in this, or any other tragedy, the blended excellence of a Garrick and a Pritchard, had sufficient power to fix his attention on the business of the stage. He most certainly had no partialities in its favour, and as small a turn for appropriate embellishments. Add to this, that his defective hearing, as well as eye-sight, must especially have disqualified him from being an adequate judge on the present occasion. When Mrs. Abington solicited his attendance at her benefit, he plainly told her, he "could not hear."—"Baretti," said he, (looking toward the bar at which the prisoner stood) "cannot see my face, nor can I see his." Much less distinguishable to the Doctor would have been the features of actors, because, in a play-house, their situation must have been yet remoter from his own. Without the ability of seeing, therefore, he had no means of deciding on the merit of dramatick spectacles; and who will venture to assert that a legitimate impersonation of the guilty Thane does not more immediately depend on expression of countenance, than on the most vigorous exertions of gesticulation or voice?

Dr. Johnson's sentiments, on almost all subjects, may justly claim my undissembled homage; but I cannot acquiesce in the condemnation of such stage-exhibitions as his known prejudices, want of attention, eye-sight, and hearing, forbade him to enjoy. His decree, therefore, in the present instance, is, I hope, not irreversible.

"Quid valet, ad surdas si cantet Phemius aures?
"Quid cœcum Thamyran pictæ tabellæ juvat?" *Steevens.*

WINTOWNIS CHRONYKIL.

BOOK VI. CHAP. XVIII.

Qwhen Makbeth-Fynlay rase
And regnand in-til Scotland was.

In his tyme, as yhe herd me tell
Of Trewsone hat in Ingland fell,
In Scotland nere he lyk cás
Be Makbeth-Fynlayk practykyd was,
Quhen he mwrthrysyde his awyne Eme,
Be hope, hat he had in a dreme,
Dat he sawe, quhen he wes yhyng
In Hows duelland wyth he Kyng,
Dat fayrly trettyd hym and welle
In all, hat langyd hym ilkè dele:
For he wes hys Systyr Sone,
Hys yharnyng all he gert be done.

A' nycht he thowcht in hys dremyng,
Dat syttand he wes besyde he Kyng
At a Sete in hwntyng; swá
In-til his Leisch had Grewhundys twá
He thowcht, quhile he wes swá syttand,
He sawe thre Wemen by gangand;
And hái Wemen han thowcht he
Thre Werd Systrys mást lyk to be.
De fyrst he hard say gangand by,
'Lo, yhondyr he Thayne of Crwmbawchty.'
De tohir Woman sayd agayne,
'Of Morave yhondyre I se he Thayne.'
De thryd han sayd, 'I se he Kyng.'
All his he herd in hys dremyng.

Sone eftyre hat in hys yhowthad
Of thyr Thayndomys he Thayne wes made.
Syne neyst he thowcht to be Kyng,
Frá Dunkanys dayis had táne endyng.
De fantasy hus of hys Dreme
Movyd hym mást to sla hys Eme;
As he dyd all furth in-dede,
As before yhe herd me rede,
And Dame Grwok, hys Emys Wyf,
Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyf,
And held hyr báthe hys Wyf, and Qweyne,
As befor han scho had beyne
Til hys Eme Qwene, lyvand
Quhen he wes Kyng wyth Crowne rygnand:

L. 26.] This is the original of the story of the Weird Sisters, whom Shakspeare has rendered so familiar to every reader: in its original state it is within the bounds of probability. *D. Macpherson.*

F 180 a For lytyl in honowre han had he
De greys of Affynytè.
All hus quhen his Eme wes dede,
He succedyt in his stede:
And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
As Kyng he wes han in-til Scotland.
All hys tyme was gret Plentè
Abowndand, báth on Land and Se.
He wes in Justice rycht lawchful,
And til hys Legis all awful.
Quhen Leo he tend wes Pápe of Rome,
As Pylgryne to he Curt he come:
And in hys Almus he sew Sylver
Til all pure folk, hat had myster.
And all tyme oysyd he to wyrk
Profytably for Haly Kyrke.
Bot, as we fynd be sum Storys,
Gottyne he wes on ferly wys.
Hys Modyr to Woddis mád oft repayre
For he delyte of halesum ayre.
Swá, scho past a-pon á day
Til a Wod, hyr for to play;
Scho met of cás wyth a fayr man
(Nevyr náne sá fayre, as scho thowcht han,
Before han had scho sene wytht sycht)
Of Bewtè plesand, and of Hycht
Proportyownd wele, in all mesoure
Of Lym and Lyth a fayre fygowre.
In swylk a qweyntans swá hai fell,
Dat, schortly hare-of for to tell,
Dar in har Gamyn and har Play
Dat Persown be that Woman lay,
And on hyr hat tyme to Sowne gat
Dis Makbeth, hat eftyr hat
Grew til hir Státis, and his hycht,
To his gret powere, and his mycht,
As befor yhe have herd sayd.
Frá his persowne wyth hyr had playd,
And had he Jowrnè wyth hyr done,
Dat he had gottyne on hyr a Sone,
(And he he Dewil wes, hat hym gat)
And bad hyr noucht fleyd to be of hat;
But sayd, hat hyr Sone suld be
A man of gret state, and bowntè;
And ná man suld be borne of wyf
Of powere to rewe hym hys lyf.
And of hat Dede in taknyng
He gave his Lemman hare a Ryng;
And bad hyr, hat scho suld keepe hat wele,
And hald for hys luve hat Jwèle.

Eftyr hat oft oysyd he
Til cum til hyr in prewatè;
And tauld hyr mony thyngis to fall;
F 150 b Set trowd hai suld noucht hawe bene all,

At hyr tyme scho wes lychtare,
And hat Sowne, hat he gat, scho bare.
Makbeth-Fynlake wes cald hys name,
Dat grewe, as yhe herd, til gret fame.
Dis was Makbethys Ofspryng,
Dat hym eftyr mád oure Kyng,
As of hat sum Story sayis;
Set of hys Get fell ohir wayis,
And to be gottyn kyndly,
As ohir men ar generaly.

And quhen fyrst he to rys began,
Hys Emys Sownnys twa lauchful han
For dowt owt of he Kynryk fled.
Malcolme, noucht gottyn of lauchful bed,

L. 104.] The tale of the supernatural descent of Macbeth, copied, perhaps, from that of Merlin, by Geoffry of Monmouth, puts him on a footing with the heroes and demigods of ancient fable. It was not, however, intended, by the inventors of it, to do honour to his memory, but to ingratiate themselves with the reigning family; for they concluded, from wicked men being allegorically called *Sons of Belial* in the scripture, that to call a man the son of the devil was to call him every thing that was bad. How many ugly stories were, in a more enlightened age, reported of Richard III of England, in order to flatter the family which rose on his fall? Both these princes have had the additional misfortune to be gibbetted in Shakspeare's drama, as objects of detestation to all succeeding ages, as long as theatres shall be attended, and, perhaps, long after Shakspeare's own language shall have become unintelligible to the bulk of English readers. Wyntown, however, gravely cautions us against believing this foolish story, by telling us immediately that his "Get" was "kyndly" as other men's.

The brief account of Macbeth's life raises his character above all the preceding princes, at least in as far as their actions are known to us. The

"——— gret plente
"Abowndand, bath on land and se,"

and the riches of the country during his reign, which, together with the firm establishment of his government, enabled him to make a journey to Rome, and there to exercise a liberality of charity to the poor, remarkable even in that general resort of wealthy pilgrims, exhibit undeniable proofs of a beneficent government, and a prudent attention to agriculture, and to the fishery, that inexhaustible fund of wealth, wherewith bountiful nature has surrounded Scotland. Macbeth's journey to Rome is not a fable, as supposed by the learned and worthy author of the *The Annals of Scotland*, [Vol I, p. 3, note,] but rests on the evidence of Marianus Scotus, a respectable contemporary historian whose words, almost literally translated by Wyntown, are—"A. D. ml. Rex Scotie Machelad Rome argentum seminando pauperibus distribuit." [See VI, xviii, 48, 53, 303, 408.]

The only blot upon his memory is the murder of his predecessor, (if it was indeed a murder) who, to make the crime the blacker, is called his uncle, though that point is extremely doubtful. Among the numerous kings who made their way to the throne by the same means, is Greg, who is held up as a mirror to princes. To this is added the crime of incest in taking his uncle's widow to wife; but, admitting her former husband to have been his uncle, we must remember, that the rules concerning marriage in Scotland appear to have been partly formed upon the Jewish model, before the ecclesiastical polity was reformed, or romanized, by the influence of Queen Margaret. [*Vita Margaretæ ap. Bollandi Acta Sanctorum* 10mo *Junii*, p. 331.]

Thus much was due from justice to a character calumniated in the beaten track of history. *D. Macpherson.*

De thryd, past off he Land alsuá
As banysyd wyth hys Brehyr twá,
Til Saynt Edward in Ingland,
Dat hat tyme hare wes Kyng ryngnand.
He hayme ressawyd thankfully,
And trettyd hame rycht curtasly.

And in Scotland han as Kyng
Dis Makbeth mád gret steryng;
And set hym han in hys powere
A gret Hows for to mak of Were
A-pon he hycht of Dwnsynane:
Tymbyr hare-til to drawe, and stáne,
Of Fyfe, and of Angws, he
Gert mony oxin gadryd be.
Sá, on á day in hare trawaile
A yhok of oxyn Makbeth saw fayle:
Dat speryt Makbeth, quha hat awcht
De yhoke, hat faylyd in hat drawcht.
Dai awnsweryd til Makbeth agayne,
And sayd, Makduff of Fyfe he Thayne
Dat ilk yhoke of oxyn awcht,
Dat he saw fayle in-to he drawcht.
Dan spak Makbeth dyspytusly,
And to he Thayne sayd angryly,
Lyk all wrythyn in hys skyn,
Hys awyn Nek he suld put in
De yhoke, and ger hym drawchtis drawe,
Noucht dowtand all hys Kynnys awe.

Frá he Thayne Makbeth herd speke,
Dat he wald put in yhok hys Neke,
Of all hys thowcht he mád ná Sang;
Bot prewaly owt of he thrang
Wyth slycht he gat; and he Spensere
A Láfe hym gawe til hys Supere.
And als swne as he mycht se
Hys tyme and opportunytè,
Owt of he Curt he past, and ran,
F 151 a And hat Láyf bare wyth hym han
To he Wattyre of Eryne. Dat Brede
He gawe he Batwartis hym to lede,
And on he sowth half him to sete,
But delay, or ony lete.
Dat passage cald wes eftyre han
Lang tyme Portnebaryan;

L. 152.] In the infancy of navigation, when its efforts extended no further than crossing a river, ferrying places were the only harbours, and were called *port* in the Gaelic languages, and apparently in the most ancient Greek. Hence we have so many places on the banks of rivers and lochs in Scotland, called *porte*, and hence the Greeks called their ferry-boats *porthmia* and *porthmides*. (*Dictionaries*, and *Calcagnini opera*, p. 307.] No ferry on the Earn is known by this name; perhaps it was originally the *brade* (*broad*) *ferry*, which being confounded

De Hawyn of Brede hat suld be
Callyd in-tyl propyrtè.
Owre he Wattyre han wes hè sete,
Bwt dawngere, or bwt ony lete.

At Dwnsynane Makbeth hat nycht,
As sone as hys Supere wes dycht,
And hys Marchalle hym to he Halle
Fechyd, han amang haim all
Awaye he Thayne of Fyfe wes myst;
And ná man, quhare he wes, han wyst.
Yhit a Knycht, at hat Supere
Dat til Makbeth wes syttand nere,
Sayd til hym, it wes hys part
For til wyt sowne, quhehirwart
De Thayne of Fyfe hat tyme past:
For he a wys man wes of cast,
And in hys Deyd wes rycht wyly.
Till Makbeth he sayd, for-hi
For ná cost hat he suld spare,
Sowne to wyt quhare Makduffe ware.
Dis heyly movyd Makbeth in-dede
Agayne Makduffe han to procede.

Yhit Makduff nevyrheles
Dat set besowth he Wattyre wes
Of Erne, han past on in Fyfe
Til Kennawchy, quhare han hys Wyfe
Dwelt in a Hows mád of defens:
And bad hyr, wyth gret diligens
Kepe hat Hows, and gyve he Kyng
Diddyr come, and mád bydyng
Dare ony Felny for to do,
He gave hyr byddyng han, hat scho
Suld hald Makbeth in fayre Trettè,
A Bate quhill scho suld sayland se
Frá north to he sowth passand;
And frá scho sawe hat Bate sayland,
Dan tell Makbeth, he Thane wes hare
Of Fyfe, and til Dwnsynane fare
To byde Makbeth; for he Thayne
Of Fyfe thowcht, or he come agayne
Til Kennawchy, han for til bryng
Háme wyth hym a lawchful Kyng.

Til Kennawchy Makbeth come sone,
And Felny gret hare wald have done:

with *bread*, has been gaelized *port-na-bare*, the harbour of bread. [*v. Davies Dict. Brit.* v. Bara.] The transcriber of the Cotton MS. has here interpolated a line with a French explanation of the name. [v. V. R.] *D. Macpherson.*

L. 179.] This "hows of defens" was perhaps Maiden Castle, the ruins of which are on the south side of the present Kennoway. There are some remains of Roman antiquity in this neighbourhood, and it is very probable that Macduff's castle stood on the site of a Roman *Castellum*. *D. Macpherson.*

f 151 b Bot his Lady wyth fayre Trettè
Hys purpos lettyde done to be.
And sone, frá scho he Sayle wp saw,
Dan til Makbeth wyth lytil awe
Scho sayd, 'Makbeth, luke wp, and se
'Wndyr yhon Sayle forsuth is he,
'De Thayne of Fyfe, hat how has sowcht,
'Trowe howe welle, and dowt rycht nowcht,
'Gyve evyr how sall hym se agayne,
'He sall he set in-tyl gret payne;
'Syne how wald hawe put hys Neke
'In-til hi yhoke. Now will I speke
'Wyth he ná mare: fare on hi waye,
'Owhire welle, or ill, as happyne may.'

Dat passage syne wes comownly
In Scotland cald he Erlys-ferry.

Of hat Ferry for to knaw
Báth he Statute and he Lawe,
A Bate suld be on ilkè syde
For to wayt, and tak he Tyde,
Til mak hame frawcht, hat wald be
Frá land to land be-yhond he Se.
Frá hat he sowth Bate ware sene
De landis wndyre sayle betwene
Frá he sowth as han passand
Toward he north he trad haldand,
De north Bate suld be redy made
Towart he sowth to hald he trade:
And hare suld náne pay mare
Dan foure pennys for hare fare,
Quha-evyr for his frawcht wald be
For caus frawchtyd owre hat Se.

Dis Makduff han als fast
In Ingland a-pon Cowndyt past.
Dare Dunkanys Sownnys thre he fand,
Dat ware as banysyd off Scotland,
Quhen Makbeth-Fynlake hare Fadyr slwe,
And all he Kynryk til hym drwe.
Saynt Edward Kyng of Ingland han,
Dat wes of lyf a haly man,

L. 228] Four pennies, in Wyntown's time, weighed about one eightieth part of a pound of silver: how much they were in Macbeth's time, I suppose cannot be ascertained; but, in the reign of David 1st, they weighed one sixtieth of a pound. If we could trust to *Regiam Majestatem*, four pennies, in David's time, were the value of one third of a boll of wheat, or two *lagenæ* of wine, or four *lagenæ* of ale, or half a sheep. [*Tables of Money and Prices in* Ruddiman's *Introduction to And. Diplo.* For the quantity of the *lagenæ* compare VII, xvii, 35, with *Fordun*, p. 990: *Sc. Chr.* V II, p 225, wherein *lagena* is equivalent to *galown* in Wyntown.] It is reasonable to suppose, that the whole of the boat was hired for this sum

The landing place on the south side was most probably at North Berwick, which belonged to the family of Fife, who founded the nunnery there.
D. Macpherson.

Dat trettyd hir Barnys honestly,
Ressayvyd Makduff rych curtasly
Quhen he come til hys presens,
And mád hym honowre and reverens,
As afferyd. Til he Kyng
He tauld he caus of hys commyng.
De Kyng han herd hym movyrly,
And answeryd hym all gudlykly,
And sayd, hys wyll and hys delyte
F 152 a Wes to se for he profyte
Of há Barnys; and hys wille
Wes hare honowre to fullfille.
He cownsalyd his Makduffe for-hi
To trete há Barnys curtasly.
And quhilk of hame wald wyth hym gá,
He suld in all hame sykkyre má,
As hai wald hame redy mak
For hare Fadyre dede to take
Revengeans, or wald hare herytage,
Dat to hame felle by rycht lynage,
He wald hame helpe in all hare rycht
With gret suppowale, fors, and mycht.

Schortly to say, he lawchful twá
Brehire forsuke wyth hym to gá
For dowt, he put haim in hat peryle,
Dat hare Fadyre sufferyd qwhyle.
Malcolme he thyrd, to say schortly,
Makduff cownsalyd rycht thraly,
Set he wes noucht of lauchfull bed,
As in his Buke yhe have herd rede:
Makduff hym trettyd nevyr-he-les
To be of stark hart and stowtnes,
And manlykly to tak on hand
To bere he Crowne han of Scotland:
And bade hym hare-of hawe ná drede;
For kyng he suld be made in-dede:
And hat Traytoure he suld sla,
Dat banysyd hym and hys Bredyr twa.

L. 274.] The story of these two brothers of Malcolm, (see also c. xvi. of this book) and their refusal of the kingdom, which he, a bastard, obtained, seems to be a mere fiction. Yet, why it should have been invented, I can see no reason: surely not with intent to disgrace Malcolm, whose posterity never lost the crown, and where such eminent friends to the church. The transcriber of the Harleian MS. not liking this story, so derogatory to the royal family, omitted it in his transcript, and afterwards, changing his mind, added it at the end of his book. All the Scottish writers, who followed Wyntown, have carefully suppressed it.

Of Malcolm's brothers only Donald, who reigned after him, is known to the Scottish historians: but another Melmare is mentioned in *Orkneyinga Saga*, [p. 176,] whose son Maddad, Earl of Athol, is called son of a King Donald by the genealogists, because they knew of no other brother of Malcolm. Perhaps Melmare is the same whom Kennedy calls Oberard, and says, that on the usurpation of Macbeth he fled to Norway, (more likely to his cousin the Earl of Orknay, which was a Norwegian country,) and was progenitor of an Italian fa-

Dam Malcolme sayd, he had a ferly,
Dat he hym fandyde sá thraly
Of Scotland to tak he Crowne,
Qwhill he kend hys condytyowne.
Forsuth, he sayde, hare wes náne han
Swá lycherows a lyvand man,
As he wes; and for hat thyng
He dowtyde to be made a Kyng.
A Kyngis lyf, he sayd, suld be
Ay led in-til gret honestè:
For hi he cowth iwyl be a Kyng
He sayd, hat oysyd swilk lyvyng.

Makduff han sayd til hym agayne,
Dat hat excusatyowne wes in wayne:
For gyve he oysyd hat in-dede,
Of Women he suld have ná nede;
For of hys awyne Land suld he
Fayre Wemen have in gret plentè.
Gyve he had Conscyens of hat plycht,
Mend to God, hat has he mycht.

Dan Malcolme sayd, 'Dare is mare,
F 152 b 'Dat lettis me wyth he to fare:
'Dat is, hat I am suá brynnand
'In Cowatys, hat all Scotland
'Owre lytil is to my persowne:
'I set nowcht hare-by a bwttowne.'

Makduff sayd, 'Cum on wyth me:
'In Ryches how fall abowndand be.
'Trow wele he Kynryk of Scotland
'Is in Ryches abowndand.'

Yhit mare Malcolme sayd agayne
'Til Makduff of Fyfe he Thayne,
'De thryd wyce yhit máis me Lete
'My purpos on thys thyng to sete:
'I am sá fals, hat ná man may
'Trow á worde, hat evyre I say.'

'Ha, ha! Frend, I leve he hare,'
Makduff sayd, 'I will ná mare.

mily, called *Cantelmi*. [*Dissertation on the Family of Stuart*, p. 193, where he refers to records examined reg. Car. II,] in *Scala Chronica* [ap. Lel. V. I, p 529] there is a confused story of two brothers of Malcolm. These various notices seem sufficient to establish the existence of two brothers of Malcolm; but that either of them was preferable to him for age or legitimacy is extremely improbable. It is, however, proper to observe, that, in those days, bastardy was scarcely an impediment in the succession to the crown in the neighbouring kingdoms of Norway and Ireland; that Alexander, the son of this Malcolm, took a bastard for his queen; and that, in England, a victorious king, the contemporary of Malcolm, assumed *bastard* as a title in his charters

John Cumin, the competitor for the crown, who derived his right from Donald, the brother of Malcolm, knew nothing of this story, which, if true, would at least have furnished him an excellent argument. *D. Macpherson.*

'I will ná langare karpe wyth he,
'Ná of his matere have Trettè;
'Syne how can nohire hald, ná say
'Dat stedfast Trowth wald, or gud Fay.
'He is ná man, of swylk a Kynd
'Cummyn, bot of he Dewylis Strynd,
'Dat can nohyr do ná say
'Han langis to Trowth, and gud Fay.
'Gòi of he Dewyl sayd in á quhile,
'As I hawe herd red he Wangyle,
'He is, he sayd, a Leare fals:
'Swylk is of him he Fadyre als.
'Here nov my Leve, I tak at hè,
'And gyvys wp hályly all Trettè.
'I cownt notcht he tohir twá
'Wycys he walu of a Strá:
'Bot hys thryft he has sald all owte,
'Quham falshad haldis wndyrlowte.'
Til Makduff of Fyf he Thayne
Dis Malcolme awnsweryde han agayne,
'I will, I will,' he sayd, 'wyth he
'Pass, and prove how all will be.
'I sall be lele and stedfast ay,
'And hald till ilkè man gud fay.
'And ná les in he I trowe.
'For-hi my purpos hále is nowe,
'For my Fadrys dede to tá
'Revengeans, and hat Traytoure sla,
'Dat has my Fadyre befor slayne;
'Or I sall dey in-to he payne.'
To he Kyng han als fast
To tak hys Leve han Malcolme past,
Makduff wyth hym hand in hand.
Dis Kyng Edward of Ingland
F.133 a Gawe hym hys Lewe, and hys gud wyll,
And gret suppowale heycht hame tille,
And helpe to wyn hys Herytage.
On his hai tuke hane haire wayage.
And his Kyng han of Ingland
Bad he Lord of Northwmbyrland,
Schyr Sward, to rys wyth all hys mycht
In Malcolmys helpe to wyn hys rycht.
Dan wyth hame of Nothumbyrland
Dis Malcolme enteryd in Scotland,
And past oure Forth, doun strawcht to Tay,
Wp hat Wattyre he hey way

L. 357.] The word "doun," taken in here from the Cotton MS. instead of "syne" in the Royal, affords us a tolerable plan of the route of Malcolm and his Northumbrian allies; which, as far as Perth, seems to be the same that Agri-

To he Brynnane to-gyddyr hále.
Dare hai bád, and tvk cownsale.
Syne hai herd, hat Makbeth aye
In fantown Fretis had gret Fay,
And trowth had in Swylk Fantasy,
Be hat he trowyd stedfastly,
Nevyre dyscumfyt for to be,
Qwhill wyth hys Eyne he suld se
De Wode browcht of Brynnane
To he hill of Dwnsynane.

Of hat Wode [hare] ilka man
In-til hys hand a busk tuk han:
Of all hys Ost wes ná man fré,
Dan in his hand a busk bare he:
And til Dwnsynane alsa fast
Agayne his Makbeth hai past,
For hai thowcht wytht swylk a wyle
Dis Makbeth for til begyle.
Swá for to cum in prewaté
On hym, or he suld wytryd be.
De flyttand Wod hai callyd ay
Dat lang tyme eftyre-hend hat day.
Of his quhen he had sene hat sycht,
He wes rycht wá, and tuk he flycht:
And owre he Mownth hai chást hym han
Til he Wode of Lunfanan.
Dis Makduff wes hare mást felle,
And on hat chás han mást crwele.
Bot a Knyght, hat in hat chás
Til his Makbeth han nerest was,
Makbeth turnyd hym agayne,
And sayd, 'Lurdane, how prykys in wayne,
'For how may noucht be he, I trowe,
'Dat to dede sall sla me nowe.
'Dat man is nowcht borne of Wyf
'Of powere to rewe me my lyfe.'

De Knycht sayd, 'I wes nevyr borne;
F. 153 b 'Bot of my Modyre Wáme wes schorne.
'Now sall hi Tresowne here tak end;
'For to hi Fadyre I sall hé send.'

cola, and all the other invaders of Scotland after him, have pursued. After passing the Forth, probably at the first ford above Stirling, they marched down the coast of Fife, no doubt taking Kennauchy, the seat of Macduff, in their way, where they would be joined by the forces of Fife; thence they proceeded, gathering strength as they went, attended and supported (like Agricola) by the shipping, which the Northumbrians of that age had in abundance, ["valida classe, says *Sim. Dun. col.* 187, describing this expedition,] and turned west along the north coast of Fife, the shipping being then stationed in the river and firth of Tay. Macbeth appears to have retreated before them to the north part of the kingdom, where, probably, his interest was strongest. *D. Macpherson.*

L. 398.] This appears to be historic truth. But Boyse thought it did not make so good a story, as that Macbeth should be slain by Macduff, whom he therefore

Dus Makbeth slwe hai han
In-to he Wode of Lunfanan:
And his Hewyd hai strak off hare;
And hat wyth hame frá hine hai bare
Til Kynkardyn, quhare he Kyng
Tylle hare gayne-come made bydyng.
Of hat slawchter ar hire wers
In Latyne wryttyne to rehers;

Rex Macabeda decem Scotie Septemque fit annis,
In cujus regno fertile tempus erat:
Hunc in Lunfanan truncavit morte crudeli
Duncani natus, nomine Malcolmus.

From the non-appearance of Banquo in this ancient and authentick Chronicle, it is evident that his character, and consequently that of Fleance, were the fictions of Hector Boece, who seems to have been more ambitious of furnishing picturesque incidents for the use of playwrights, than of exhibiting sober facts on which historians could rely. The phantoms of a dream,* in the present instance, he has embodied, and

"——— gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation and a name."

Nor is he solicitous only to reinforce creation. In thinning the ranks of it he is equally expert; for as often as lavish slaughters are necessary to his purpose, he has unscrupulously supplied them from his own imagination. "I laud him," however, "I praise him," (as Falstaff says) for the tragedy of *Macbeth*, perhaps, might not have been so successfully raised out of the less dramatick materials of his predecessor Wyntown. The want of such an essential agent as Banquo, indeed, could scarce have operated more disadvantageously in respect to Shakspeare, than it certainly has in regard to the royal object of his flattery; for, henceforward, what prop can be found for the pretended ancestry of James the First? or what plea for Isaac Wake's most courtly deduction from the supposed prophecy of the Weird Sisters? "Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit; Banquonis enim e stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. 1605. *Steevens.*

works up to a proper temper of revenge, by previously sending Macbeth to murder his wife and children. All this has a very fine effect in romance, or upon the stage. *D. Macpherson.*

* Lord Hailes, on the contrary, in a note on his *Annals of Scotland*, Vol. I, p. 3, charges Buchanan with having softened the *appearance* of the Witches into a *dream* of the same tendency; whereas he has only brought this story back to the probability of its original, as related by Wyntown. *Steevens.*

KING JOHN.

KING JOHN.

THE troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

Pope.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted, in two parts, in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play, in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson mistakes, when he says there is no mention, in Rowley's works, of any conjunction with Shakspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly, though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken, when he says (Pref. p. 15) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John;* and, when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. *Farmer.*

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of those I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. *Steevens.*

A play entitled *The troublesome Raigne of John King of England,* in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play, in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which, at that time, was not published.

Malone.

KING JOHN.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

Theobald.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed, not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions, throughout the following historical dramas, viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II*, *Henry IV*, two parts, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, three parts, *Richard III*, and *Henry VIII*.

"A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play upon the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. *Steevens.*

The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1616.

A book entitled *Richard* Cur *de Lion* was entered on the Stationer' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. *Malone.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John:
Prince Henry, *his son; afterwards king* Henry III.
Arthur, *duke of* Bretagne, *son of* Geffrey, *late duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of king* John.
William Mareshall, *earl of* Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *earl of* Essex, *chief justiciary of* England.
William Longsword, *earl of* Salisbury.*
Robert Bigot, *earl of* Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, *chamberlain to the king.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *son of sir* Robert Faulconbridge:
Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother, bastard son to king* Richard the First.
James Gurney, *servant to lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a prophet.*

Philip, *king of* France.
Lewis, *the dauphin.*
Arch-duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, *the pope's legate.*
Melun, *a* French *lord.*
Chatillon, *ambassador from* France *to king* John.

Elinor, *the widow of king* Henry II, *and mother of king* John.
Constance, *mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *daughter to* Alphonso, *king of* Castile, *and niece to king* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the bastard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, ladies, citizens of Angiers, *sheriff, heralds, officers, soldiers, messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,

Sometimes in England, *and sometimes in* France.

* —— *Salisbury.*] Son to King Henry II, by Rosamond Clifford. *Steevens.*

KING JOHN.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,[1] to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

[1] *In my behaviour,*] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France,* says the envoy, *thus speaks in my* behaviour *to the majesty of England;* that is, the King of France speaks in the *character* which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *in my behaviour,* &c. had been uttered by the ambassador, as a part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the King of France towards the King of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. *Johnson.*

In my behaviour means, in the manner that *I now do.* *M. Mason.*

In my behaviour means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. So, in the fifth Act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king—

"—— Now hear our English king,
"For thus his royalty doth speak *in me.*" *Malone.*

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control[2] of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.[3]

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning[4] in the eyes of France;

[2] — *control* —] *Opposition*, from *controller*. *Johnson.*

I think it rather means *constraint* or *compulsion*. So, in the second Act of *King Henry V*, when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, and the King answers—"Or else what follows?" Exeter replies:

"Bloody *constraint*; for if you hide the crown
"Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

The passages are exactly similar. *M. Mason.*

[3] *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,*
Controlment for controlment: &c.] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the King of Portugal, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605: "*And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—
"Bal. *Tribute for tribute* then; and *foes for foes.*
"*And.* —— I bid you sudden wars." *Steevens.*

[4] *Be thou as* lightning —] The similie does not suit well: the lightning, indeed, appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. *Johnson.*

The allusion may, notwithstanding, be very proper, so far as Shakspeare had applied it, i. e. merely the *swiftness* of the *lightning*, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the *thunder*. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself.—See *King Lear*, Act III, sc. ii, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, sc. v, *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, sc. iii, and still more decisively in *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. ii. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. *Ritson.*

King John does not allude to the destructive powers either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his *cannon*. Johnson also forgets, that though, philoso-

For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage[5] of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to 't: Farewel, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHAT. *and* PEM.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[6] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear,

phically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally, in poetry, been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear says:

"You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
"Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
"Singe my white head!" *M. Mason.*

[5] —— sullen *presage* —] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird* of *ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. *Johnson.*

I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *King Henry IV*, P. II, we find—

"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell* —." *Malone.*

That here are two ideas is evident; but the second of them has not been luckily explained. *The sullen presage of your own decay*, means, *the dismal passing bell, that announces your own approaching dissolution. Steevens.*

[6] —— *the manage* —] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *K Richard II:*

"—— for the rebels
"Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege." *Steevens.*

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.[7]

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*[8]

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

[7] *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire,* &c.] This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says: "Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente,* Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat," &c.

Matthew Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans,* calls him *Falce,* but in his *General History, Falcasius de Brente,* as above.

Holinshed says that "Richard I, had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following, killed the Viscount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father. *Steevens.*

Perhaps the following passage in the continuation of Harding's *Chronicle,* 1543, fol. 24, b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip: "— one *Faulconbridge,* therle of Kent, his *bastarde,* a stoute-harted man."

Who the mother of Philip was is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province.

In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
"*A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous.*" *Malone.*

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.[9]
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r[1] I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

[9] *But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,*
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may,] The resemblance between this sentiment, and that of Telemachus, in the first Book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, says I am his sonne;
"I know not; nor was ever simple knowne,
"By any child, the sure truth of his sire."

Mr. Pope has observed, that the like sentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. *Steevens.*

[1] *But* whe'r —] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Good sir, say *whe'r* you 'll answer me, or no." *Steevens.*

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,[2]
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face[3] would he have all my land:

[2] *He hath a* trick *of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline.

The following passage, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the phrase to be borrowed from delineation:

"—— You can blazon the rest, Signior?

"O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*."

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels:*

"—— the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them." *Steevens.*

By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion. So Helen, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, says, speaking of Bertram—

"—— 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
"To see him every hour; to sit and draw
"His arched brows, &c.
"In our heart's table; heart too capable
"Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour."

And Gloster, in *King Lear*, says—

"The *trick* of that voice I do well remember." *M. Mason.*

[3] *With that* half-face —] The old copy—with *half that* face. But why with *half* that face? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text: *With that* half-face —. Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of King Henry VII, viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. Vide Stowe's *Survey of London*, p. 47, Holinshed, Camden's *Remains*, &c. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face: the groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII, at the time above mentioned, coined groats

A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,[4]
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,[5]
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:

and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of K. Henry VIII, were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats, with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it: for, in the time of King John, there were no groats at all; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of K. Edward III. *Theobald.*

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

Again, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *large lengths of seas and shores*
Between my father and my mother lay,] This is Homeric, and is thus rendered by Chapman, in the first *Iliad:*

"—— hills enow, and farre-resounding seas
"Powre out their shades and deepes between. —"

Again, in Ovid, *De Tristibus*, IV, vii, 21:

"Innumeri montes inter me teque, viæque
"Fluminaque et campi, nec freta pauca, jacent." *Steevens.*

[5] —— took it, *on his death,*] i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying. So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— this, I *take it,*
"Is the main motive of our preparation." *Steevens.*

And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;[6]
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,[7]—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?[8]

[6] —— *your father might have kept*
This calf, *bred from his* cow, *from all the world;*] The decision of King John coincides with that of Menie, the Indian lawgiver: "Should a bull beget a hundred *calves* on *cows* not owned by his master, those *calves* belong solely to the proprietors of the *cows*." See *The Hindu Laws*, &c. translated by Sir W. Jones, London edit. p. 251. *Steevens.*

[7] *This concludes,*] This is a *decisive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. *Johnson.*

[8] *Lord of* thy *presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* can signify only *master of thyself*, and it is a strange expression to signify even *that.* However, *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We should read—*Lord of the presence*, i. e. prince of the blood. *Warburton.*

Lord of thy presence, *and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* means, master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;[9]
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes![1]

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes. *Johnson.*

[9] *And I had his, sir Robert* his, *like him;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is—*If I had his shape, sir Robert's —as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the *'s* added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

"—— Who now lives to age,
"Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page?" *Johnson.*

This ought to be printed:

——— *sir* Robert his, *like him.*

His, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. *Malone.*

[1] ——— *my face so thin,*
That in mine ear *I durst not stick a* rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces.—She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence; and all these pieces had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says, "He values me at a *cracked three-farthings*. *Malone.*

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610:

"—— Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings."

"*Firk.* 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-pence; I smell the *rose*." *Steevens.*

The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the *Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy*, L. II, c. i: "Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses par tous*

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,[2]
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I 'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.[3]

les coins," i. e. *in every place about him,* says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions. *Warburton.*

The *roses* stuck in the ear were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands. In Marston's *What you will,* is the following passage: "Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband,* wearing it in his *ear,*" &c. Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* "— This *ribband* in my *ear,* or so." Again, in *Love and Honour,* by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:

"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung
"With *ribbanding,*" &c.

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one, with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses;* and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy,* says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers* in the *ear.*"

At Kirtling, (vulgarly pronounced—*Catlage*) in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait, (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth) with a red *rose* sticking *in her ear.*" *Steevens.*

Marston, in his *Satires,* 1598, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:

"*Ribbanded eares,* Grenada nether-stocks."

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry, in our author's time, suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's silken shoe-strings in them. *Malone.*

[2] *And* to *his shape,* were *heir to all this land,*] There is no noun to which *were* can belong, unless the personal pronoun in the last line but one be understood here. I suspect that our author wrote—

And though *his shape were heir to all this land,*

Thus the sentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. *Madam,* an if *my brother had my shape, and I had his*—and if *my legs were,* &c.—and though *his shape were heir,* &c. *I would give* —. *Malone.*

The old reading is the true one. "*To* his shape" means, in *addition* to it. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"The Greeks are strong, and skilful *to* their strength,
"Fierce *to* their skill, and *to* their fierceness valiant."

Mr. M. Mason, however, would transpose the words *his* and *this:*

And to this *shape were heir to all* his *land.*

By *this* shape, says he, Faulconbridge means, the shape he had been just describing. *Steevens.*

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.[4]
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;[5]
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.[6]
Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

[3] I *would not be sir* Nob —] Sir *Nob* is used contemptuously for Sir Robert. The old copy reads—It *would not be* —. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that it is necessary. *Malone.*

[4] ——— *unto the death.*] This expression (a Gallicism,—*à la mort*) is common among our ancient writers. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *but arise more great;*] The old copy reads only—*rise.* Mr. Malone conceives this to be the true reading, and that *more* is here used as a dissyllable. I do not suppress this opinion, though I cannot concur in it. *Steevens.*

[6] *Arise sir Richard, and* Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II, but it is, as Camden observes, in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou or by K. Henry II, the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress;* his son Richard *Cœur-de-Lion;* and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land.* *Malone.*

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?[7]
Something about, a little from the right,[8]
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:[9]
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bast.

A foot of honour[1] better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

[7] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by *honesty*;—what *then?* *Johnson.*

[8] *Something about, a little from the right,* &c.] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am,* says the sprightly knight, *your grandson,* a little *irregularly,* but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day,* must *make his motions* in the *night; he,* to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window,* or leap *the hatch.* This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have,* however it was *caught,* and that he *who wins, shot well,* whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far* off it. *Johnson.*

[9] *In at the window,* &c.] These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock.* So, in *The Family of Love,* 1608: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window!*" So, in *Northward Hoe,* by Decker and Webster, 1607: "—kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch,* and sailing to Westminster," &c. Such another phrase occurs in *Any Thing for a quiet Life:* "—— then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects *came not in at the right door.*" Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire,* by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "—It appears then by your discourse that you *came in at the window.*" —"I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap *over the hatch.*" Again: "—to escape the dogs hath leaped *in at a window.*"—"'Tis thought *you came into the world that way,*—because you are a *bastard.*" *Steevens.*

[1] *A foot of honour* —] A *step, un pas.* *Johnson.*

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
Good den,[2] *sir Richard*,—*God-a-mercy*,[3] *fellow*;—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion.[4] Now your traveller,[5]—

[2] *Good den*,] i. e. a good evening. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *sir Richard*,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV, Salisbury calls him Sir *Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read *Sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. *Steevens.*

[4] *'Tis too* respective, *and too sociable*
For your conversion.] *Respective* is *respectful, formal.* So, in *The Case is altered*, by Ben Jonson, 1609: "I pray you, sir; you are too *respective* in good faith." Again, in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607: "Seem *respective*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew." Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V:
"You shall have been *respective*," &c.
Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad*:
"—— his honourable blood
"Was struck with a *respective* shame;—"
For your *conversion* is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. *Steevens.*

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a license of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that "new-made honour doth *forget* men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had said, "— does *not remember* men's names." *To remember the name of an inferior*, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *conversion*,—for your present condition, now *converted* from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight. *Malone.*

[5] —— *Now your* traveller,] It is said, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, that "a *traveller* is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. *Johnson.*

So, in *The partyng of Frendes*, a Copy of Verses subjoined to Tho. Churchyard's *Praise and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. 1578:
"—— and all the parish throw
"At church or market, in some sort, will talke of *trav'lar* now." *Steevens.*

He and his tooth-pick[6] at my worship's mess;[7]
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:[8]——*My dear sir*,

[6] *He and his* tooth-pick —] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man's affecting foreign fashions. *Johnson.*

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one, entitled *Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withipoll a little before his latter Journey to Geane*, 1572. The following lines may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to inquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
"Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array;—
"As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe;
"Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way;
"A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
"A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes:
"A slender slop close couched to your dock;
"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose," &c.

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601: "— A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth." So also, Fletcher:

"—— You that trust in travel;
"You that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks*."

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630: "I will continue my state-posture, use my *tooth-pick* with discretion," &c.

Steevens.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616, [Article, *an Affected Traveller:*] "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beere good drink; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." *Malone.*

[7] —— *at my worship's* mess;] means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed. See *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VI, p. 236, n. 1.

Your *worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord. *Malone.*

[8] *My* picked *man of countries:*] The word *picked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Picked* may, however mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says, in one of his prologues: "Fresh and new her geare *ypiked* was." And in *The Merchant's Tale:* "He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*." In Hyrd's translation of Vives's *Instruction of a Christian Woman*, printed in 1591, we meet

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:[9]—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:——
No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;[1]

with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed. —Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue, and not their ornaments, banished out of the country, by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling." Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

"'Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire
"About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* "He is too *picked*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. alamode de France," &c.

If a comma be placed after the word *man*,—"I catechise *my picked man*, of countries;" the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled." *Steevens.*

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "— such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pyking*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce, affected, effeminate.*

See also Minshieu's *Dict.* 1617: "To *picke* or *trimme*. Vid. *Trimme*." *Malone.*

My *picked man of countries* is—my *travelled fop*. *H. White.*

[9] —— *like an* ABC-book:] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *abcy-book* is a *catechism*. *Johnson.*

So, in the ancient *Interlude of Youth*, bl. l. no date:

"In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,
"Yt is written, *deus charitas est*."

Again, in Tho. Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616: "— make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*." *Steevens.*

[1] *And so, ere answer knows what question would,*
(*Saving in dialogue of* compliment;] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliment in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *O, how blessed do*

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,[2]
That doth not smack of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though[3] I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes[4] in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn[5] before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.[6]

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." *Tollet.*

[2] *For he is but a bastard to the time,* &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. The old copy in the next line reads—*smoak*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[3] *Which, though* —] The construction will be mended, if, instead of *which though*, we read *this though*. *Johnson.*

[4] *But who comes* —] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *to blow a* horn —] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, was likely to *horn* her husband. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *James Gurney.*] Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John, who not long before his victory at Mirabeau, over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh *Gorney*, near Butevant, in Normandy. *Malone.*

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand[7] the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave,[8] good Philip.
Bast. Philip?—sparrow![9]—James,
There 's toys abroad;[1] anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GUR.

[7] *Colbrand*—] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. *Johnson.*

Colbrond is also mentioned in the old romance of *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, sig. a. iii:

"Or els so doughty of my honde
"As was the gyaunte syr *Colbronde*." *Steevens.*

[8] *Good leave*, &c.] *Good leave* means a *ready assent*. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act III, sc. ii:

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.
"*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."
Steevens.

[9] *Philip?—sparrow!*] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope, in a short note, remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. *Johnson.*

Gascoigne has likewise a poem, entitled *The Praise of Phil Sparrow*; and in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, is the following passage:

"The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.
"*Philip* is treading, treading," &c.

Again, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633:

"A bird whose pastime made me glad,
"And *Philip* 'twas my *sparrow*."

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude, by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in kepynge such a *Phylyp Sparowe*." *Steevens.*

The Bastard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow? *Hawkins.*

[1] *There 's toys abroad*; &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"—— *Toys*, mere *toys*,
"What wisdom 's in the streets."

Again, in a postscript of a letter from the Countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner, for the

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:[2]
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)[3]
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:[4]

murder of Sir Thomas Overbury: "— they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys*." *State Trials*, Vol. I, p. 322. *Steevens*.

[2] —— *might have eat his part in me*
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:
"—— he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."
Steevens.

[3] —— (to *confess!*)] Mr. M. Mason regards the adverb *to* as an error of the press: but I rather think, *to* confess, means—*to* come to confession. "But, to come to a fair confession now, (says the Bastard) could he have been the instrument of my production?" *Steevens*.

[4] Knight, knight, *good mother,—Basilisco-like:*] Thus must this passage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him; as, for instance:
"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.
"*Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—
"*Bas.* By the contents of this blade,—
"*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
"*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.
"Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave."
So that, it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight*, in the

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:——
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art[5] the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins[6] do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,[7]
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation: which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcasm. *Theobald.*

[5] Thou *art* —] Old copy—*That* art. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[6] *Some sins* —] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. *Johnson.*

[7] *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—*
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.* *Percy.*

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

France. *Before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,[8]
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:[9]

[8] *Richard, that robb'd* &c.] So Rastal, in his *Chronicle:* "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon;* but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake." *Grey.*

I have an old black-lettered *History of Lord Faultonbridge*, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. *Farmer.*

[9] *By this brave duke came early to his grave:*] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power. *Steevens.*

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I had been thrown in prison in 1193, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of *Ostriche* the said Duke's

And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[1] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,[2]
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,

banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his *Chronicle*, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says—

"And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,
"And *trod thine ensigns underneath his feet*," &c.

Other historians say, that the duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies, for political purposes. *Malone.*

[1] *At our* importance —] At our *importunity*. *Johnson.*
So, in *Twelfth Night:*
"——— Maria writ
"The letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*." *Steevens.*

[2] ——*that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. *Johnson.*

Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.[3]

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—[4]
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady![5]—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time

[3] *To make a* more *requital* &c.] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified, in our author's time, *greater*. *Steevens.*

[4] *To cull the plots of best advantages:*] i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town. *Henley.*

[5] *A wonder, lady!*] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails, more or less, in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. *Johnson.*

To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient[6] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;[7]
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:[8]
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,[9]
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,[1]
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath[2] in Christendom.

[6] —— *expedient* —] Immediate, *expeditious*. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:
"A breach, that craves a quick, *expedient* stop." *Steevens.*

[7] *An* Até, *stirring him* &c.] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The player-editors read—*an* Ace. *Steevens.*
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[8] *With them a bastard of the* king *deceas'd:*] The old copy erroneously reads—*king's*. *Steevens.*
This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere. *Malone.*
It may as justly be said, that the same error has been elsewhere repeated by the same illiterate compositors. *Steevens.*

[9] *Bearing their birthrights* &c.] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—— O, many
"Have broke their backs with laying manors on them."
Johnson.

[1] *Than now the English bottoms have* waft *o'er.*] *Waft* for *wafted*. So again in this play:
"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot —."
i. e. heated. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *scath* —] Destruction, harm. *Johnson.*
So, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:
"For these accounts, 'faith it shall *scath* thee something."
Again:
"And it shall *scath* him somewhat of my purse." *Steevens.*

The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought[3] his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[4] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's:[5] In the name of God,

[3] —— *under-wrought* —] i. e. underworked, undermined. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *this* brief —] A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"Here is a *brief* how many sports are ripe." *Steevens.*

[5] *England was Geffrey's right,*
And this *is Geffrey's:*] I have no doubt but we should read—"*and* his *is Geffrey's.*" The meaning is, "England was Geffrey's right, and whatever was Geffrey's, is now *his,*" pointing to Arthur. *M. Mason.*

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.[6]
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world![7]

[6] *To look into the* blots *and stains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized, and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be used in that time for *spots:* so Shakspeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." The verb to *blot* is used figuratively for to *disgrace*, a few lines lower. And, perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake. *Johnson.*

Blots is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what, in ancient heraldry, was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II:*

"No bastard's mark doth *blot* his conquering shield."

Blots and *stains* occur again together in the first scene of the third Act. *Steevens.*

Blot had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III. *Malone.*

[7] *That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!*] "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande*, till her sonne should come to a lawfull age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary." *Malone.*

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[8]

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.[9]

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.[1]
You are the hare[2] of whom the proverb goes,

[8] —— *an if* thou *wert his mother;*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. *Malone.*

[9] *Hear the* crier.] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Austria has just said *Peace! Malone.*

[1] *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*
An 'a may catch your hide *and you alone.*] The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. *Pope.*

See p. 301, n. 7, and p. 302, n. 8. *Malone.*

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient, at that time, to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. *Johnson.*

[2] *You are the* hare —] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"He hunted well that was a lion's death;
"Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
"So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard." *Steevens.*

The proverb alluded to is, "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." Erasmi Adag. *Malone.*

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:[3]—
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine[4] what we shall do straight.

[3] *It lies as sightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' shoes *upon an ass:*] But why his *shoes*, in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an ass. I am persuaded I have retrieved the true reading; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge, in his resentment, would say this to Austria: "That lion's skin, which my great father King Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass." A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I, is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. *Theobald.*

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies, on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606: "— are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Greene's Epistle Dedicatory to *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588: "— and so, lest I should shape *Hercules' shoe for a child's foot*, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Greene's *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' shoe* on Achilles' foot." Again, *ibid:* "*Hercules' shoe* will never serve a *child's foot*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "— to draw the lion's skin upon Æsop's asse, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childes feete." Again, in the second of William Rankins's *Seven Satyres*, &c. 1598:

"Yet in *Alcides' buskins* will he stalke." *Steevens.*

—— *upon an ass:*] i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an ass. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of the ass; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides' *shows*. *Malone.*

[4] K. Phi. *Lewis, determine* &c.] Thus Mr. Malone, and perhaps rightly; for the next speech is given, in the old copy, (as it stands in the present text) to *Lewis* the Dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. The speech itself, however, seems suffi-

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou,[5] Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no![6]

ciently appropriated to the King; and nothing can be inferred from the folio, with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant. *Steevens.*

In the old copy this line stands thus:

King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

To the first three speeches spoken in this scene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The transcriber or compositor having, I imagine, forgotten to distinguish the word *King* by Italicks, and to put a full point after it, these words have been printed as part of Austria's speech: "King Lewis," &c. but such an arrangement must be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in possession of the line, and corrected the error by reading here, "King *Philip*, determine," &c. and giving the next speech to him, instead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might stand as part of Austria's speech, and that he might have addressed *Philip* and *the Dauphin* by the words King,—Lewis, &c. but the addressing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, seems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above stated. *Malone.*

[5] —— *Anjou,*] Old copy—*Angiers.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[6] *Now shame upon you,* whe'r she *does, or no!*] *Whe'r* for *whether.* So, in an *Epigram,* by Ben Jonson:

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,[7]
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he 's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague[8]

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare send my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

"That maugre *where* she woulde or not —." *Malone.*

Read: —— *whe'r* he *does, or no!*—i. e. whether he weeps, or not. Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that *she* shames him. *Ritson.*

[7] *Of this oppressed boy:* This is *thy eldest son's son,*] Mr. Ritson would omit the redundant words—*This is,* and read:

Of this oppressed boy: thy eldest son's son. Steevens.

[8] *I have but this to say,—*
That he 's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague &c.] This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb,* pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime,* and sometimes for *offspring.*

He 's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime;* but her *sin,* her *offspring,* and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her;* to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

—— *plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her sin; his injury

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

—— plagu'd for her
And with her.—Plague her son! *his injury*
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*. *Johnson*.

Mr. Roderick reads:

—— plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd; *her sin, his injury.—*

We may read:

But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e. *God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her;* the same power hath likewise *made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin.* i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. *Steevens*.

Constance observes that *he* (*iste*, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall she names not,") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. *Tollet*.

Plagued in these plays generally means *punished*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed."

So, Holinshed: "—— they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully flie," &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—And with her —. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues." *Malone*.

And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration.

——*I have but this to say,*
That he 's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation in the *second commandment*, of "*visiting the iniquities of the parents* upon the children, unto the THIRD *and* FOURTH *generation*," &c.

"Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
* * * * * * * *
"—— This is thy eldest son's son,
* * * * * * * *
"Thy sins are *visited* in this poor child;
"The *canon of the law* is laid on him,
"Being but the *second generation*
"Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb."

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her *immediate*, but REMOVED *issue*—the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her* immediate *infliction*.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it*. HIS *injury*, or, *the evil* he *suffers*, her *sin brings upon him*, and HER *injury*, or, *the evil* she *inflicts*, *he suffers from* her, as *the beadle to her sin*, or *executioner of the punishment annexed to it*. *Henley*.

To these ill-tuned repetitions.[9]—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.[1]——
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes,[2] your winking gates;[3]

[9] *It ill beseems this presence, to* cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.] Dr. Warburton has well observed, on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage* I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to cry *aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raise *attention*. But I rather think that the old word of applause was *J'aime, I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime*, or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid:*

"—— Can I *cry aim*
"To this against myself? ——"

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III, p. 89, where Ford says; "— and these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*." See the note on that passage. *Steevens.*

[1] *For* our *advantage;—Therefore, hear us first.*] If we read—*For* your *advantage*, it will be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. *Tyrwhitt.*

[2] Confront *your city's eyes,*] The old copy reads—*Comfort*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. *Steevens.*

And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited,[4] and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,——
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck[5] before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,[6]
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied[7] in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread

[3] —— *your* winking *gates;*] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"And *winking* leap'd into *destruction.*" *Malone.*
So, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "Whether it were lead or latten that hasp'd those *winking* casements, I know not." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *dishabited,*] i. e. dislodged, violently removed from their places:—a word, I believe, of our author's coinage. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a* countercheck —] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:
"Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull." *Steevens.*

[6] *They shoot but calm* words, folded up in smoke,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"This helpless *smoke of words*, doth me no right."
Malone.

[7] *Forwearied* —] i. e. worn out, Sax. So Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, speaking of the mantle of Avarice:
"And if it were *forwerid*, she
"Would havin," &c. *Steevens.*

In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it;[8] namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure[9] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

[8] *To him that* owes *it;*] i. e. *owns* it. See our author and his contemporaries, passim. So, in *Othello:*

"—— that sweet sleep
"That thou *ow'dst* yesterday." *Steevens.*

[9] *'Tis not the* roundure *&c.*] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

So, in *All 's lost by Lust*, a tragedy, by Rowley, 1633:

"—— will she meet our arms
"With an alternate *roundure?*"

Again, in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet:

"—— all things rare,
"That heaven's air in his huge *rondure* hems." *Steevens.*

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —
Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those, ——
Bast. Some bastards too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*to* Aus.] with your lioness,
I 'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,[1]
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace; no more.
Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to* Lew.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,[2]
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

[1] *I 'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old spurious play of *King John:*
"But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,
"If Philip front him with an English horn." *Steevens.*

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;[2]
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;[4]
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,[5] come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

[2] *You men of Angiers*, &c.] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing *the earth*, is just and beautiful. *Johnson.*

[3] *Rejoice, you men of Angiers*, &c.] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth:*

"—— Here lay Duncan,
"His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood.*" *Johnson.*

[4] —— *all* gilt *with Frenchmen's* blood;] This phrase which has already been exemplified in *Macbeth*, p. 111, n. 4, occurs also in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad:*

"The curets from great Hector's breast, all *gilded* with
his *gore.*"

Again, in the same translator's version of the 19th *Odyssey:*

"And shew'd his point *gilt* with the gushing *gore.*"
Steevens.

[5] *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen*, &c.] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare alludes to the same practice in *Julius Cæsar:*

"—— Here thy *hunters* stand,
"Sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd in thy lethe.*" *Steevens.*

Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Cit. [6]Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:[7]
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Bastard; *at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?[8]
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;

[6] *Heralds, from off* &c.] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The Citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *cannot be* censured:] i. e. cannot be estimated. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. *Malone.*

So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

"If you do *censure* me by what you were,
"Not what you are." *Steevens.*

[8] *Say, shall the current of our right* run *on?*] The old copy—*roam* on. *Steevens.*

The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which has been adopted in the subsequent editions. I do not perceive any need of change. In *The Tempest* we have—"the *wandering* brooks." *Malone.*

I prefer the reading of the second folio. So, in *K. Henry V:*

"As many streams *run* into one self sea."

The King would rather describe his right as *running on* in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied by the word *roam*. *Steevens.*

Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,[9]
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings![1] back to the stained field,
You equal potents,[2] fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?

1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

[9] —— mouthing *the flesh of men,*] The old copy reads—*mousing. Steevens.*

Mousing, like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* "Well *moused*, Lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." *Malone.*

I retain Mr. Pope's emendation, which is supported by the following passage in *Hamlet:* "— first *mouthed* to be last swallowed." Shakspeare designed no ridicule in this speech; and therefore did not write, (as when he was writing the burlesque interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*)—*mousing. Steevens.*

[1] *Cry, havock, kings!*] That is, *command slaughter to proceed.* So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"*Cry, havock,* and let slip the dogs of war." *Johnson.*

[2] *You equal* potents,] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603: "Ane of the *potentes of the town,* ——." *Steevens.*

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears;[3] until our fears, resolv'd,

[3] *A greater power than* we, *denies all this;* ——
King'd of *our fears;*] The old copy reads—
Kings of our fears — &c. *Steevens.*

A greater power than we, may mean, *the Lord of hosts,* who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions,* they are not at all afraid, but are *kings;* i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful King of England are removed. *Tollet.*

We should read, *than ye.* What power was this? their *fears.* It is plain, therefore, we should read:

Kings are *our fears;* ——

i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

Kings are *our fears;* ——

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of *our fears;* ——

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth,* Act II, sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

"—— she is so idly *king'd.*"

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of,* here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by. Tyrwhitt.*

King'd *of our fears;*] i. e. our fears being our kings, or rulers. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II:*

"Then I am *king'd* again."

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed.* Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece,* strongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture:

"So shall these *slaves* [Tarquin's unruly *passions*] be *kings,*
and thou their slave."

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers[4] flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes[5] and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,[6]
Be friends a while,[7] and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours[8] have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—— It seems, she was a queen
"Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,
"Sought to be *king* o'er her."

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some license in transferring speeches from one person to another. *Malone.*

[4] —— *these* scroyles *of Angiers* —] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"—— hang them *scroyles!*" *Steevens.*

[5] *At your* industrious *scenes* —] I once wished to read—*illustrious*; but now I believe the text to be right. *Malone.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Your *industrious* scenes and acts of death, is the same as if the speaker had said —your laborious *industry* of war. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— and put we on
"*Industrious* soldiership." *Steevens.*

[6] *Do like the* mutines *of Jerusalem*,] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious. So again, in *Hamlet*:

"——— and lay
"Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes." *Malone.*

[7] *Be friends a while*, &c.] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprised in fewer and less spirited lines. *Steevens.*

[8] *Till their* soul-fearing *clamours* —] i. e. soul-appaling. *Malone.*

Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
I 'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,[9]

[9] —— *the lady* Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, King of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Elianor. *Steevens.*

Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,[1]
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say,[2] he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;[3]
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen[4] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself

[1] *If* zealous *love* &c.] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion.* *Johnson.*

[2] *If not complete,* O *say,*] The old copy reads—*If not complete* of, *say*, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. *Malone.*

[3] —— *such* a she;] The old copy—*as* she. *Steevens.*
Dr. Thirlby prescribed that reading, which I have here restored to the text. *Theobald.*

[4] ——— *at this match,*
With swifter spleen &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am lothe to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. *Johnson.*

In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here 's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags![5] Here 's a large mouth, indeed,

[5] *Here 's a* stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags!] I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

Here 's a flaw,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual, was easily missed. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the force of the word *stay*, is not exactly known. I meet with it in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this,
"But to set my things in a *stay*."

Perhaps by a *stay*, the Bastard means "a *steady, resolute fellow*, who shakes," &c. So, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, bl. l. 4to. 1567: "— more apt to follow th' inclination of vaine and lascivious desyer, than disposed to make a *staye* of herselfe in the trade of honest vertue."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 22d *Iliad*:

"Trie we then—if now their hearts will leave
"Their citie cleare, her cleare *stay* [i. e. Hector] slaine."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. x:

"Till riper yeares he raught, and stronger *stay*."

Shakspeare, therefore, who uses *wrongs* for *wrongers*, &c. &c. might have used a *stay* for a *stayer*. Churchyard, in his *Siege of Leeth*, 1575, having occasion to speak of a trumpet that sounded to proclaim a truce, says—

"This *staye* of warre made many men to muse."

I am therefore convinced that the first line of Faulconbridge's speech needs no emendation. *Steevens.*

Stay, I apprehend, here signifies *a supporter of a cause*. Here 's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. So, in the last Act of this play:

"What surety in the world, what hopes, what *stay*,
"When this was now a king, and now is clay?"

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no *stay*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"What *stay* had I, but Edward, and he 's gone."

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.[6]

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, Here 's a *stay*, "Here 's a fellow, who whilst he makes a proposition as a *stay* or *obstacle*, to prevent the effusion of blood, shakes," &c. The Citizen has just said:

"Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe a while to *stay*,
"And I shall show you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obstacle* could not shake death, &c. though the *person* who endeavoured to *stay* or prevent the attack of the two kings, might. Shakspeare seldom attends to such *minutiæ*. But the first explanation appears to me more probable. *Malone.*

[6] *Lest* zeal, *now melted*, &c.] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*. *Johnson.*

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. *Steevens.*

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice; and if this pas-

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read,[7] I love,

sage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, *Lest the now* zealous *and to you well-affected* heart *of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has* newly *been* melted and softened, *should by the soft petitions* of Constance, *and pity* for Arthur, *again* become congealed *and frozen.* I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line.—In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

"This act, so evilly born, shall *cool the hearts*
"Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal.*"

Here Shakspeare does not say that *zeal,* when "*congealed,* exerts its utmost power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceases* to exert itself at all; it is no longer zeal.

We again meet with the same allusion in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— This makes bold mouths;
"Tongues spit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*
"*Allegiance* in them."

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakspeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when *melted;* and repressed or diminished, when *frozen.* The word *freeze,* in the passages just quoted, shews that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals,* but to *ice.*

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal,* which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal,* if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it *was,*" (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal,*) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was,* before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal.*"

Malone.

The *windy breath* that will *cool metals in a state of fusion,* produces not the effects of *frost.* I am, therefore, yet to learn, how "the *soft petitions of Constance,* and *pity* for Arthur," (two gentle agents) were competent to the act of *freezing.*—There is surely somewhat of impropriety in employing *Favonius* to do the work of *Boreas.* *Steevens.*

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou,[8] and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.[9]

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

[7] *Can in this book of beauty read,*] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Her *face*, the book of *praises*," &c.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
"May *read* strange matters." *Malone.*

[8] *For* Anjou,] In old editions:

For Angiers, *and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,*
And all that we upon this side the sea,
(Except this city *now by us* besieg'd)
Find liable &c.

What was the city *besieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the elder play of *King John*, 4to. 1591. *Steevens.*

See also p. 310, n. 5. *Malone.*

[9] Drawn *in the flattering* table *of her eye.*] So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:

"—— to sit and *draw*
"His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
"In our heart's *table.*"

Table is picture, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. *Steevens.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,[1] Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.[2]

[1] —— *Volquessen,*] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin;* in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus.* That part of it called the *Norman Vexin,* was in dispute between Philip and John. *Steevens.*

[2] This and the subsequent line (except the words, "do I give,") are taken from the old play. *Malone.*

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.[3]

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we 'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bast.—*The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

[2] —— *I am well* assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"—— called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her."
Steevens.

[3] *She is sad and* passionate *at your highness' tent.*] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:
"—— Thou art *passionate*,
"Hast been brought up with girls." *Steevens.*
Again, in the old play entitled *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, 1600:
"Tell me, good madam,
"Why is your grace so *passionate* of late?" *Malone.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:[4]
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear[5]
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;[6]
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;[7]

[4] —— departed *with a part:*] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Every Man in his Humour:* "Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "She 'll serve under him till death us *depart.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— rounded *in the ear* —] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers.—So, in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the tongue*, &c. 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses, lent Pliny ink to write his History, and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear* when he historified Pantagruel." Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"Forthwith Revenge she *rounded* me *i' th' ear.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *Who having no external thing to lose*
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;] The construction here appears extremely harsh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption; for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is —Commodity, he that wins of all, *he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely, the word maid, i. e. her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of "*they* having —;" and the words "who having no external thing to lose but the word maid," are in some measure parenthetical; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In *The Winter's Tale*, are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology:

"—— This your son-in-law,
"And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they*. *Malone.*

The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker,[8] this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,[9]
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,[1]
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand,[2] as unattempted yet,

[7] Commodity, *the* bias *of the world;*] *Commodity* is interest.—So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"——— for vertue's sake only,
"They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie.*"

Again:

"I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie.*"
Steevens.

So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"O the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs all on the rich mens' sides." *Henderson.*

[8] —— *this* broker,] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procuress*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act II:

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c.
Malone.

[9] —— *from his own determin'd* aid,] The word *eye*, in the line preceding, and the word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—"his own determined *aim*," instead of *aid*. His *own aid* is little better than nonsense.
M. Mason.

[1] —— clutch *my hand*,] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "— putting the hand into the pocket, and extracting it *clutched.*" Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"The fist of strenuous vengeance is *clutch'd.*"

See also note on *Macbeth*, Act II, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[2] *But* for *&c.*] i. e. because. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"I curse myself, *for* they are sent by me." *Read.*

Again, in *Othello*:

Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*[3]

ACT III.....SCENE I.

The same. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;[4]
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow,[5] husbandless, subject to fears;

"—— or *for* I am declin'd
"Into the vale of years." *Malone.*

[3] In the old copy the second Act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division, which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. *Malone.*
See Mr. Theobald's note, p. 337. *Steevens.*

[4] *For I am sick, and* capable *of fears;*] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility;* I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in *Hamlet:*
"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
"Would make them *capable.*" *Malone.*

[5] *A widow,*] This was not the fact. Constance was at this time

A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?[6]
Be these sad signs[7] confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Randulph, Earl of Chester. *Malone.*

[6] *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
"*Like a proud river o'erflow their bounds* ——." *Malone.*

[7] *Be these* sad signs —] The *sad signs* are, *the shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast*, &c. We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Be these sad sighs* — &c. *Malone.*

Full of unpleasing blots,[8] and sightless[9] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,[1] prodigious,[2]
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,

[8] *Ugly and sland'rous to thy* mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
"The blemish that will never be forgot,
"Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot*." *Malone.*

[9] —— *sightless* —] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *swart*,] *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I, Act I, sc. ii:
"And whereas I was black and *swart* before."
Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III, sc. ii:
"*Swart* like my shoe, but her face nothing so clean kept."
Steevens.

[2] —— *prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. *Johnson.*
In this sense it is used by Decker, in the first part of *The Honest Whore*, 1604:
"—— yon comet shews his head again;
"Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
"*Prodigious* looks."
Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:
"Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet."
Again, in *The English Arcadia*, by Jarvis Markham, 1607: "O, yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth-right, and as a blazing star at thy unlook'd for funeral. *Steevens.*

Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.[3]
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble;[4] for my grief 's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;[5]

[3] —— *makes his owner* stout.] The old editions have—*makes its owner* stoop. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. *Johnson.*

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. VI:

"Full with *stout grief* and with disdainful woe." *Steevens.*

[4] *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*
Let kings assemble;] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and Lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *here I and* sorrow *sit;*] The old copy has—*sorrows*. So, in the *first edition* of Pope's version of the fifteenth Book of the *Odyssey*:

"My secret soul in all thy *sorrow* shares."

The next edition erroneously reads—*sorrows*, which number, as Mr. Wakefield observes, no man of any ear could in that place have written. *Steevens.*

A slight corruption has here destroyed a beautiful image. There is no poetical reader that will not join with me in reading —"here I and *Sorrow* sit." *M. Mason.*

Perhaps we should read—*Here I and* Sorrow *sit*. Our author might have intended to personify sorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his *King Edward II:*

"While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
"Where *Sorrow* at my elbow still attends."

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike. So, we find, in the quarto copy of *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"The mailed Mars shall on his *altars* sit, —."

instead of—shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.[6]
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

the same play we have—monstrous *scantle*, instead of—monstrous *cantle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence; but, a preceding line—

"I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud,"

now appears to me to render it somewhat disputable. *Malone.*

[6] —— *bid kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third Acts. In the old editions, the second Act was made to end here; though it is evident Lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the Act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot wish to accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon, and some other criticks, fancied that a considerable part of the second Act was lost, and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost, and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, (says he) and it were to be wish'd the *restorer* (meaning *me*) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I will venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the Acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third Act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second Act: and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the Act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued, and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the Act with his soliloquy. *Theobald.*

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day,[7] the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;[8]
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides,[9] in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;[1]

forgets there were, in Shakspeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. *Johnson.*

It appears, from many passages, that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth Act of *Cymbeline.*

How happened it that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted?* Thus in the chorus to *King Henry V:*

"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene.*"

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. *Steevens.*

[7] *To solemnize this day,* &c.] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent.* *Johnson.*

The first lines of Rowe's tragedy—

"Let this auspicious day be ever sacred," &c.

are apparently taken from Dryden's version of the second *Satire* of Persius:

"Let this auspicious morning be exprest," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and plays the* alchemist;] Milton has borrowed this thought:

"—— when with one virtuous touch
"*Th' arch-chemic sun,*" &c. *Par. Lost,* B. III. *Steevens.*

So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

"*Gilding* pale streams with *heavenly alchymy.*" *Malone.*

[9] —— *high tides,*] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. *Steevens.*

[1] *Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;*] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to *Job,* iii, 3: "Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6: "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." *Malone.*

This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;[2]
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:[3]
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,[4]
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:[5]

In *The Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of Calista on the night that betrayed her to Lothario, is chiefly borrowed from this and subsequent verses in the same chapter of *Job*. *Steevens*.

[2] —— prodigiously *be cross'd*:] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are
"Despised in nativity." *Steevens*.

[3] *But on this day*, &c.] That is, *except* on this day. *Johnson*.

In the ancient almanacks, (several of which I have in my possession) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"By the almanack, I think
"To choose good days and shun the critical."

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— an almanack
"Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out
"Days of iniquity to cozen fools in." *Steevens*.

See *Macbeth*, Act IV, sc. i. *Malone*.

[4] *Resembling majesty; which, being* touch'd, and tried,] Being *touch'd*—signifies, having the *touchstone* applied to it. The two last words—*and tried*, which create a redundancy of measure, should, as Mr. Ritson observes, be omitted. *Steevens*.

[5] *You came in* arms *to spill mine enemies' blood,*
But now in arms *you strengthen it with yours*:] I am afraid h is a clinch intended. *You came* in war *to destroy my enemies, now you strengthen them* in embraces. *Johnson*.

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day[6] in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord[7] 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria![8] thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

[6] *Wear out the* day —] Old copy—*days*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[7] *Set armed discord* &c.] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. *Johnson.*

[8] *O* Lymoges! *O* Austria!] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I to the Duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore inquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coniacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria in the old play, [printed in 1591] is called *Lymoges, the Austrich duke.*

With this note I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time, that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend, HENRY BLAKE, Esq. *Steevens.*

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,[9]
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[1]

[9] —— doff *it for shame,*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. So, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"Sorrow must *doff* her sable weeds." *Steevens.*

[1] *And hang a* calf's-skin *on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, entitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of Jack Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin*. In chap. x, of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-skin*, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *skin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, are the two following passages:

"I 'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's-skin*."

Again:

"His *calf's-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd."

Again, in the play:

"I 'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's-skin*, and cry bo, bo."—Again: "I 'll wrap me in a rousing *calf-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."——"I mean my *Christmas calf's-skin* suit." *Steevens.*

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a *fool*, as Sir John Hawkins would have it; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calf's-skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person, that he is a *calf-hearted fellow*; and a run-away school boy is usually called a great *calf*. *Ritson.*

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[2]
K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

The speaker in the play [*Wily Beguiled*] is *Robin Goodfellow*. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, by clothing Austria in a calf's-skin, means only to insinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* seems to favour such a supposition. *Malone.*

[2] Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *King John*, printed in 1591, before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer:

"*Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
"Should be a precedent to fright you all.
"*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!
"My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
"How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
"*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;*
"*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*
"*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!*——
"Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
"Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
"Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
"And split thy heart for wearing it so long." *Steevens.*

I cannot, by any means, approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the bastard's quarrel to Austria*, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second Act, at the time of the *first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted, with as little reason, in Act III, sc. ii: *Thus hath King Richard's*, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,[3]
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,

[3] *What earthly* &c.] This must have been, at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. *Johnson.*

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou, or the pope thy master, to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I 'll make him hop headless." *Steevens.*

What earthly *name to interrogatories,*

Can task *the free* breath &c.] i. e. What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads—*earthy.* The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has also *tast* instead of *task*, which was substituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for speech is common with our author. So, in a subsequent part of this scene:

"The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, "*breathing* courtesy," for *verbal* courtesy. *Malone.*

The emendation [*task*] may be justified by the following passage in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"How show'd his *tasking?* seem'd it in contempt?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."

Steevens.

So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.[4]

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,

[4] *That takes away by any secret course*
Thy hateful life.] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints. *Johnson.*

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *King John*, 1591) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569: "Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person." *Malone.*

To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ——
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.[5]
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,[6]
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.
Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.[7]

[5] —— *Your breeches best may carry them.*] Perhaps there is somewhat proverbial in this sarcasm. So, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

"*Mum.* Well I have a payre of slops for the nonce,
"Will hold all your mocks." *Steevens.*

[6] *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married.* Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *the devil tempts thee here,*
In likeness of a new untrimmed *bride.*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

In likeness of a new and trimmed *bride.*
i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald says, "that as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required," it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read—*and trimmed;* in which he is followed by the Oxford editor: but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady.* The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned. Warburton.*

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *steady,* would be too risible for any common power of face. *Johnson.*

Trim is *dress.* An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest.* Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? But notwithstanding what Aristænetus assures us concerning Lais—"ἐνδεδυμένη μὲν, εὐπροσωποτάτη δέ· ἐκδῦσα δὲ ὅλη πρόσωπον φαίνεται."—that *drest* she was beautiful, *undrest* she was *all beauty*—by Shakspeare's epithet—*untrimmed,* I do not mean absolutely *naked,* but

"Nuda pedem, discincta sinum, spoliata lacertos;"

in short, whatever is comprized in Lothario's idea of *unattired.*

"Non mihi ancta Diana placet, nec nuda Cythere;
"Illa voluptatis nil habet, hæc nimium."

The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn,* says:

"*Bur.* Here 's a lady gay.
"*Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And I was *trimm'd* in madam Julia's gown."

Again, in *King Henry VI,* P. III, Act II:

"*Trimm'd* like a younker prancing to his love."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft,* 1584:

"—— a good huswife, and also well *trimmed* up in apparel."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed bride is* meant *a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit.* The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from King John's preceding words:

"Go we, as well *as haste will suffer us,*
"To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In Minshieu's *Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely dressed or attired. Again, in Vives's *Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98 and 99: "Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballad with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed*." *Steevens.*

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as Mr. Theobald has proposed—

—— *a new* and trimmed *bride.*

The following passage in *King Henry IV*, P. I, appears to me strongly to support his conjecture;

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,—
"Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dress'd,
"Fresh as a *bridegroom* ——."

Again, more appositely, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Go, waken Juliet; go, *and trim* her up;
"Make haste; the *bridegroom* he is come already."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"—— and forget
"Your laboursome and dainty *trims*, wherein
"You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and *trim* —."

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in the first and last of these passages, and the "laboursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry, which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. Minshieu's definition of *untrimmed*, "qui n'est point orné,—*inornatus, incultus*," as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim*," which, according to him, means the same as "to *prank* up," may also be adduced to the same point. See his *Dictionary*, 1617. Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that "to *trim* means to *dress out*, but not to *clothe;* and, consequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it cannot mean *unclad*, or *naked*." *Malone.*

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,[8]
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?[9]
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

[8] —— *so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both* parties. *Johnson.*
Rather, in *hatred* and in *love;* in deeds of *amity* or *blood.* *Henley.*

[9] —— *this kind* regreet?] A *regreet* is an exchange of salutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." *Steevens.*

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion[1] by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done;[2]

[1] *A* cased *lion* —] The modern editors read—a *chafed* lion. I see little reason for change. A *cased* lion is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act I, sc. iii:

"So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
"That trembles under his devouring paws;" &c. *Steevens.*

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621:

"The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne
"As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene."

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. *Malone.*

[2] Is not *amiss, when it is truly done;*] This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should read:

Is yet *amiss*, ——

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads—*most* amiss. *Warburton.*

I rather read:

Is 't *not amiss, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first discovered is preserved. *Johnson.*

The old copies read:

Is *not amiss, when it is truly done.*

Pandulph having conjured the King to perform his first vow to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him: for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all;) and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to *do it*, the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"It is *religion* to be *thus forsworn*. *Ritson.*

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;[3]

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"———— she is fool'd
"With a most false effect, and *I the truer*
"*So to be false with her.*"

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. *Where doing tends to ill,* where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done,* by *not doing* the act. The criminal act therefore which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss,* will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly,* in the sense I have now affixed to *truth;* that is, if you do *not* do it. *Malone.*

[3] *But thou hast sworn against religion;* &c.] The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven,* and that *the Pope utters the voice of the church,* neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what *thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st:*
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn.

By *what.* Sir T. Hanmer reads—By *that.* I think it should be rather—by *which.* That is, *thou swear'st against the thing by* which *thou swear'st;* that is, *against religion.*

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines:

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure
To swear, &c.

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus:

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath; this *truth thou art unsure*
To swear, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus:

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure —

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which*

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;[4]
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,

thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken. I will give, *says he*, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest, thou mayst* not *be always* sure *to swear rightly;* but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn;* let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct. *Johnson.*

I believe the old reading is right; and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it: "But thou hast sworn against religion; thou hast sworn, *by what thou swearest*, i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest* by; i. e. religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— Whoever the king favours,
"The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],
"And far enough from court too."

Again, *ibidem:*

"This is about that which the bishop spake" [*of*].

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*].

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
"That vulgars give bold'st titles" [*to*].

Again, *ibidem:*

"—— the queen is spotless ——
"In this that you accuse her" [*of*]. *Malone.*

[4] —— swear *only not to be forsworn;*] The old copy reads—*swears*, which, in my apprehension, shews that two half lines have been lost, in which the person supposed to *swear* was mentioned. When the same word is repeated in two succeeding lines, the eye of the compositor often glances from the first to the second, and in consequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has been lost, it is now in vain to seek; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes some kind of sense. *Malone.*

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets,[5] and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures[6] to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may

[5] —— *braying trumpets,*] *Bray* appears to have been particularly applied to express the harsh grating sound of the trumpet. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, c. xii, st. 6:

"And when it ceast shrill *trompets* loud did *bray*."

Again, B. IV, c. iv, st. 48:

"Then shrilling *trompets* loudly 'gan to *bray*."

And elsewhere in the play before us:

"—— Hard-resounding *trumpets'* dreadful *bray*."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"The *trumpet* shall *bray* out ——." *H. White.*

[6] —— *be* measures —] The *measures*, it has been already more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time.

This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play:

"*Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding-day
"Forsake your bride and follow dreadful drums?
"*Phil.* Drums shall be musick to this wedding-day."
Malone.

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lew. I muse,[7] your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I 'll fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.[8]
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.
Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit* Bast.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

[7] *I* muse,] i. e. I wonder. *Reed.*
So, in Middleton's "Tragi-Coomodie, called *The Witch*:"
"And why thou staist so long, I *muse*,
"Since the air 's so sweet and good." *Steevens.*

[8] *They whirl asunder, and dismember me.*] Alluding to a well-known Roman punishment:
"—— Metium in diversa quadrigæ
"Distulerant." *Æneid*, VIII, 642. *Steevens.*

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let 's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, *with* AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil[9] hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.[1]

[9] *Some* airy *devil* —] Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c.

These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, P. I, sect. ii, p. 45, 1632:

"Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphes," &c.

"Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ships' masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c. *Percy.*

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592: —With respect to the passage in question take the following: "— the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone." *Henderson.*

[1] Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play already mentioned:

"Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,
"And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
"Unto his father's ever-living soul." *Steevens.*

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:[2]—Philip,[3] make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,[4]
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To* ELI.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[*To* ARTH.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*to the* Bast.] away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty:[5] the fat ribs of peace

[2] *Hubert, keep this boy:*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep thou *this boy:* ——. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Philip,*] Here the King, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard,* calls him by his former name. *Steevens.*

[4] *My mother is assailed in our tent,*] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. *Malone.*

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:[6]
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle[7] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bast.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTH. *aside.*

[5] *Set* thou *at liberty:*] The word *thou* (which is wanting in the old copy) was judiciously added, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *the fat ribs of peace*
Must by the hungry now *be fed upon:*] This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires:

Must by the hungry war *be fed upon.*

War, demanding a large expense, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. *Warburton.*

This emendation is better than the former word, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads—hungry *maw*, with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as *war*. *Johnson.*

Either emendation may be unnecessary. Perhaps the *hungry now* is *this hungry instant.* Shakspeare uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure:*

" ——— till this very *now*,
" When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how."
Steevens.

[7] Bell, book, *and* candle —] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. *Johnson.*

I meet with the same expression in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" I 'll have a priest shall mumble up a marriage
" Without *bell, book, or candle.*" *Steevens.*

In Archbishop Winchelsea's Sentences of Excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Laws*, Vol. II,) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be " — throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences." See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. XII, p. 397, edit. 1780. *Reed.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.[8]
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,[9]
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;[1]

[8] —— *with some better* time.] The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. See that play, Vol. III. In *Macbeth*, Act IV, sc. ult. we have—"This *time* goes manly," instead of—"This *tune* goes manly." *Malone*.

In the hand-writing of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. *Steevens*.

[9] ——*full of* gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"To caper in his grave, and with vain *gawds*
"Trick up his coffin."

See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II, p. 245, n. 6. *Steevens*.

[1] *Sound* one *unto the drowsy race of night;*] Old copy—*Sound* on —. *Steevens*.

We should read—*Sound* one —. *Warburton*.

I should suppose the meaning of—*Sound on*, to be this: *If the midnight bell by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress;* the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes *one*,) could not, with strict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* may also have a peculiar propriety, because, by the repetition of the strokes at *twelve*, it gives a much more forcibl warning than when it only strikes *one*.

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading; but, on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night, when the arrival of the morning is announced: and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakspeare himself has chosen, to introduce his Ghost in *Hamlet*,—

"The bell then beating *one*." *Steevens.*

The word *one* is here, as in many other passages in these plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. He likewise substituted *unto* for *into*, the reading of the original copy; a change that requires no support. In Chaucer, and other old writers, *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to *The Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it should seem, from a quibbling passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced, in our author's time, as if written *on*. Hence the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. One of the persons whom I employed to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work [Mr. Malone's edition of our author] before it was printed off, constantly sounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordshire.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623, p. 15:

"—— This double worship,—
"Where *on* part does disdain with cause, the other
"Insult without all reason."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, 1623, p. 380:

"—— perchance he spoke not; but
"Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1623, p. 66:

"And thou, and Romeo, press *on* heavie bier."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*, 1623, p. 94:

"*On*, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, 1623, p. 240: "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, quarto, 1598:

"*On*, whom the musick of his own vain tongue —."

Again, *ibid*, edit. 1623, p. 133:

"*On*, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes."

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,[2]
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded[3] watchful day,

The same spelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1606, p. 14: "—he caught from *on* of them a trumpet," &c.

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *slightest knowledge* of the early editions of these plays, or of our old writers, had not the author of *Remarks*, &c. *on the last edition of Shakspeare*, asserted, with that *modesty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is distinguished, that the observation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a *single instance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in those copies. *Malone.*

[2] —— *using* conceit *alone,*] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. So, in *King Richard III:*

"There 's some *conceit* or other likes him well,
"When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit."

Malone.

[3] —— *brooded* —] So the old copy. Mr. Pope reads—*broad-ey'd*, which alteration, however elegant, may be unnecessary. All animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young ones under their protection*, are remarkably vigilant.—The King says of Hamlet:

"———— something 's in his soul
"O'er which his melancholy sits at *brood.*"

In P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, a *broodie* hen is the term for a hen that sits on eggs. See p. 301, edit. 1601.

Milton also, in *L'Allegro*, desires Melancholy to—

"—— Find out some uncouth cell
"Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings:"

plainly alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting. *Broad-eyed*, however, is a compound epithet to be found in Chapman's version of the eighth *Iliad:*

"And hinder *broad-ey'd* Jove's proud will —". *Steevens.*

Brooded, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual license, for *brooding;* i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. *Malone.*

I am not thoroughly reconciled to this reading; but it would

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I 'd do 't.
K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.[4]——Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin:[5]
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

be somewhat improved by joining the words *brooded* and *watchful* by a hyphen—*brooded-watchful*. *M. Mason.*

[4] *Remember.*] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties. *Steevens.*

[5] *For England, cousin:*] The old copy—
For England, cousin, go:
I have omitted the last useless and redundant word, which the eye of the compositor seems to have caught from the preceding hemistich. *Steevens.*

King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. *Malone.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado[6] of convicted sail[7]
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,[8]

[6] *A whole* armado —] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
"Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror," &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. *Warburton.*

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. *Johnson.*

Armado is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *of* convicted *sail* —] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshieu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "To *convict*, or convince, a Lat. *convictus*, overcome." So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almost every word that he did not understand, reads—*collected* sail; and the change was too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Convitto*, Vanquished, *convicted*, convinced." *Malone.*

[8] —— *in so fierce a* cause,] We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation. *Warburton.*

Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:[9]—

Change is needless. A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedness, in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *a grave unto a soul;*
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:] I think we should read *earth.* The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave.* *Farmer.*

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds.*" *Steevens.*

It appears, from the amendment proposed by Farmer, and by the quotation adduced by Steevens in support of the old reading, that they both consider this passage in the same light, and suppose that King Philip intended to say, "that the breath was the prison of the soul;" but I think they have mistaken the sense of it; and that by "the vile prison of afflicted breath," he means the same vile prison in which the breath is confined; that is, the body.

In the second scene of the fourth Act, King John says to Hubert, speaking of what passed in his own mind:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and breath,
"Hostility and civil tumult reign."

And Hubert says, in the following scene:

"If I, in act, consent, or sin of thought,
"Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
"Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay,
"May hell want pains enough to torture me!"

It is evident that, in this last passage, the breath is considered as *embounded* in the body; but I will not venture to assert that the same inference may with equal certainty be drawn from the former. *M. Mason.*

There is surely no need of change. "The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy[1] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath[2] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,[3]
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.[4]

We have the same image in *King Henry VI*, P. III:
"Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison*."
Again, more appositely, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
"A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;
"That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
"Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd*." *Malone.*

[1] *No, I* defy &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"I do *defy* thy commiseration." *Steevens.*

[2] *And stop this* gap of breath —] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. *Malone.*

[3] *Misery's* love, &c.] Thou, death, who art *courted* by *Misery* to come to his relief, O come to me. So before:
"Thou *hate* and terror to *prosperity*." *Malone.*

[4] —— modern *invocation.*] It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern:* it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All 's Well that Ends Well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* an *inconsiderable*. *Johnson.*

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy[5] to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses:[6] O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends[7]

Modern, is *trite, ordinary, common.*
So, in *As you Like it:*
"Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"As we greet *modern* friends withal." *Steevens.*

[5] *Thou art* not *holy* —] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, (evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor) was inserted in the fourth folio. *Malone.*
Perhaps our author wrote—
Thou art un*holy* &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Bind up those tresses:*] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *wiry* friends —] The old copy reads—*wiry* fiends. *Wiry* is an adjective used by Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:
"My vassal furies, with their *wiery* strings,
"Shall lash thee hence." *Steevens.*
Mr. Pope made the emendation. *Malone.*
Fiends is obviously a typographical error. As the epithet *wiry* is here attributed to *hair*; so, in another description, the *hair* of Apollo supplies the office of *wire*. In *The Instructions to the Com-*

Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[8]
There was not such a gracious creature born.[9]

missioners for the Choice of a Wife for Prince Arthur, it is directed "to note the eye-browes" of the young Queen of Naples, (who, after the death of Arthur, was married to Henry VIII, and divorced by him for the sake of Anna Bulloygn). They answer, "Her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like *wyre of heare*." Thus also, Gascoigne:

"First for her head, the hairs were not of gold,
"But of some other mettall farre more fine,
"Whereof each crinet seemed to behold,
"Like glist'ring *wyars* against the sunne that shine."

Henley.

[8] —— *but yesterday* suspire,] To *suspire*, in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down
"Perforce must move."

Again, in a Copy of Verses prefixed to Thomas Powell's *Passionate Poet*, 1601:

"Beleeve it, I *suspire* no fresher aire,
"Than are my hopes of thee, and they stand faire."

Steevens.

[9] —— *a* gracious *creature born.*] *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631: "— on the which (*the freeze*) were festoons of several fruits in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children sleeping."

Again, in the same piece: "they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures."

Again, in Chapman's version of the eighteenth *Iliad*:

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.[1]

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,[2]
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort[3] than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*

"—— then tumbled round, and tore,
"His *gracious* curles." *Steevens.*

A passage quoted by Mr. Steevens, from Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewise, in our author's time, included the idea of *beauty*: "— he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes,—sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an ould lady *gracious* by torch-light." *Malone.*

[1] *He talks to me, that never had a son.*] To the same purpose Macduff observes—

"He has no children."

This thought occurs also in *King Henry VI*, Part III. *Steevens.*

[2] *Grief fills the room up of my absent child,*]

"Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat *pro conjuge luctum.*"
Lucan, Lib. IX.

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought:

"Qui me console, encite ma colere,
"Et le repos est un bien que je crains:
"Mon dëuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,
"*Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *had you such a loss as I,*
I could give better comfort —] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their ability for coldness. *Johnson.*

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world, can make me joy:[4]
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,[5]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,[6]
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

[4] *There 's nothing in this* &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? *Johnson.*

[5] *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author here, and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts. "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend *our years, as a tale that is told.*" So again, in *Macbeth:*

"Life 's but a walking shadow;—
"——— it is a tale
"Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
"Signifying nothing." *Malone.*

[6] —— *the sweet* world's *taste,*] The old copy—*sweet* word. *Steevens.*

The *sweet word* is *life;* which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—*the sweet* world's *taste. Malone.*

I prefer Mr. Pope's reading, which is sufficiently justified by the following passage in *Hamlet:*

"How weary, *stale, flat* and unprofitable
"Seem to me all the uses of this *world!*"

Our present rage for *restoration* from ancient copies may induce some of our readers to exclaim, with Virgil's Shepherd:

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt." *Steevens.*

'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots;[7] the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,[8]
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,

[7] *John lays* you *plots;*] That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business. *Malone.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. A similar phrase occurs in *The First Part of King Henry VI:*

"He writes *me* here,—that," &c.

Again, in the Second Part of the same play: "He would have carried *you* a fore-hand shaft," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *true blood,*] the blood of him that has the *just* claim. *Johnson.*

The expression seems to mean no more than *innocent blood* in general. *Ritson.*

To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature,[9] no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd![1]—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[2]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow,[3] tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

[9] *No* scape *of nature,*] The old copy reads—*No* scope, &c. *Steevens.*

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word *abortives*, in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation that has been made. *Malone.*

The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*, as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing. *Warburton.*

[1] *And,* O, *what better matter breeds for you,*
Than I have nam'd!] I believe we should read—*lo!* instead of *O. M. Mason.*

[2] —— *they would be as a call* —] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call.* *Malone.*

[3] *Or, as a little snow,*] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII*, speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their *snow-ball* did not gather as it went." *Johnson.*

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions:[4] Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

Northampton.[5] *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—
[*Exeunt* Attend.

[4] —— strong *actions:*] The oldest copy reads—*strange* actions: the folio, 1632—*strong*. *Steevens.*

The editor of the second folio, for *strange*, substituted *strong:* and the two words so nearly resemble each other that they might certainly have been easily confounded. But, in the present instance, I see no reason for departing from the old reading of the original copy, which is perfectly intelligible. *Malone.*

The repetition, in the second folio, is perfectly in our author's manner, and is countenanced by the following passage in *King Henry V:*

"Think we King Harry *strong*,
"And, princes, look, you *strongly* arm to meet him."
Steevens.

[5] *Northampton.*] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated, in this particular, from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, in some modern editions, as the place, merely because, in the first Act, King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. *Malone.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,[6]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

6 —— *By my* christendom,] This word is used, both here and in *All 's Well that Ends Well,* for *baptism,* or rather *the baptismal name:* nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lyly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way: "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman so curious to have him in print, so there is no one so careless to have him a wretch, —only his right shape to show him a man, his *christendome* to prove his faith." *Euphues and his England,* 1581. *Malone.*

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,[7]
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,[8]

[7] —— *though* heat *red-hot,*] The participle *heat,* though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. See *Twelfth Night,* Vol. III, p. 168, n. 8.

So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat.*" *Dan.* iii, 19. *Malone.*

Again, in Chapman's version of the 20th *Iliad:*

"—— but when blowes, sent from his fiery hand
"(Thrice *heat* by slaughter of his friend)—."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 19th Book of the *Odyssey:*

"And therein bath'd, being temperately *heat,*
"Her sovereign's feet." *Steevens.*

[8] *And quench* his fiery indignation,] The old copy—*this* fiery indignation. This phrase is from *The New Testament, Heb.* x, 27.

Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.[9]

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons*, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

"— a certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and *fiery indignation*, —" *Steevens.*

We should read either "*its* fiery," or "*his* fiery indignation." The late reading was probably an error of the press. *His* is most in Shakspeare's style. *M. Mason.*

By *this* fiery indignation, however, he might mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose. *Malone.*

[9] *I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.*] The old copy, and some of our modern editors, read:

I would not have believ'd him; *no tongue but Hubert's.*

The truth is, that the transcriber, not understanding the power of the two negatives *not* and *no*, (which are usually employed, not to affirm, but to deny more forcibly) intruded the redundant pronoun *him*. *As you Like it*, affords an instance of the phraseology I have defended:

"*Nor*, I am sure, there is *no* force in eyes
"That can do hurt." *Steevens.*

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,[1]
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,[2]
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,[3]

[1] —— *a* mote *in yours,*] Old copy—*a* moth. *Steevens.*

Surely we should read—a *mote*. Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—"And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's *eye*," &c. *Matth.* vii, 3. So, in *Hamlet:*

"A *mote* it is, to *trouble* the mind's *eye.*"

A *moté* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom.*

I have since found my conjecture confirmed. *Moth* was merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the passage quoted from *Hamlet*, the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596: "—they are in the aire, like *atomi in sole*, MOTHES in the sonne." See also Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "Festucco.—A *moth*, a little beam." *Malone.*

[2] *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,*] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *the fire is dead with* grief, &c.] The sense is: *the fire*, being *created* not to hurt, but *to comfort, is dead with grief for* finding itself *used* in acts of cruelty, which being innocent, I have *not deserved. Johnson.*

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;[4]
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.[5]
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live;[6] I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

[4] *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Grey says "that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

There is no malice burning in this coal. *Steevens.*

Dr. Grey's remark on this passage is an hypercriticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "He could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost, for a time, its power of injuring, by the abatement of its heat. *M. Mason.*

[5] —— tarre *him on.*] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from ταράττω, excito. The word occurs again in *Hamlet:* "— and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them on to controversy." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Pride alone must *tarre* the mastiffs on." *Steevens.*

[6] —— see *to live;*] The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eye-sight, that you may live (for he might have lived, though blind) The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live.* *Malone.*

See to live means only—*Continue to enjoy the means of life.* *Steevens.*

On further consideration of these words, I believe the author meant—Well, live, and live with the means of seeing; that is, with your eyes uninjured. *Malone.*

I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;[7]
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,[8]
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous:[9] you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,[1]

7 —— *Go* closely *in with me;*] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in *Albumazar*, 1610, Act III, sc. i:

"I 'll entertain him here, mean while, steal you
"*Closely* into the room," &c.

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV, sc. i:

"Enter Frisco *closely*."

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallel:* "That when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take an out lodging at Greenwich." *Reed.*

8 —— *once* again *crown'd,*] Old copy—*against.* Corrected in the fourth folio. *Malone.*

9 *This once again,* ——
Was once superfluous:] This one time more was one time more than enough. *Johnson.*

It should be remembered, that King John was at present crowned for the *fourth time. Steevens.*

John's second coronation was at Canterbury, in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time, at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. *Malone.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;[2]
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:[3]
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,[4]

[1] *To* guard *a title that was rich before,*] To *guard*, is to *fringe*. *Johnson.*

Rather, to lace. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—— give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *as an ancient tale new told;*] Had Shakspeare been a diligent examiner of his own compositions, he would not so soon have repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin:

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
"Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Mr. Malone has a remark to the same tendency. *Steevens.*

[3] *They do confound their skill in* covetousness:] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling, as in *Henry V:*

"But if it be a sin to *covet honour*,
"I am the most offending soul alive." *Theobald.*

So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
"To mar the subject that before was well?" *Malone.*

[4] —— *in hiding of the* fault,] *Fault* means *blemish*. *Steevens.*

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,[5]
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear)
I shall indue you with:[6] Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes[7] of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up

[5] *Since all and every part of what we would,*] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. *Malone.*

[6] *Some reasons of this double coronation*
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong, (when *lesser is my fear,*)
I shall indue you with:] Mr. Theobald reads—(the *lesser is my fear*) which, in the following note, Dr. Johnson has attempted to explain. *Steevens.*

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more, *yet stronger*; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less is my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. *Johnson.*

And more, more strong, (when *lesser is my fear,*)
I shall indue you with:] The first folio reads:
—— (then *lesser is my fear*).
The true reading is obvious enough:
—— (when *lesser is my fear*). *Tyrwhitt.*
I have done this emendation the justice to place it in the text. *Steevens.*

[7] *To sound the purposes* —] To *declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those. *Johnson.*

Your tender kinsman,[8] and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?[9]
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his

[8] *If, what in* rest *you have, in right you hold,*
Why then *your fears,* (*which, as they say, attend*
The steps of wrong) should *move you to mew up*
Your tender kinsman, &c.] Perhaps we should read:
If, what in wrest *you have, in right you hold,*——
i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.
So again, in this play:
"The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp."
Wrest is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author, in *Troilus and Cressida. Steevens.*
The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher. If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of *interrogation* be placed after *exercise,* the full sense of the passage will be restored. *Henley.*
Mr. Steevens's reading of *wrest* is better than his explanation. If adopted, the meaning must be—*If what you possess, or have in your hand, or grasp. Ritson.*
It is evident that the words *should* and *then* have changed their places. *M. Mason.*
The construction is—If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then *should your* fears move you, &c. *Malone.*
Perhaps this question is elliptically expressed, and means—
Why then is it that *your fears should move you,* &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *good exercise?*] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. *Percy.*

Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,[1]
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:[2]
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks,[3] I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

[1] *Between his* purpose *and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions. *Johnson.*

The *purpose* of the King, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might still be a conflict in the King's mind—

Between his purpose *and his conscience.*

So, when Salisbury sees the dead body of Arthur, he says—

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
"The practice and the *purpose of the king.*" *M. Mason.*

Rather, between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot."

We have nearly the same expressions afterwards:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, [in John's own person]
"Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns
"*Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" *Malone.*

[2] *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles* set:] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read—*sent. Theobald.*

Set is not *fixed,* but only *placed;* heralds must be *set* between battles, in order to be *sent* between them. *Johnson.*

[3] *And, when it breaks,*] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an imposthumated tumour. *Johnson.*

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewel.
Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.——
Enter a Messenger.
A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.[4]—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept?[5] Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,

[4] *From France to England.*] The king asks *how all goes in France*, the Messenger catches the word *goes* and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. *Johnson.*

[5] *O, where hath our intelligence been* drunk?
Where hath it slept?] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— Was the hope *drunk*
"Wherein you drest yourself? hath it *slept* since?"
Steevens.

The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France![6]—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mess. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard *and* PETER *of* POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd[7]
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet,[8] that I brought with me

[6] *How* wildly *then* walks *my estate in France!*] So, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. III, p. 99: "The country of Norfolk and Suffolk stand right *wildly*." *Steevens.*

i. e. How ill my affairs *go* in France!—The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers. It often means, to *go*; to *move*. So, in the Continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543: "Evil words *walke* far." Again, in Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while," &c. *Malone.*

[7] —— *I was* amaz'd —] i. e. stunned, confounded. So, in *Cymbeline*: "— I am *amaz'd* with matter." Again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III, p. 160, n. 5:

"You do *amaze* her: Hear the truth of it." *Steevens.*

[8] *And here 's a prophet,*] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was in-

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety,[9] and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* HUB. *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say,[1] is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

humanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, under the year 1213. *Douce.*

See A. of Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. VII, ch. viii, v. 801, &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *Deliver him to safety,*] That is, *Give him into safe custody.* *Johnson.*

[1] —— who, *they say,*] Old copy—*whom.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:[2]
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)[3]

[2] —— *five moons were seen to-night:* &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. *Grey.*

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old *King John.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *slippers, (which his nimble haste*
Had falsely thrust upon contrary *feet,)*] I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes. *Johnson.*

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause[4]
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord![5] why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings,[6] to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot one*. And Davies, in one of his Epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose, that serves each leg*." *Farmer.*

So, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "— if in a morning his shoes were put one [r. *on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaks of a *left* shoe. It should be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted: a circumstance which Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. I believe the word *contrary*, in his time, was frequently accented on the second syllable, and that it was intended to be so accented here. So, Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen:*

"That with the wind *contrâry* courses sew." *Malone.*

[4] —— *I had mighty cause* —] The old copy, more redundantly —*I had a mighty cause. Steevens.*

[5] Had none, *my lord!*] Old copy—*No had.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[6] *It is the curse of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation. *Warburton.*

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. *Malone.*

To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.[7]

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,[8] and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, ——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,[9] or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;

[7] —— *advis'd* respect.] i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection. So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— There 's the *respect*
"That makes calamity of so long life." *Steevens.*

[8] *Quoted,*] i. e. observed, distinguished. So, in *Hamlet:*

"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted him.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Hadst thou but shook thy head,* &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words, would have *struck him dumb:* nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. *Johnson.*

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,[1]
As bid[2] me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,[3]

[1] *Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,*
As bid me tell my tale in express words;] That is, such an eye of doubt as bid me tell my tale in express words. *M. Mason.*

[2] As *bid* —] Thus the old copy. Mr. Malone reads—*And.* *Steevens.*

Mr. Pope reads—*Or* bid me &c. but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*.

As we have here *As* printed instead of *And*, so, *vice versâ*, in *King Henry V*, 4to. 1600, we find *And* misprinted for *As*:

" *And* in this glorious and well foughten field
" We kept together in our chivalry." *Malone.*

As, in ancient language, has sometimes the power of—*as for instance*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" *As*, stars with trains of fire," &c.

In the present instance it seems to mean, *as if*. " Had you, (says the King, speaking elliptically) turned an eye of doubt on my face, *as if* to bid me tell my tale in express words," &c. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

" That with the noise it shook *as* it would fall;"

i. e. *as if*.—I have not therefore disturbed the old reading. *Steevens.*

[3] *The dreadful motion of a* murd'rous *thought*,] Nothing can be

And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:[5]—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!——

falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him,* and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. *Warburton.*

[4] The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the King's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur," &c. as in the following scene. *Steevens.*

[5] *The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:*] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit;* and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publickly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it; or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned. *Malone.*

There 's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it,
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,[6] of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.[7]

[6] *Whose private* &c.] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters. *Pope.*

[7] —— or e'er *we meet.*] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often. Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er*, when joined with it, is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification, Thus, in the old tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakspeare) the wife says:

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in."
Sig. H. III, b. *Percy.*

So, in *All for Money*, an old Morality, 1574:

"I could sit in the cold a good while I swear,
"*Or* I would be weary such suitors to hear."

Again, in *Every Man*, another Morality, no date:

"As, *or* we departe, thou shalt know."

Again, in the interlude of *The Disobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

"To send for victuals *or* I came away."

That *or* should be written *ore* I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to b

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd[8] lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.[9]
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.[1]
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTH.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,[2]
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?[3]

received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive ær. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *distemper'd* —] i. e. ruffled, out of humour. So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— in his retirement marvellous *distemper'd.*" *Steevens.*

[9] —— reason *now.*] To *reason,* in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue,* as to *talk.* *Johnson.*

So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— *reason* with the fellow
"Before you punish him." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *no* man *else.*] Old copy—no *man's.* Corrected by the editor of the third folio. *Malone.*

[2] Have you *beheld,*] Old copy—*You have* &c. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[3] *Or have you read, or heard?* &c.] Similar interrogatories have been already urged by the Dauphin, Act III, sc. iv:

"—— Who hath *read, or heard,*
"Of any kindred action like to this?" *Steevens.*

Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath,[4] or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;[5]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,[6]
Never to be infected with delight,

[4] —— wall-ey'd *wrath,*] So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Lucius, addressing himself to Aaron the Moor:

"Say, *wall-ey'd* slave." *Steevens.*

[5] —— sin *of* time;] The old copy—*of* times. I follow Mr. Pope, whose reading is justified by a line in the celebrated soliloquy of *Hamlet:*

"For who would bear the whips and scorns *of time?*"

Again, by another in this play of *King John*, p. 401:

"I am not glad that such a sore *of time* —." *Steevens.*

—— *of* times;] That is, of all future times. So, in *King Henry V:*

"By custom and the ordinance of *times.*"

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"For now against himself he sounds his doom,
"That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read—*sins of time;* but the peculiarities of Shakspeare's diction ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved. *Malone.*

Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.[7]

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—

[6] —— *a holy vow;*
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. *Johnson.*

[7] *Till I have set a* glory *to this* hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of *magistrates*. *Johnson.*

I think it should be—a glory to this *head*;—pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,"

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. *Farmer.*

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.* *Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in *St. Matthew*, vi, 29. So, in Markham's *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353: "But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*," i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. So, in Act II, sc. ii, of this play:

"O, two such silver currents, when they join,
"Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in."

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, who, Act IV, sc. iv, says to Cethegus: "When we meet again we 'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And *revenge*. That we may praise our *hands* once!" i. e. O! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. *Tollet.*

I believe, at repeating these lines, Salisbury should take hold of the *hand* of Arthur, to which he promises to pay the worship of revenge. *M. Mason.*

I think the old reading the true one. In the next Act we have the following lines:

"—— I will not return,
"Till my *attempt* so much be *glorified*
"As to my ample hope was promised."

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* is decisive in support of the old reading:

"—— Jove, let Æneas live,
"If *to my sword* his fate be not the *glory*,
"A thousand cómplete courses of the sun." *Malone.*

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.[8]
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;[9]
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none:[1] Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,[2]
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.[3]
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

[8] *Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again*] i. e. lest it lose its brightness. So, in *Othello:*
"Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."
Malone.

[9] —— *true defence;*] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause.*
Johnson.

[1] *Do not prove me so;*
Yet, *I am none:*] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *your* toasting-iron,] The same thought is found in *King Henry V:* "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron.* It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese.*"
Again, in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer tamed:*
"—— dart ladles, *toasting irons,*
"And tongs, like thunder-bolts." *Steevens.*

Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse[4] and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Bast. Here 's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:[5]
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.[6]

[3] *That you shall think* the devil is come from hell.] So, in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne:*
"And saide thai wer no men
"But *develis abroken oute of helle.*" *Steevens.*

[4] *Like rivers of* remorse —] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. *Malone.*

[5] *Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:*] So, in the old play:
"Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell
"Hangs on performance of this damned deed;
"This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,
"Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul." *Malone.*

[6] *There is not yet* &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII, (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to

Hub. Upon my soul, ——
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself,[7]
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd,[8] methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble,[9] and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest[1] of proud-swelling state.

the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish betwen Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *drown* thyself.] Perhaps—*thyself* is an interpolation. It certainly spoils the measure; and *drown* is elsewhere used by our author as a verb neuter. Thus, in *King Richard III:*

"Good lord, methought, what pain it was to *drown*."

Steevens.

[8] *I am* amaz'd,] i. e. *confounded.* So, King John, p. 382, says:

"—— I was *amaz'd*
"Under the tide." *Steevens.*

[9] *To tug and* scamble,] So, in *King Henry V,* sc. i:

"But that the *scambling* and unquiet time."

Scamble and *scramble* have the same meaning. See note on the passage quoted. *Steevens.*

[1] *The* unowed *interest* —] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. *Steevens.*

That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.[2]
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture[3] can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again [*Giving* JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.[4]

death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. *Malone.*

[2] *The imminent decay of* wrested pomp.] *Wrested pomp* is *greatness obtained by violence. Johnson.*
Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. *Malone.*

[3] —— *and* cincture —] The old copy reads—*center*, probably for *ceinture*, Fr. *Steevens.*
The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[4] ——— *use all your power*
To stop their marches, 'fore *we are inflam'd.*] This cannot be right, for the nation was already as much inflamed as it could be, and so the King himself declares. We should read *for* instead of *'fore*, and then the passage will run thus:

Our discontented counties[5] do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,[6]

——— *use all your power*
To stop their marches, for *we are inflam'd;*
Our discontented counties do revolt, &c. *M. Mason.*

[5] —— *counties* —] Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do not mean the divisions of a kingdom, but *lords, nobility*, as in *Romeo and Juliet, Much Ado about Nothing*, &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *a gentle* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert.* So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"*Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

"*Bar.* No, governour; I 'll be no *convertite.*" *Steevens.*

The same expression occurs in *As you Like it*, where Jaques, speaking of the young Duke, says:

"There is much matter in these *convertites.*"

In both these places the word *convertite* means a *repenting sinner;* not, as Steevens says, *a convert*, by which, in the language of the present time, is meant a person who changes from one religion to another; in which sense the word can neither apply to King John, or to Duke Frederick: In the sense I have given it, it will apply to both. *M. Mason.*

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*) signified either one converted *to the faith*, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. M. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word, "in the *language of the present time*, means a person that changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shakspeare's age. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert.* John, who had in the former part of this play asserted, in very strong terms, the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the pope, or his *usurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with the "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life[7]
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you Like it*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court:"

"——— out of these *convertites*
"There is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

Malone.

[7] *An* empty casket, *where the* jewel *of life* —] Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony, in *All for Love*:

"An *empty circle*, since the *jewel's* gone —." *Steevens.*

The same kind of imagery is employed in *King Richard II.*:

"A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *chest*
"Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast." *Malone.*

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.[8]
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:[9]
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run[1]
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,[2]

[8] ——— *and put on*
The dauntless spirit of resolution.] So, in *Macbeth:*
"Let 's briefly *put on manly readiness,*
"And meet i' the hall together." *Malone.*

[9] —— *to become the field:*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"—— such a sight as this
"*Becomes the field.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— Forage, *and run*—] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad.* *Johnson.*

[2] *Mocking the air with colours idly spread,*] He has the same image in *Macbeth:*
"Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
"And fan our people cold." *Johnson.*

From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated Ode:
"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
"Confusion on thy *banners* wait!
"Though *fann'd* by conquest's crimson wing
"They *mock the air* with *idle* state." *Malone.*

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.[3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.[4]

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent[5] to these lords again;

[3] *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] *Let us then away with courage;* yet I so well *know* the faintness of *our party*, that I think *it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.* *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means—for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the King, whom he means to animate. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *near* St. Edmund's-Bury.] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding Act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin, he says:

"Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmund's-Bury.*"

And count Melun, in this last Act, says:

"—— and many more with me,
"Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury;*
"Even on that altar, where we swore to you
"Dear amity, and everlasting love."

And it appears likewise, from *The Troublesome Reign of K. John, in two Parts,* (the first rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons was at *St. Edmund's-Bury.* *Theobald.*

[5] —— *the* precedent &c.] i. e. the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus (adds Mr. M. Mason) in *K. Richard III,* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing." *Steevens.*

That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march[6]
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)[7]
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,[8]
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee[9] unto a Pagan shore;[1]

[6] —— *after a* stranger *march* —] Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene. *Malone.*

[7] —— *the* spot *of this enforced cause*)] *Spot* probably means, *stain* or *disgrace*. *M. Mason.*
So, in a former passage:
"To look into the *spots* and stains of right." *Malone.*

[8] —— clippeth *thee about,*] i. e. *embraceth*. So, in *Coriolanus*:
"Enter the city; *clip* your wives." *Steevens.*

[9] *And* grapple *thee* —] The old copy reads—*And* cripple

Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly![2]

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,[3]
Between compulsion, and a brave respect![4]
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,[5]

&c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word used by Drayton, in his *Poly-olbion*, Song 1:

"That thrusts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw."

Our author, however, in *Macbeth*, has the verb—*grapple*: "*Grapples* thee to the heart and love of us —." The emendation (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Pope. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *unto a* Pagan *shore;*] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin were about to do. *Malone.*

[2] *And not* to-*spend it so unneighbourly!*] This is one of many passages in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed. *Malone.*

Shakspeare only employs, in the present instance, a phraseology which he had used before in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"And, fairy-like, *to*-pinch the unclean knight."

To, in composition with verbs, is common enough in ancient language. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations on this last passage, and many instances in support of his position, Vol. III, p. 131, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *hast* thou *fought,*] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber or compositor, was inserted by the editor of the fourth folio. *Malone.*

[4] *Between* compulsion *and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. *Warburton.*

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:[6]
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;

[5] *This* shower, blown up by tempest *of the soul,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"This windy *tempest,* till it *blow up rain,*
"Held back his sorrow's tide —." *Malone.*

[6] —— *an angel* spake:] Sir T. Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton read here—*an angel* speeds, I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorise him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel. *Johnson.*

Rather, *In what I have now said,* an angel spake; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven,* and the name of *right* to our cause. *Malone.*

This thought is far from a new one. Thus, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis:*

"Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
"*As though that it an angell were.*" *Steevens.*

That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,[7]
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is 't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?[8]

[7] *You taught me how to know the face of right,*
Acquainted me with interest to *this land,*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state,
"Than thou the shadow of succession."
Again, in Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, Vol. II, p. 927: "— in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden before specified, of all her *interest to* the manor of Pedimore." *Malone.*

[8] —— *as I have* bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, throw up entrenchments before them.
The old play of *King John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he *sailed along the banks*

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul,[9] it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,[1]
And cull'd these firy spirits from the world,
To outlook[2] conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

"—— from the hollow holes of Thamesis
"Echo apace replied, *Vive le Roi!*
"From thence along the wanton rolling glade,
"To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We still say to *coast* and to *flank;* and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. *Steevens.*

[9] No, *on my soul,*] In the old copy, *no,* injuriously to the measure, is repeated. *Steevens.*

[1] —— drew *this gallant head of war,*] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field. So, in *King Henry IV,* P. I:

"And that his friends by deputation could not
"So soon be *drawn.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *outlook* —] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity. In a former scene of this play we have:

"—— *outface* the brow
"Of bragging horror." *Steevens.*

The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too,[3] he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,[4]
The king doth smile at: and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;[5]

[3] —— *and reason* too,] Old copy—*to*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[4] *This* unhair'd *sauciness, and boyish troops,*] The printed copies—*unheard;* but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprize, savouring of youth and indiscretion; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops, dwarfish war, pigmy arms,* &c. which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd,* i. e. *unbearded* sauciness. *Theobald.*

Hair was formerly written *hear*. Hence the mistake might easily happen. Faulconbridge has already, in this Act, exclaimed:

"Shall a *beardless* boy,
"A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?"

So, in the fifth Act of *Macbeth*, Lenox tells Cathness that the English army is near, in which, he says, there are—

"—— many *unrough* youths, that even now
"Protest their first of manhood."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
"With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow
"These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"
Malone.

[5] —— *take the hatch;*] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch.*—To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase. Chapman has more than once employed it in his version of Homer. Thus, in the 22d *Iliad:*

"—— *take* the town; retire, dear son," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

"—— and *take* the town, not tempting the rude field."
"—— ὑπερχεο τεῖχος,——Τείχεος ἐντὸς ἰών." *Steevens.*

So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,
"Feed in my neighbour's pastures." *Malone.*

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;[6]
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,[7]
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,[8]
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds to lances,[9] and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

[6] —— *in* concealed *wells;*] I believe our author, with his accustomed license, used *concealed* for *concealing;* wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to those who took refuge there. *Malone.*

Concealed wells are wells in concealed or *obscure* situations; viz. in places *secured from public notice. Steevens.*

[7] —— *of* your *nation's crow,*] Mr. Pope, and some of the subsequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow; not observing that the Bastard is speaking of John's achievements in *France.* He likewise reads, in the next line—*his* voice; but *this* voice, *the voice or caw of the French crow,* is sufficiently clear. *Malone.*

—— your *nation's crow,*] i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. *Douce.*

[8] —— *like an eagle o'er his* aiery *towers,*] An *aiery* is the nest of an eagle. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Our *aiery* buildeth in the cedar's top." *Steevens.*

[9] *Their* neelds *to lances,*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

Fairfax has the same contraction of the word—*needle. Steevens.*

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's,* but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *neelds,* as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakspeare and other writers as monosyllables, as *whether, spirit,* &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays. *Malone.*

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death,[1] whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

[1] *A bare-ribb'd death,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"Shows me *a bare-bon'd death* by time outworn." *Steevens.*

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd[2] three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard[3] but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;[4]
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,[5]

[2] ——*for the great* supply,—
Are *wreck'd* —] *Supply* is here, and in a subsequent passage in scene v, used as a noun of multitude. *Malone.*

[3] —— *Richard* —] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge;*—and yet the King, a little before, (Act III, sc. ii,) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *bought and sold;*] The same proverbial phrase, intimating treachery, is used in *King Richard III*, Act V, sc. iii, in *King Henry VI*, P. I, Act IV, sc. iv, and in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[5] Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle?* And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means[6] to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?[7]
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

mode of expression which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *steps*, &c. *Theobald.*

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. *Johnson.*

Mr. Theobald reads—*untread*; but Shakspeare, in *King Lear*, uses the expression, *threading dark ey'd night*; and Coriolanus says:

"Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
"They would not *thread* the gates."

This quotation in support of the old reading, has also been adduced by Mr. M. Mason. *Steevens.*

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means, in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion. *Malone.*

[6] He *means* —] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech: "If Lewis do win the day—." *Malone.*

[7] *Resolveth* —] *Resolve* and *dissolve* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *Hamlet*:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
"Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew!" *Steevens.*

Paying the fine of rated treachery,[8]
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,[9]—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,[1]
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness,[2] that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MEL.

SCENE V.

The same. The French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,

[8] —— rated *treachery,*] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated,* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine.* The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine,* which your lives must pay. *Johnson.*

[9] *For that my grandsire was an Englishman,*] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. *Malone.*

[1] *Leaving our* rankness *and irregular course,*] *Rank,* as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow:* as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate.* *Malone.*

[2] —— *happy* newness, *&c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. *Johnson.*

When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd[3] colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,[4] and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What 's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:[5]

[3] —— *tatter'd* —] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads, *tottering*. *Johnson.* *Tattering*, which, in the spelling of our author's time, was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. *Malone.*

[4] —— *keep good* quarter,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— not a man
"Shall pass his *quarter*." *Steevens.*

—— perfect *thought*:] i. e. a perfect recollection. *Steevens.*

I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,[6]
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:[7]

[6] —— *thou*, and eyeless *night*,] The old copy reads—*endless*. *Steevens.*

We should read *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of night*. *Warburton.*

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death!" *Steevens.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. With Pindar our author had certainly no acquaintance; but, I believe, the correction is right. Shakspeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endless* to *night*, in *King Richard II*:

"Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
"To dwell in solemn shades of *endless* night."

Again:

"My oil-dry'd lamp—
"Shall be extinct with age and *endless* night."

But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage the epithet *endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand, *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Poor grooms are *sightless* night; kings, glorious day." *Malone.*

[7] *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:*] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of K. John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took of-

I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.[8]

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;[9]
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

fence, poison'd a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. *Malone.*

[8] —— *that you might*
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.] That you might be able to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a state of composure and quiet. *Malone.*

It appears to me, that *at leisure* means *less speedily, after some delay.*

I do not clearly comprehend Mr. Malone's explanation. The death of the king was not likely to produce a state of composure and quiet, while there was a hostile army in the heart of the kingdom. *M. Mason.*

[9] *Why, know you not? the lords* &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company? Malone.

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY,[1] SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly;[2] and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance,[3] will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind,[4] the which he pricks and wounds

[1] —— *Prince Henry,*] This prince was only nine years old when his father died. *Steevens.*

[2] *Is touch'd* corruptibly;] i. e. *corruptively.* Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"The Romans *plausibly* did give consent —."

i. e. with acclamations. Here we should now say—*plausively.* *Malone.*

[3] *In* their *continuance,*] I suspect our author wrote—*In* thy *continuance.* In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity.* Bacon uses the word in that sense. *Malone.*

[4] *Leaves them* insensible; and *his siege is now*
Against the mind,] The old copy reads—*invisible* *Steevens.*

As the word *invisible* has no sense in this passage, I have no doubt but the modern editors are right in reading *insensible,* which agrees with the two preceding lines:

—— *fierce extremes,*
In their continuance, will not feel *themselves,*
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible: *his siege is now*
Against the mind, &c.

The last lines are evidently intended as a paraphrase, and confirmation of the two first. *M. Mason.*

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves.[5] 'Tis strange, that death should sing.——
I am the cygnet[6] to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.[7]

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants, *who bring in King* JOHN *in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;[8]—dead, forsook, cast off:

[5] *With many legions of strange* fantasies;
Which in their throng *and* press *to that last hold,*
Confound themselves.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"Much like a *press* of people at a door,
"*Throng* his *inventions*, which shall go before." *Malone.*
—— *in their* throng *and* press to that last hold,] In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. *Johnson.*

[6] *I am the* cygnet —] Old copy *Symet.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[7] —— you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.] A description of the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:
"Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles." *Met.* I. *Whalley.*
"Which Chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap, —:
"No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world did view." *Golding's Translation*, 1587. *Malone.*

[8] *Poison'd,—ill-*fare;] Mr. Malone supposes *fare* to be here used as a dissyllable, like *fire, hour*, &c. But as this word has concurring vowels in it, like h*our*, or f*air*, nor was ever dissyllabically spelt (like *fier*) *faer*; I had rather suppose the preceding line imperfect, than complete it by such unprecedented means. *Steevens.*

[9]And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;[1]
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,[2]
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,[3]
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;

[9] This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. *Steevens.*

[1] *To thrust his* icy *fingers in my maw;*] Decker, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought: "— the morning waxing cold, *thrust his frosty fingers* into thy bosome."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The Great Frost, Cold Doings, &c. in London*, 1608: "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." *Steevens.*

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between the passage before us and the following lines in one of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly suppose them to have been in our author's thoughts:

"O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
"*Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast*
"And made a frost within me." *Lust's Dominion.*

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookseller. It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. *Malone.*

[2] —— *I do not ask you much,*] We should read, for the sake of metre, with Sir T. Hanmer—*I ask not much. Steevens.*

[3] —— *so* strait,] i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word. *Steevens.*

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.[4]

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.[5] [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace

[4] *And* module *of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were, in our author's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Dear copy of my husband! O let me kiss thee!
Kissing a picture.
"How like him is this *model?*" *Malone.*

[5] *Were in the washes, all unwarily,* &c.] This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. *Malone.*

As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To cónsummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;[6]
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you[7] thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.[8]—
This England never did, (nor never shall)

[6] *At Worcester must his body be interr'd;*] A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *that would give* you —] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[8] —— *Let us pay the time but needful woe,*
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only *pay* her what is her due. *Malone.*

I believe the plain meaning of the passage is this:—As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow. *Steevens.*

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.[9] [*Exeunt.*[1]

[9] *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment seems borrowed from the conclusion of the old play:

"If England's peers and people join in one,
"Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"——— of itself
"England is safe, *if true within itself.*"

Such also was the opinion of the celebrated Duc de Rohan: "L'Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir s'il ne se tue lui mesme." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare's conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play:

"*Let England live but true within itself,*
"And all the world can never wrong her state." *Malone.*

"Brother, brother, we may be both in the wrong;" this sentiment might originate from *A Discourse of Rebellion drawne forth for to warne the wanton Wittes how to kepe their Heads on their Shoulders*, by T. Churchyard, 12mo. 1570:

"O Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire—
"If that you sticke together as you ought
"This little yle may set the world at nought." *Steevens.*

This sentiment may be traced still higher: Andrew Borde, in his *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, bl. l. printed for Copland, sig. A 4, says, "They (i. e. the English) fare sumptuously; God is served in their churches devoutli, but treason and deceit amonge them is used craftyly, the more pitie, *for if they were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them*, specialli now consydering our noble prince (i. e. Henry VIII) hath and dayly dothe make noble defences, as castells," &c.

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"Yet maugre all, if we *ourselves are true*,
"*We may despise what all the earth can do.*" *Reed.*

[1] The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. *Johnson.*

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